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the Illustrated American*

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No. 1

GALLERY OF PLAYERS

FROM
THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN

(With 22 full-page pictures and over 100 portraits in character)

EDITED BY
AUSTIN BRERETON

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EDITOR'S NOTE

IT should be understood that this volume is not merely a reprint. Many of the full-page portraits are entirely new, and all the smaller pictures, which accompany the letter-press, have been expressly made for this book. In regard to the text, the general aim has been to present, instead of a biographical sketch, an idea as to the special quality in the acting which has brought the player into prominence. In several instances, in that of Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, and others, denoted, as a rule, by the use of the personal pronoun, I have been enabled to speak from my own experience. In all cases, care has been taken that nothing should be admitted into the book save what is consistent with truth. I was especially at a loss in dealing with Edwin Booth, for I felt that I could not do justice to the memory of this fine actor from my own recollection of his playing in London on the occasions of his last two visits there. I was fortunate in securing the assistance of the accomplished critic and gentle poet, William Winter, who, despite his laborious duties, yet found time to accede to my request to write a summary of the life work of America's great tragedian, and so helped me out of my dilemma. Mr. Winter, in thus obliging me, overstepped the prescribed limits of space, and part of his summary had to be omitted from the text page. It is so valuable that it needs no apology for being printed in this place:

"The elder Booth, Edwin's father, was a man of more formidable personality and of wilder genius. Massive weight of character has its effect, in acting, as in everything else. But Edwin Booth, if less robust and significant than his father, excelled him in purpose, while he revealed, in flashes, the same electrical fire; and Edwin Booth was much the more correct artist—albeit genius is more than art, and much flawless form may be forgiven, to the actor who imparts the divine spirit. Booth's regular repertory included Hamlet, Macbeth, Lear, Othello, Iago, Shylock, Richard the Second, Richard the Third, Brutus, Volsey, Benedict, Petruchio, Racheieu, Lucius Brutus, Bertuccio, Ruy Blas, and Don Caesar de Bazan; and he sometimes also played Sir Edward Mortimer, Sir Giles Overreach, Claude Melnotte, and the Stranger. In his time he had acted hundreds of parts, but during the latter years of his life he restricted himself to the few that were nearest his heart. Those characters were Hamlet, Brutus, Racheieu, Bertuccio, and Lear. He desired to discard all the elements of the horrible. He worshipped beauty, his taste was fastidious, his temperament was pensive and mournful, and yet he had a keen sense of humor and, in private life, was often playful; and no man could tell a comic story with more ludicrous effect. He was very gentle in manners, and all persons loved him who were brought into companionship with him. He had the respect and good will of all the working people in every theatre that he entered—for he was invariably, by nature, just, kind, and considerate. He lived much alone, and he looked upon the affairs of the world from a distance. Next to his own art, the subject that most interested him was religion. Those particulars help to indicate the quality of the nature that was at the basis of his acting. The predominate attributes of his art were imagination and tenderness; and the predominant attribute of his character was dreaminess—the disposition to let everything drift. He was born to play such a part as Hamlet, and in his great days he played it greatly. His influence upon his time was entirely noble. He maintained the higher standard of art, among a people for whom art was—and still is, to a considerable extent—mysterious. He did more than any American actor had ever done to educate the public taste. He was the exponent of a high ideal, and both as a private citizen and a public performer he so lived and labored that his countrymen were proud to speak his name."

It should be added that this volume is issued as the first of a series in which the stage favorites of this country shall be faithfully pictured.

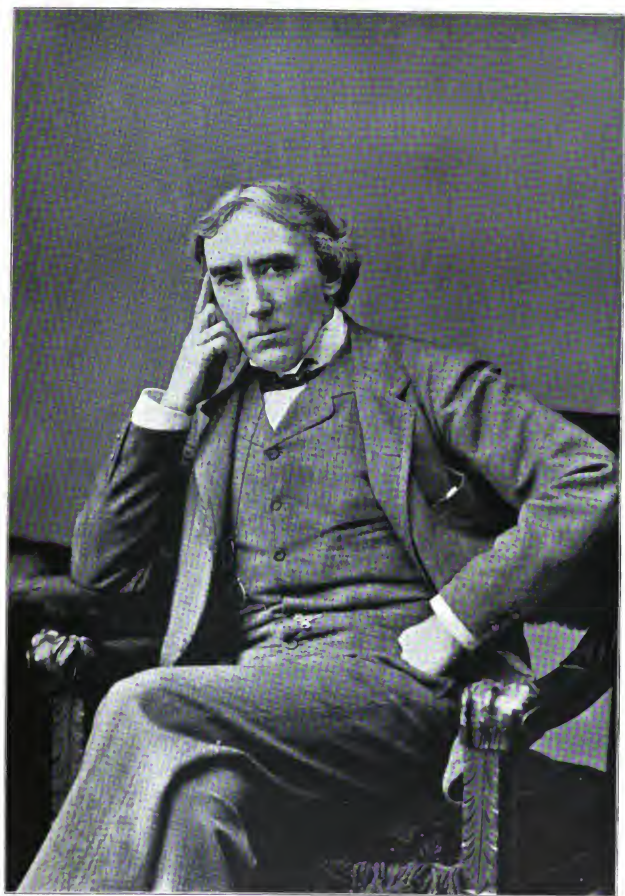
AUSTIN BRERETON.

New York, March 9, 1894.



HENRY IRVING.

WHEN Henry Irving gave his famous lecture at the University of Oxford, he chose for his subject "Four Great Actors." He took Richard Burbage, Thomas Betterton, David Garrick, and Edmund Kean as examples of players whose eminence in their profession had been secured by Nature, not by the bare exercise of art, or, more correctly speaking, artificiality. To this quartet of English actors, who won their fame by the observance of the laws of nature in the personation of character, a fifth name may be justly added. For an actor less artificial than Henry Irving has not existed. No actor has ever achieved his position in face of greater difficulties. His mannerisms were so pronounced that strangers were startled on making acquaintance with him on the stage and unable, at first, to appreciate the beauty of his acting. No actor has been more bitterly assailed, more violently opposed than he. The denunciation which was poured upon him in his early days in London would have broken a heart composed of less sterner stuff. He fought on, and won. For, behind his hardly-earned experience of the stage, and his magnetism, he had a powerful ally. This was Nature. It was this which made his Hamlet a conspicuous figure in the history of the theatre, not for to-day only, but for all time. His Hamlet upset all previous ideas as to the rendering of the character. It did away with the gloomy person on stilts who was often put forward as the Prince of Denmark. Henry Irving preserved the pensiveness of the character, he remembered that Hamlet was a scholar and a gentleman, and that he lived and moved and had his being in an atmosphere which was lofty and his own. Yet, though he kept the distinction of Hamlet in view, he also bore in mind the fact that Hamlet was a man as well as a prince. It was the humanity of Irving's Hamlet which constituted its chief characteristic. It is that quality which has made his rendering of Hamlet popular, for over fifteen years, in Great Britain and in America. It is the touch of humanity in it which has secured the admiration of students of Shakespeare and the stage and the general public alike. His Hamlet is sublime, but it is human, also. That is the secret of its success. That is why Henry Irving is the only English actor whose Hamlet holds the stage just as firmly now as in 1878. This Nature in acting—which is not to be confused with mere naturalness, often only an excuse for the commonplace—is the dominant quality of his acting. His playing appeals to the intellect, but it invariably appeals to the heart—where such an appeal is possible. It has sympathy in it. His Hamlet, his Shylock, his Macbeth, his King Lear, his Becket, his Wolsey, and his Dr. Primrose, are all touched in this way. In other characters, where sympathy is out of question, the actor fascinates by his personality. He has a larger amount of magnetism than any other actor of his time. His individuality is so strongly marked that it, alone, enables him to invest every character in which he appears with an air quite his own. Even in following other actors—in such parts, for instance, as Louis XI. and Lesurques and Duboscq—there is never any question of comparison, much less of imitation. This personality is so strong that it surrounds every part which he plays. It is a remarkable proof of the value of individuality to the actor. Personality has been one of the secrets of Henry Irving's stage success. But the humanity in his acting is the chief reason of his preeminence as an actor. This is why his name will be handed down to posterity among the greatest of English players. The illustrations which appear on this page present Mr. Irving in six of his most noted impersonations. In the centre, he is seen as the most human Hamlet of our time. To the left, he appears as the diabolical Louis XI.; to the right as the murderous, ruffianly Duboscq. Below, he is pictured as Macbeth, as Eugene Aram, and as the most sympathetic Shylock that the stage has ever known.





ELLEN TERRY.

THE charm of personality on the stage has never been more clearly exemplified, or put to a nobler purpose, than in the case of Ellen Terry. She makes entirely her own each character that she plays. To think of her is to think of Ophelia, of Beatrice, of Viola, of Lady Macbeth, of Cordelia, of Portia, and of the heroines of many modern dramas. Take, however, these six Shakespearean heroines as embodied by her. Contrast, one with the other, her interpretation of these varying characters. Think of the girlishness and the pathetic beauty of her Ophelia, and then of the ripe, brilliant beauty of her Lady of Belmont. Her Ophelia moves to tears, her Beatrice, bold, well-defined, and buoyant in its humor, keeps the spectator in a mood of genuine mirth. Again, remember the tender, plaintive grace of her Viola, and then dwell on the sportive humor of the actress in the lighter scenes of "The Merchant of Venice," of her own infectious enjoyment of them, of her spontaneity, of her own gaiety. Her Lady Macbeth is not the typical hard, fierce, scowling creature of the stage who rules by her head, but a woman who retains her influence over her husband through the heart. Yet she preserves the wickedness of the character, and her portrait of this hateful woman will ever live in the annals of the stage. We can hardly expect to see, in this generation at least, a Cordelia so exquisite, for the successor of Ellen Terry has not yet loomed up on the theatrical horizon. The beauty of her acting, the infinite pathos of it, can never be forgotten by those who witnessed Henry Irving's revival of "King Lear." I can see now the tears which almost blinded the actress, so great was her own emotion in the part, and I can feel the heart throb which her personation created at this point. If it were a question of versatility, these Shakespearean heroines would eloquently and effectively plead the cause. And, to these characters, many more might be added—from Clara Douglas, Mabel Vane, Blanche Haye, Lillian Vavasour, and Olivia of the old days, to the Rosamund of "Becket" in the present. All these characters, as such, will ever be associated with her. She has shown us the author in each and all of them, but she has beautified them with her own personality. She is the most conspicuous proof which the English stage possesses that the idea of the player losing his own identity in the part is altogether untenable. You think of her in each and every character, but you think of her, also, as herself. It is not that she is Ellen Terry playing a part. On the contrary, and the fact cannot be too strongly dwelt upon, she is, for the time being, the character which she adopts. But she lends to every part in which she appears the additional beauty of her own self. It is individuality, personality, call it what you will. It is not anything acquired. It is not the special ability which enables an actor to impersonate adequately, or even greatly. It is not the trick of the stage, or the result of training and experience. It is that which is inborn and peculiar to the actress. It is not physical beauty—as such a quality is commonly understood—but it is beauty of another kind—it is beauty of heart and of soul. It is the nature of the woman. The beauty of womanhood pervades every part which she plays. It finds expression in her face, in her voice, in her action. Whatever she does, has heart in it. You feel that Ellen Terry has sounded the depth of a woman's nature. Women recognize that in her acting, men know it. Henry Irving has attained his proud and unassailable position by indomitable will, by a marvellous individuality, and by the nature which he shows in his acting. Ellen Terry stands at the very head and front of English-speaking actresses chiefly by reason of the charm of womanhood which is ever present in her work. In the lower of the illustrations which accompany this notice, she is pictured as Margaret in "Faust," one of her most delightful impersonations. Then she is seen in private dress, and then as Ophelia. The stern look of her Queen Katharine, and the cold, tragic aspect of her face as Nance Oldfield, are happily contrasted by the bright, sprightly appearance of the actress as Beatrice. Her acting of the latter character is the most conspicuous example of high comedy of to-day.

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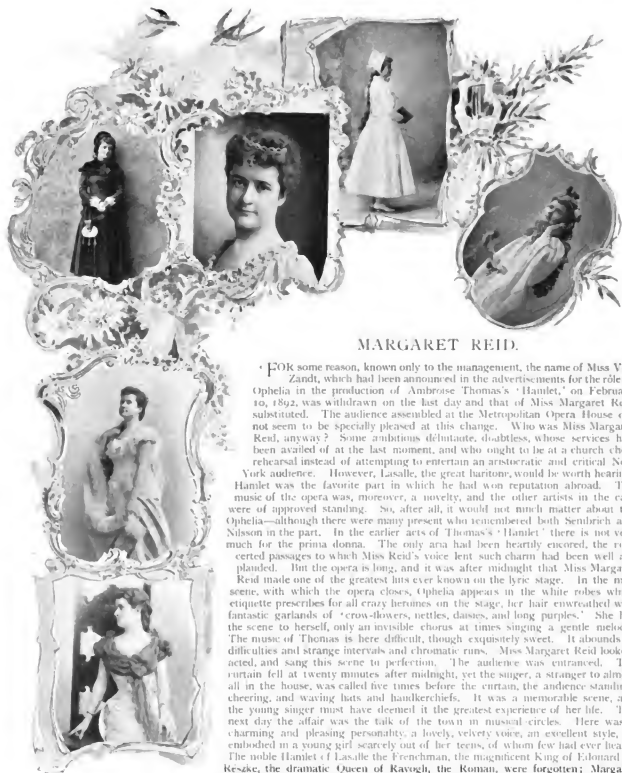




EDWARD H. SOTHERN.

THE rapid rise of this popular young actor has been remarkable. Success has crowned his efforts from the outset. He has reached a high place in the regard of the playgoers of America without the long years of arduous training which usually fall to the lot of the player. Like his father, Edward Askew Sothern, he had a natural predilection for the stage which could not be repressed. The first Lord Dundreary was designed by his parents for the ministry, and, in turn, his second son, Edward H. Sothern—who was born in New Orleans, thirty years ago—was intended by his father to become a painter. But he did not take kindly to the teaching of the art school of the Royal Academy of London, and he prevailed on his father to allow him to accompany him on one of his visits to America. That wish granted, he next obtained his father's consent to try his hand as an actor. He was but nineteen years old when he made his first appearance on the public boards. It was as a member of his father's company and at Abney's old Park Theatre, New York. The story of that event has been told by the young actor. His father was a severe stage manager, and the son was naturally nervous, so nervous in fact that he entirely forgot his words when the cue came for him to speak. "My father," he said, "was on the stage when I made my entrance on that, to me, memorable occasion, and I walked toward him; I didn't say my sentence. I couldn't utter a word, and I shall never forget my sensations when I heard my father exclaim, in an undertone, 'Why don't you say something? Can't you speak?' It had never occurred to me before that people could talk to each other on the stage and not be overheard. I supposed, of course, that the entire audience was aware of what my father said to me; my chagrin was intolerable, and I got off the stage as quickly as I could. This performance only confirmed my father's opinion that I would never make an actor. Still, I appeared with him the next night, and after much drilling succeeded in getting off my sentence." Mr. Sothern played with his father's company for about a year, and went back to England with him. He speedily returned to America, however, and joined the late John McCullough, with whom he went on a tour. Then came the only hard experience in his career. He had to wait a long time before obtaining another opportunity for the cultivation of his chosen profession. But, luckily, he accepted his chance and took a small part in "Mona" at the Star Theatre, New York. The narrative of that engagement is somewhat curious. The young actor frequented the theatrical agencies in vain. But he was never to be seen wandering up and down the south side of Union Square—the Rialto, as it was called, in New York in those days—which was then the hunting ground of the needy actor. He was proud by nature. He was almost beginning to despair of getting an engagement when he received the offer to play in "Mona." He replied that he would think the matter over, and he went home to seek the counsel of his particular friend, the well-known actor, Mr. Joseph Haworth. "In spite of my varied experiences and misfortunes," Mr. Sothern will tell you in a charming, *naïve* manner, "now that I was back in New York and particularly since I really had the offer of an engagement that I could accept or refuse, as I chose, I felt my pride mounting; and I actually said to Joe, in a very self-satisfied manner, that I did not think I ought to lower myself by taking such a small part in New York, and that I had, perhaps, better consider the matter a little more seriously than I would consider accepting a leading part. Joe turned to me in a half-contemptuous manner, and asked: 'Who are you, anyway?'" In "One of Our Girls," which followed "Mona," he made his first hit. His success led to his appearance, on May 3, 1877, in "The Highest Bidder," at the Lyceum Theatre, New York. In this, he created so favorable an impression that Mr. Daniel Frohman secured his services. Mr. Sothern is still under the same management, and his annual appearances at the Lyceum Theatre are welcome to the amusement lovers of New York. "The Highest Bidder" was followed by "The Great Pink Pearl," and then came "Lord Chumley," the greatest, perhaps, of all Mr. Sothern's popular successes. He next appeared in "The Master of Wordbarrow." This was followed by "The Dancing Girl," in which he acted the Duke of Guiseberry, a character, however, in which he was not seen to the best advantage. Then came "Captain Lettarblair," which was followed, last year, by "Sheridan," a piece in which he has found additional favor. The success won by Mr. Sothern upon the stage has been fairly earned. He has the artistic instinct, his methods are marked by refinement, and he studies his profession with great perseverance, industry, and conscientiousness.





MARGARET REID.

For some reason, known only to the management, the name of Miss Van Zandt, which had been announced in the advertisements for the rôle of Ophelia in the production of Ambrose Thomas's 'Hamlet,' on February 10, 1892, was withdrawn on the last day and that of Miss Margaret Reid substituted. The audience assembled at the Metropolitan Opera House did not seem to be specially pleased at this change. Who was Miss Margaret Reid, anyway? Some ambitious debutante, doubtless, whose services had been availed of at the last moment, and who ought to be at a church choir rehearsal instead of attempting to entertain an aristocratic and critical New York audience. However, Lasalle, the great baritone, would be worth hearing. Hamlet was the favorite part in which he had won reputation abroad. The music of the opera was, moreover, a novelty, and the other artists in the cast were of approved standing. So, after all, it would not much matter about the Ophelia—although there were many present who remembered both Sembrich and Nilsson in the part. In the earlier acts of Thomas's 'Hamlet' there is not very much for the prima donna. The only aria had been heartily encored, the concerted passages to which Miss Reid's voice lent such charm had been well applauded. But the opera is long, and it was after midnight that Miss Margaret Reid made one of the greatest hits ever known on the lyric stage. In the mad scene, with which the opera closes, Ophelia appears in the white robes which etiquette prescribes for all crazy heroines on the stage, her hair entwined with fantastic garlands of 'crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples.' She has the scene to herself, only an invisible chorus at times singing a gentle melody. The music of Thomas is here difficult, though exquisitely sweet. It abounds in difficulties and strange intervals and chromatic runs. Miss Margaret Reid looked, acted, and sang this scene to perfection. The audience was entranced. The curtain fell at twenty minutes after midnight, yet the singer, a stranger to almost all in the house, was called five times before the curtain, the audience standing, cheering, and waving hats and handkerchiefs. It was a memorable scene, and the young singer must have deemed it the greatest experience of her life. The next day the affair was the talk of the town in musical circles. There was a charming and pleasing personality, a lovely, velvety voice, an excellent style, all embodied in a young girl scarcely out of her teens, of whom few had ever heard. The noble Hamlet of Lasalle the Frenchman, the magnificent King of Edmond de Reszke, the dramatic Queen of Ravogli, the Roman, were forgotten; Margaret Reid was the sensation of the evening. This extract, from a metropolitan musical

paper, was one of the many articles that appeared after the debut of this young prima donna, and chronicles the only ease on record where an American singer has been allowed to make her first appearance on any stage in her own country and among such renowned and talented European artists. Miss Reid may well be proud of this, as it instantly predisposes all patriotic Americans in her favor. At the close of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House, the young singer was immediately engaged for a number of the Seidl and Danirosch concerts; and, in the spring of 1892, returned to Paris and won European laurels in "La Traviata," "Rigoletto," "Lucia di Lammermoor," and "Hamlet." As the prima donna of the famous Bostonians, Miss Reid has added to her list of successes, showing her versatility by singing such wholly different rôles as Maid Marian in "Robin Hood," and Priscilla in "The Maid of Plymouth." In "Robin Hood" she is brilliant and daintily coquettish, while as Priscilla she is demure and shy. Her acting is invariably characterized by a simple, quiet, unpretentious, but effective manner.





HENRY CLAY BARNABEE.

AS a platform entertainer, as a singer, and as a comedian, Mr. Barnabee has maintained a position and pursued a career which have reflected credit upon the musical and operatic annals of this country. He has, not inaptly, been described as the Jefferson of the comic opera stage. His quiet methods, his keen sense of humor, his ability to produce an honest laugh without rolling down a flight of stairs or the usual antics of "knock about" comedians, or by violating the unwritten laws of good comedy acting, have been, not inappropriately, compared to those of the great Rip Van Winkle, or his illustrious relative, the late William Warren, whose methods Mr. Barnabee studied assiduously long before he thought of adopting the stage as a profession. Mr. Barnabee, who was born at Portsmouth, N. H., in 1833, spent the greater part of his early career in Boston, where he filled in the time left vacant from business, by reading, reciting, and acting as an amateur. He did not make his professional debut until 1865, but, long before that, he had found much favor in the amusement circles of Boston. He acquired much celebrity by his singing and his humor in an entertainment of his own, which was immensely popular. A "Barnabee night" was an event of singular importance to the audiences of the late sixties in Boston and the neighborhood. Mr. Barnabee's long and honorable career on the stage proper dates back to 1866, in which year he played, at the Boston Museum, Toby Twinkle in "All That Glitters is Not Gold," and Cox, to the Box of William Warren, at a benefit performance. Subsequently, at the Globe and Boston theatres, he acted Aminadab Slick in "The Serious Family," and Henry Dove in Buckstone's old comedy, "Married Life." One of his earliest successes was made in Julius Eichberg's operetta, "The Two Cadis." In "Box and Cox," and in a musical version of Betsy Baker, he was also a favorite at that time. In 1870, Mr. Barnabee organized his own company and went on tour with remarkable success. His rendering of such songs and sketches as "The Cork Leg," "Blue Bearl," "Alonzo ye Brave," "Mrs. Watkin's Evening Party," "Brown's Serenade," and "Monks of Old," was the feature of an entertainment that was widely popular in its day. Later on, Mr. Barnabee appeared in a monologue entitled, "Patchwork, or an Evening with Barnabee," in which he was much admired. The origin of this entertainment, which for years held a prominent place on the platform stage, was almost accidental. A call upon his services in aid of a charity, made it imperative to supply an evening's amusement with as little expense as possible. Mr. Barnabee had grave doubts as to his ability to hold the attention of the audience throughout the entire evening, with no assistance save that of his own ability; but he undertook the task, and his stories, songs, and impersonations were afterwards woven into the successful "Patchwork." Mr. Barnabee owes to Gilbert and Sullivan his debut on the comic opera stage, his first appearance there having been made, in 1879, in an "Ideal" cast of "H. M. S. Pinafore." His quaint rendering of Sir Joseph Porter obtained much celebrity for him. Following his appearance as the "ruler of the Queen's navy," he created the Pasha in "Fatinitza." His most prominent hits of late years include Don Quixote, in Mr. Reginald de Koven's opera of that name, Chrysores in "Pygmalion and Galatea," and the High Sheriff in "Robin Hood." Since the formation of the Bostonians, in 1887, Mr. Barnabee has, with Mr. Tom Karl and Mr. W. H. Macdonald, been intimately concerned in the fortunes and management of this famous company. The success, by the way, of that organization redounds to the credit of its managers and of its company, and, also, to the judgment of the public. The Bostonians aim at producing light opera which is at once full of good music and harmless fun. Mr. Gilbert's "young lady of fifteen" might witness any of their productions with much enjoyment and without so much as a single blush.





MAY BROOKYN.

THE late Miss Brookyn was a well-known and accomplished actress, whose untimely death is regretted by many playgoers throughout this country. She was born in Cornwall, England, some thirty-five years ago. She came of good family and was well educated. The story of her connection with the stage is but that of many another member of her profession. From childhood, she had a fondness for the theatre. Her parents were abroad, and she took advantage of their absence to join a theatrical company. She was but fifteen years of age when she commenced her stage adventures, and it is hardly a matter of surprise that her parents should have sent her back to school. But the stage fever was strong upon her, and she returned to the theatre when still young. Much hard work in the English provinces preceded an offer from Mr. Wilson Barrett, who engaged her to play Nellie Denver in Messrs. Henry A. Jones and Henry Herman's fine drama, "The Silver King." But, from some reason or another, she did not carry out her contract, and, leaving England, Miss Brookyn found a home in the United States. Here, curiously enough, the first part offered her was that of Nellie Denver, but Miss Brookyn was not destined to appear in "The Silver King." The character in which she made her debut in America was that of Claire in "The Forge Master." In 1886, she joined David Bidwell's stock company in New Orleans. She travelled with Mr. Richard Mansfield, as leading lady, playing among other parts, Marcelle in "A Parisian Romance." In 1888, she was leading lady with the elder Salvini. She next joined Mr. A. M. Palmer's stock company. She created Mrs. Page in "Alabama," and made a hit by acting as Mrs. Rabston in "Jim the Penman." The chief success of her career was made as Mrs. Erlynne in "Lady Windermere's Fan." At the time of her much regretted suicide—which occurred, at San Francisco, on February 13, 1894—she was still a member of Mr. Palmer's organization. Arrangements had been made to include her in this players' gallery, and, on the very day that her death was announced in New York, a letter, of which the following is a copy, was received here:

"Your letter of January 16 has been forwarded to me here. I shall esteem it a great honor to be included in your proposed publication. Kindly let me know when you desire photographs and reading matter. I would much rather give you the facts and let you do the writing yourself. Please let me know if it is possible.

"Yours faithfully,

"MAY BROOKYN."

Miss Brookyn's untimely end is to be regretted on other grounds than the loss to the many people who appreciated her acting. It is sad to think of the change from the artificiality of the theatre to the sorrow which is often in the life of an actress and of which the public takes no account. Miss Brookyn killed herself in a fit of despondency, due to the death of a man she loved and whose loss she had mourned for some months. The exact state of her mind, immediately before she took her life, will never be known. But she was, to all intents and purposes, perfectly sane. She was not an hysterical woman. Her death can only be attributed to a burden of sorrow which she could no longer bear. A more pathetic end to the career of one whose occupation was found in pleasing the public by the exercise of her art can hardly be imagined.

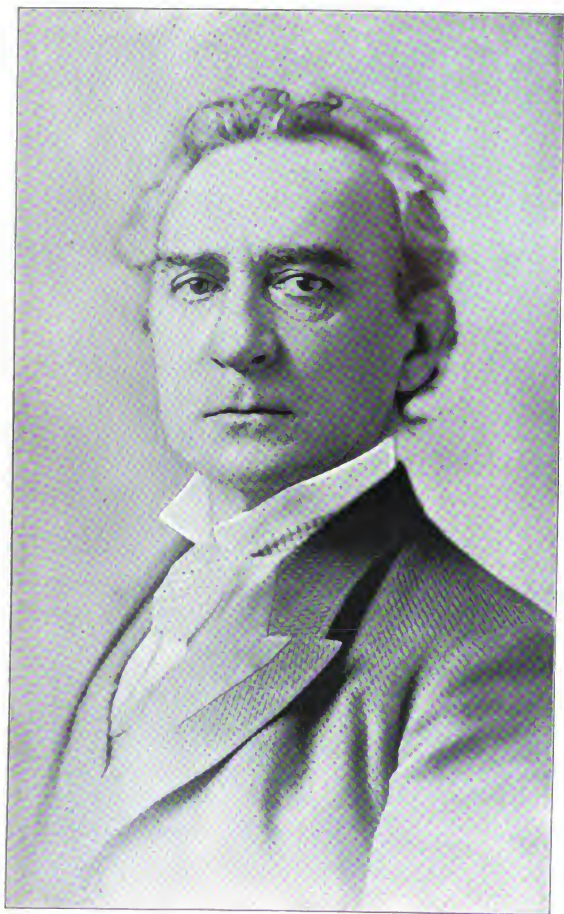




EDWIN BOOTH.

EDWIN BOOTH was on the stage from 1849 till 1891. He was seen in all parts of the United States, in the Sandwich and Samoan islands, in Australia, and in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Germany. He organized the Winter Garden Theatre, and he built Booth's Theatre, in New York, and in both he was successful. It has been customary to call Booth's Theatre a failure, but in fact it was prosperous while in Booth's hands, and he would not have lost it but for injudicious direction of the financial affairs connected with the building of it, and bad advice at last. The public was always sympathetic with him, and it sustained whatever he produced; and that is a significant and highly creditable record, for nothing was produced by him that was not good. He had the highest sense of his intellectual obligation to his art and to society, and he was public-spirited and unselfish in all his conduct. Booth was, essentially, a tragedian. His comedy, indeed, was good, in a trenchant way, but it was not superlatively good, except in the expression of sardonic or specious moods, like those of Iago and Richard the Third. In tragedy he was superb. He possessed, in great abundance, the qualification of power. His countenance, whether in repose or excitement, was wonderfully expressive. His fine dark eyes seemed to emit the light, as if they were stars. His figure, although slight, was naturally dignified, and his demeanor was marked by intrinsic authority and refinement. He had a clear, sympathetic, penetrating voice, and his articulation was so distinct that his lowest tones were wafted easily to a long distance. His delivery of blank verse was perfect in its music and in its meaning. The eyebrows were, in his case, extraordinary for shape, curvature, and flexibility—a very valuable attribute to an actor—although incidental and seemingly trivial. His movements, especially when he acted Richard the Third, or Pescara, or Sir Giles Overreach, were lithe, rapid, sinister, and terrible, like those of a panther. He could rise to the most exacting occasions in tragedy—such, for example, as Othello's passion, Macbeth's frenzy, and Lear's invective. His tones were not nearly as deep as those of Forrest, who had the strongest voice that has been heard upon the stage in our time; nor, as to sonority, did they equal those of Brooke or those of Salvini; but he produced an effect with them that no other tragedian of this age has equalled, by reason of their sympathetic quality. They went directly to the heart. His utterance of Hamlet's delirious outcry, "Na, I know not! Is it the King?" was tremendous in its force and overwhelming with its weight of commingled emotions. His delivery of Rubelien's awful incense, bursting from the artistic repose of tense and quivering excitement, kept like the lightning from a cloud, and carried all before it. In the death scenes of Richard and Macbeth he was so terrible, in the viper-like fury with which he braved his enemies and fought to the last gasp, that sometimes it was scarcely possible to look upon him; and no one ever saw those sights without a thrill of horror. In those denouements he justified his claim to the title of tragedian. He was powerful wherever power was required, and the spectator of his acting never had to make allowance for lack of efficiency. The effect that was needed was always produced. Such a situation as that in which Lucius Brutus curses Tarquin, at midnight, in the tempest, awakened all Booth's tragic force, and he poured forth a torrent of imprecation that seemed to shrivel his antagonist as with consuming flame. Bertuccio, pleading at the door of the banquet room, and Lear, in the impotence of half-accomplished lunacy, threatening revenges that he has no ability to compass, gave him great opportunities that were greatly fulfilled. He needed moments of that description to arouse him. He was an uneven actor, and not always at his best, but when he was at his best, it was, in tragedy, the best this age has seen.

WILLIAM WINTER.





HELENA MODJESKA.

THE retirement from public life of the distinguished Polish actress will be a distinct loss to the English-speaking stage. America, especially, which has been a home to her since 1878, will be affected by the absence from its theatre of Helena Modjeska who, wisely for her own sake, has decided not to "lag superfluous on the stage." Madame Modjeska holds her own among the great artists of the world. Her adopted country owes her a debt which should not be forgotten, and which cannot well be repaid. She has given to America superb renderings of many Shakespearean heroines and many characters in the later classic plays. A woman like Modjeska cannot be judged by any of the ordinary methods of criticism. She is a distinct individuality and she imbues whatever part she plays with her own nature. Fortunately, that nature is a fine one. It is the nature of the artist. It can be seen in whatever character she undertakes, be it Adrienne, Camille, Juliet, Rosalind, or Portia. She is a little too feline on the stage for all parts. She has the panther's undulating grace and its attractiveness. She fills the stage completely, she draws and retains attention. In watching her, even for the first time, you feel that a woman of uncommon ability is before you. Her finely-modelled, expressive face, and her quick, flashing eyes, which glow with the light of intellect, illumine whatever scene she plays. She is one of the few actresses of the world who have fire in their composition. She gives life to whatever she touches. The radiance of her own nature permeates the part. When she first played Juliet, I was sent from London to witness her performance. And, even at this distance of time, I can recall how she impressed me with a sense of power, how her earlier scenes, although wanting in girlishness and simplicity, gave good promise of fine acting to come, and how that promise was realized by her thrilling acting in the potion scene. Modjeska's training and long experience enable her to keep herself well in hand, to hold her forces in reserve, not to let herself go until the proper moment. She constantly suggests power, but she seldom uses it. It is with her a case of the much discussed "reserve force." Only, with Modjeska, the force is ready when it is required. We found that out in England when she played Adrienne Lecouvreur and made a fine effect by the dignity, as well as the magnificent power, with which she acted the famous scene, in the third act, from "Phédre." Londoners, who remember her chiefly by her exquisite acting in "Heartsease"—James Mortimer's clever adaptation of "La Dame aux Camélias"—have seen too little of this gifted and accomplished actress. London's loss has been America's gain. It is to be hoped that this actress will not be allowed to depart for her native land without a fitting testimonial to her merit from her brother and sister artists and from the public.







LEONARD BOYNE.

MR. BOYNE has not been twelve months here, but, from the first, he established himself with the American audience, and he has already become an important factor in the theatre of this country. The character of Captain Harry Vernon, which, so far, has been his only opportunity for showing his mettle, is not by any means a brilliant one. But it proves what earnestness can do for an actor. The hero of such a play as "The Prodigal Daughter," must be sincere. He must have sincerity in his face, in his voice, in his acting; otherwise, there would be no interest in him. This sincerity has been a wonderful help to Mr. Boyne throughout his career, and it has stood him in good stead in his new home—for an actor of such ability will not be readily allowed to depart from these hospitable shores. Another factor in Mr. Boyne's success is an air of distinction which covers all that he does. When he appears as a gentleman, he is a gentleman, not an actor with the veneer of one. For this, his birth, education, and subsequent training and experience are responsible. He comes of an old Irish county family. Most of his ancestors were in the army, some in the church, others in the Irish Civil Service. It was while "cranning" for the army, in Dublin, that he elected to enter the dramatic profession, instead of becoming an officer in a cavalry regiment, a position requiring a larger expenditure than he was justified in making. His first successes were won in Dublin, but it was not long before London recognized his talent. For the last fifteen years or so, there has not been any more popular leading young man, or, be it remarked incidentally, a more highly paid one, in London. His record there is one of unbroken success. It commenced with Midwinter in "Miss Gwilt," in 1876, and ended, for the time being, with Harry Vernon in "The Prodigal Daughter," in 1893. In the meantime, he had acted Romeo and Benedick with the best female stars of the day, throughout the English provinces, where, also, he was the original Harold Armitage in "The Lights o' London," and the original Claudius. Tom Jones, in Mr. Robert Buchanan's play of that name, Andréas in the English version of "Théodora," and George d'Alroy in "Caste," are to be included in his chief London successes. At the Adelphi, he won increased favor as Badger in "The Streets of London," Harry O'Malley in "The English Rose," Cuthbert Cuthbertson in "The Trumpet Call," and Colonel Everard in "The White Rose." At London's other great melodramatic house, Drury Lane, he was, in addition to Harry Vernon, the original Vyssan Foster in "The Armada." But the great success of his career has been Captain Walter Leigh in "Sister Mary," a character in which he will be seen in New York in May. Mr. Boyne's high position has not been achieved without hard work, added to the natural capacity for acting. He is equally at home with a coach and four-in-hand and on the stage. He is a capital horseman, and is known among his friends as a "good fellow." But his success is not due to outside or personal influence. It has been made by downright good acting. One of the chief qualities of Mr. Boyne's acting is his power of holding his audience. He has presence, but he has power, too. Therein he differs from the ordinary leading young man. He impresses with his earnestness, his belief in what he is doing. He holds his audience in the hollow of his hand, so to speak. He has the actor's ability for depicting character, but he has a strong personality, so that he stamps all his performances with his individuality. And the most notable thing about his individuality is his earnestness in whatever he does. It may possibly seem unnecessary to praise earnestness on the stage, for earnestness is essential to acting in its highest form. But many of our younger players are sadly deficient in sincerity, an element which has had much to do with Mr. Boyne's success.







JESSIE BARTLETT DAVIS.

WHEN nature wishes to be particularly generous she selects a beautiful woman, and, after endowing her with a lovely voice and that touch of genius without which even the most perfect of voices is but an inanimate thing, adds the qualities of ambition, energy, and perseverance; a rare combination, indeed, but one that is indispensable if the result is to be a great artist. And to many—probably the largest proportion—of music lovers, the acme of this perfection is reached when that voice is the deep-toned organ of the contralto, with its sensuous diapason of full, rich color—"Violet," George Sand calls it—and its tender loveliness that appeals so directly to the heart. A perfect embodiment of these essentials of a true artist is the subject of the present notice, Jessie Bartlett Davis, who stands to-day at the very head of her profession, and is a worthy successor to the position and triumphs of the two famous American contraltos who have preceded her—Adelaide Phillips and Annie Louise Cary. With a voice of the most comprehensive register and incomparable beauty of tone quality, Mrs. Davis combines an intelligence of the rarest order, embracing, as it does at once, the musical intuition of the born singer and an absolutely unerring dramatic instinct. These gifts of nature, supplemented with the knowledge and experience that comes alone of the most faithful application and unwearying, earnest study, have not failed to win the recognition they have richly merited, and to-day Mrs. Davis may be justly classed among the first favorites of our public, which is always prompt to discern true merit. The early career of every artist who attains distinction is one of work—much work and hard work. And Jessie Bartlett Davis has not been spared her share of this; the ladder of fame has not been scaled without much effort. From the day of her debut—as a mere child—with Caroline Richings, through her successive engagements with the Carleton company and the ill-fated but brilliant seasons of the American opera, she has studied and played many parts, ranging from Little Buttercup in "H. M. S. Pinafore," to Ortrud in "Lohengrin," gathering from each new laurels as a singer and new experiences of her art as an actress. Thus it came that when—after an additional term of study abroad—she accepted the position as leading contralto of the Bostonians, she did so fully equipped for the wide range of parts in which she has since become famous, playing Fatinitza on one evening, Carmen the next, Azucena on the third, Allen-a-dale on the fourth, and so on; alternating between comedy and tragedy with unvarying success, and singing the rôles of a mezzo-soprano or contralto with equal beauty of voice and charm of style. Her triumphs in "Lakme," "Faust," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and other great works when she was a member of the American Opera company, are part of the musical history of the country. During the recent season of the Bostonians in New York, she has been seen as an Indian girl in two pieces, first of all, in "The Maid of Plymouth," and then in "The Ojibwas." This brief review may be fittingly concluded with an extract from an article which appeared in *The Illustrated American* in August, 1892: "Jessie Bartlett Davis is as beautiful as she is talented. Her face is of exquisite mould, with

eyes bright with the light of intellectuality; her figure is superb, and in organization she is loving, fervent, modest, brave—the very type of a true woman's nature."





KYRLE BELLEW.

AMONG the romantic actors of to-day, Mr. Bellew easily holds the first place. His roving life has not been the best possible aid to his reputation. Had he remained in one of the great cities of the English-speaking playgoing world, he would have held even a far higher place in public estimation than that which he occupies at present. The theatrical public is the most conservative under the sun. It likes to have its pet actors constantly in evidence. The longer a player stays on the same ground, the longer he may do so. His ability becomes an accepted fact, his good points are placed to his account, his bad ones are forgotten. He becomes, indeed, something nearer akin than the actor. He becomes a familiar. We may not know him personally, but we regard him as a friend. He establishes himself in the hearts of the people, and there he may remain so long as he chooses. It is fourteen years since the late Marie Litton drew all London to the Imperial Theatre—an out of the way house, attached to the notorious Westminster Aquarium—to witness one of the most exquisite Shakespearean revivals of modern times. The transient nature of the actor's art could not be better exemplified than by a reference to that production of "As You Like It." It was a poetical revival, it had, in its scenery no less than its acting, the poetical atmosphere. The Rosalind of Miss Litton was a beautiful performance, and the Orlando of Kyrle Bellew stepped from the very forests of Arden. A little while, however, and all is forgotten. The popular player is of the day and the hour, not of the past. But there are many students of the stage and lovers of good acting who have pleasant recollections of a certain Orlando and a certain Romeo who has not since been equalled either in the romantic appearance so necessary for those parts, or in the right reading of them, or in the superb acting of them. The world at large has benefited by Mr. Bellew's restless nature, but it would have been better for his own reputation had he remained, for instance, in London. He possesses, more liberally than any other actor of to-day, the qualifications for an impersonator of the romantic drama. His clear-cut, mobile face, his expressive eye, his lithe, supple figure, and, above all, his melodious and penetrating voice, fit him in no ordinary degree for his chosen calling. He has had a wide experience of the stage, and, what is better, a wide experience of life. He has travelled all over the civilized world, noting men and manners, with a result that he has a natural ease in whatever part he may be called upon to play. To recount the various characters in which he has won fame, would be too long a task. But, of my own recollection, I can speak of others than his Orlando and his Romeo. His Charles Surface, his Jack Absolute, and his Young Marlow deserve to be handed down to posterity in the history of "The School for Scandal," "The Rivals," and "She Stoops to Conquer." His David Garrick is remarkable for its polish and its light touch. The refined cruelty of his Baron Scarpia in "La Tosca" has not been excelled by any other player, French or English. His Claude Melnotte and his Armand Duval are also to be counted among his finest performances. I have not witnessed his Antony or his Hamlet. But I know that he must have distinguished himself in both characters. Although he can play a modern part very admirably, he is at his best in costume, not on account of the dress, but because he is steeped in romance and his style belongs to other days. Let it not be inferred that he is stilted. On the contrary, he is eminently natural, but he has not the modern air inseparable from some players. He is essentially a romantic actor, and the drama of to-day has little to do with romance. The mere wearing of a wig, the addition of powder and patches, or the hanging of a sword, or the fashion of a cloak, do not constitute an actor of romantic characters. The player of these parts must possess, as Mr. Bellew possesses, the atmosphere and the feeling incidental to them.





CORA URQUHART POTTER.



Camille or her Flavia Tosca. The playgoers of Sydney gave a warm regard for this actress. They hold her in high estimation. Their appreciation atoned in some measure for the cruel treatment which she received in Melbourne, even if it did not obliterate it.

ASPIRANTS for histrionic fame may find much encouragement in the public career of Mrs. Potter. They may also take from it a lesson which will depress them if they are not possessed of vast determination. For Mrs. Potter's path has not been strewn with roses. The success which she has met with has been great, and, in view of the obstacles which she has encountered, very remarkable. I well remember her first appearance on the stage, at the London Haymarket, seven years ago. As Anne Sylvestre in Wilkie Collins's drama, "Man and Wife," she was greeted, if not with a chorus of praise, at least by the discriminating approbation of a few. It was a good performance, instinct with true feeling and marked by the air of refinement which distinguishes all Mrs. Potter's work. When, later on in the same season, she appeared at the Gaiety Theatre in "Civil War" and "Loyal Love," she was recognized by the London critics as an actress of uncommon ability. Her first appearance in New York, made at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in October, 1887, in "Mlle. de Bremer," was followed by "Loyal Love." Within the next two years, she added Juliet, Pauline, Elizabeth in "Twist Axe and Crown," Kate Hardcastle, Cleopatra, and Camille to her repertoire. She did not receive that recognition here to which she was entitled by her merits as an actress. So, in company with Mr. Kyle Hellew, who had been her leading man ever since her appearance at the London Gaiety, she sailed for Australia under engagement to the chief management there. She opened in Melbourne on March 1, 1890, as Camille. Her Australian experience was a bitter one. She met with hostile, and, I am bound to say, unjust criticism at the hands of the local press, with the result that her first season in Melbourne was a failure and her artistic nature received a severe rebuff. In Sydney, however, she had a very different reception. Her methods were explained, her merits were recognized. The theatre was crowded throughout the seven weeks of her engagement, and she won the hearty approbation of one of the most critical audiences in the world. Her first part in Sydney was Flavia Tosca, a character which she played with infinite grace, delicacy, and no little power. Her Camille, a beautiful and exceedingly pathetic impersonation, was, however, the great favorite with the Sydney audience. That, and "La Tosca," drew, as they deserved to do, the largest houses. But there was praise and high praise too, for her Frou-Frou, for her Kate Hardcastle, and for her Violet in "David Garrick." During a subsequent visit, she acted Juliet, Mlle. de Bremer, and Hero in "Hero and Leander." But none of her subsequent performances eclipsed her





EUGENE COWLES.

THERE is no more popular member of the famous Bostonians than its talented young basso, Mr. Eugene Cowles, whose spirited singing and virile appearance make him a chief attraction to that company. Mr. Cowles comes from Stanstead, Quebec, one of the coldest corners of Canada, where his father has practiced his profession as a doctor for close upon half a century. His family was musical and contained a number of good singers, in addition to which nearly every member was an instrumentalist, young Cowles himself being an expert upon various kinds of musical instruments. When in his early teens, the subject of this sketch went to Chicago, where he soon found employment in the First National Bank. There he remained for several years, occupying a number of different positions, each one better than the other. During this period of his life he gave his leisure hours to the study of vocal music. He joined various church choirs, making much success therein, until, meeting with Messrs. McDonald and Barnabee at a gathering of the local Press Club, he received an offer from the Bostonians which induced him to abandon his business pursuits and take to the stage, where he has since become such a valuable member. He made an unexpected appearance with the Bostonians at the end of November, 1888—unexpected, for the reason that it was in a part which he had not thought within his range. The then leading basso of the company was suddenly taken ill and the character of Squire Bantam, in "Dorothy," devolved upon Mr. Cowles at a moment's notice. He was much too large for the costume of the other basso, and the Bostonians often tell with merriment of the fantastic figure which he cut on that occasion. At the conclusion of this performance, it was a matter of doubt among the members of the company whether Mr. Cowles was a lion basso or a lion comique. During the season of 1888-89, he sang several different rôles, among them General Klutchnukoff in "Fatinizza," the Count in "The Poachers," Beppo in "Fra Diavolo," Lotario in "Mignon," and Count Arnheim in "The Bohemian Girl." Mr. Cowles expresses a decided preference for the last two operas named, although he has won more applause for the rendition of the armorer's song in "Robin Hood," which was written expressly for him by Mr. Reginald de Koven after a careful study of the quality and capabilities of his voice. But he has sung the armorer's song very much more frequently and in rather more critical localities where it would naturally call for extended comment. Mr. Cowles has a difficult task in following Mr. Myron Whitney in the Bostonians, but he has come out of the ordeal with flying colors. He is a favorite in all the big cities of the United States. In Chicago, especially, his appearance is often the subject for a demonstration. He made many friends there, and it is by no means unusual when he visits that city for his old fellow clerks of the First National Bank to secure a large section of the theatre for the purpose of bestowing a hearty welcome on their comrade of other days. Even in the far West, Mr. Cowles is well and favorably known, as the following extract from a leading San Francisco paper testifies. "Mr. Eugene Cowles, as Will Scarlett in 'Robin Hood,' is an agent for good. His perfectly graceful and sinewy figure, his general virile air, should make an impression on the young men of the period as to what is possible if natural conditions of life are observed. His splendid voice—resonant, deep, and penetrating—breathes manhood in its every tone. If sung by him in war time, no man with any pith and vigor would fail to enlist after hearing his rendering of the armorer's song or the old 'Cross Bow.' They both suggest muscle and music."

"huzza for the anvil, the forge, and the sledge!
Huzza for the sparks that fly!
If I had a cup I would straightway pledge
The armorer—that is I."

These lines, from the armorer's song, are typical, not only of Will Scarlett, but of the manliness of the singer of them, Mr. Cowles, who is still young, has a bright future in store.





THERESA VAUGHN.

THE burlesque called "1492," and Miss Theresa Vaughn, owe an obligation to one another. The long run of the piece in New York has enabled a delightful and

thorough artist to win for herself many thousands of new admirers. And it is a matter of fact, not of opinion only, that the presence of Miss Vaughn has had much to do with the success of the extravaganza, which, thanks largely to her efforts, has enjoyed, and is still enjoying, a run out of proportion to its intrinsic merits. The uncertainty of theatrical affairs could not be better exemplified than by this instance.

The hit of "1492" is made in the second act by the German songs rendered by Miss Vaughn in character as Fraulein, the Waif. In the original version, however, there was no such part, and Miss Vaughn was confined to the first and third acts. Thanks to her own idea and suggestion, she obtained a place in the second act. The royal robes of the Infanta Joanna were discarded for a tattered skirt and a broken hat. Miss Vaughn disguised her own brunette beauty beneath a flaxen wig, and, banjo in hand, the Waif was no sooner seen and heard, than she became first favorite with the audience. The popularity of the impersonation was instantly assured, the picturesque appearance of the actress, followed by her sweet singing, winning her a place in the hearts of the audience which Miss Vaughn securely holds. People come to the theatre over and over again to hear her in the second act alone.

They are never tired of the repetition. The part originally allotted to Miss Vaughn is so small that strangers, who are not apt to pay any particular attention to the first act, rub their eyes in surprise when the Waif appears, and wonder who the impersonator of the pretty and forlorn German girl can be. All her little songs in this scene are charming, but the best of all is "Annie Rooney." It speaks wonderfully for the gifts of this artist that she can put new life into so old and hackneyed a number and make it the more enjoyable the more frequently it is heard. Familiarity, in the case of the German "Annie Rooney," means increased favor. The great popularity of Miss Vaughn is largely due to an attractive personality. It is not only that her face possesses character as well as mere prettiness, or that she is versed in stage experience, or that she is eminently graceful in her movements, or that her voice is clear, and deep, and sympathetic. In addition to all these qualities, she has the added charm of womanliness, and of naturalness. She is distinctly feminine, but not doll-like, and artificiality is not possible with her. That she has versatility, is shown by her singing of "Love, Sweet Love," in the third act, which is in direct contrast to the "character" sketch, and songs, of the Waif. It seems strange to me that an artist who could successfully act and sing Tessa, in "The Gondoliers," should not have been provided with a part containing even greater opportunities for distinction than that in which Miss Vaughn has so long pleased the playgoers of Boston and New York. Her popularity, nevertheless, could hardly be greater than it is at present. She possesses the same charm which made the late J. K. Emmet so vast a favorite, in England as well as in America, in his best days. Her voice, like that of the first Fritz,

touches the heart. And she has a delicacy, a refinement of manner, which is by no means common on the comic opera stage. She was but a child when, ten years ago, she went on the stage. She has youth in her favor, and a brilliant career before her. At present, she stands alone amid surroundings which would depress anyone but a true artist.



"The Wife" Hester Vaughan



JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

THE reason why Joseph Jefferson is so renowned and so universally beloved, has been succinctly set forth by William Winter in his delightful "Shadows of the Stage," volumes which should be in every theatrical library. The cause of this effect explains at once his acting and the honor to which it is entitled. That cause is stated by the eminent critic in a single sentence: "Jefferson is at once a poetic and a human actor, and he is thus able to charm all minds and win all hearts." Jefferson is an actor who does not confine himself to custom or conventionality. He has met with abundant success as an actor, chiefly, in the minds of the people, at any rate, as Rip Van Winkle, and also, as Caleb Plummer, as Bob Acres, as Dr. Pangloss, as Dr. Ollapod, as Mr. Golightly, and as Hugh de Brass. A great fund of humor and a high intellectual personality, together with a vast deal of pathos, have helped to place him on the pinnacle of fame. "When you are looking at Jefferson as Acres in the duel scene in 'The Rivals,'" says his biographer, "you laugh at him, but almost you laugh through your tears. When you see Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle confronting the ghosts on the mountain top at midnight, you see a display of imaginative personality quite as high as that of Hamlet, in tremulous sensibility to supernatural influence, although wholly apart from Hamlet in altitude of intellect and in anguish of experience. The poetry of the impersonation, though, is entirely consonant with Hamlet, and that is the secret of Jefferson's exceptional hold upon the heart and the imagination of his time. The public taste does not ask Jefferson to trifle with his art. Its deep, spontaneous, natural preference feels that he is a true actor, and so yields to his power, and enjoys his charm, and is all the time improved and made fitter to enjoy it. He has reached as great a height as it is possible to reach in his profession. He could, if he chose, play greater parts than he has ever attempted; he could not give a better exemplification than he gives, in his chosen and customary achievement, of all that is distinctive, beautiful, and beneficent in the art of the actor." Jefferson is represented here in three of his best known characters—Rip Van Winkle, Bob Acres, and Dr. Pangloss. The latter part is intimately associated with some of the foremost names of the stage. In America, William Warren, John E. Owens, and John Brougham will never be forgotten in the part. And that droll comedian, John S. Clarke, has delighted thousands of playgoers, in England as well as in his own country, by his impersonation. Jefferson first played Dr. Pangloss in New York so long ago as 1837, and it still remains one of the great attractions of his repertoire. "The predominant beauty of Jefferson's Dr. Pangloss," I quote again from the critic of the *New York Tribune*—"was spontaneous and perfectly graceful identification with the part. The felicity of the apt quotations seemed to be accidental. The manner was buoyant, but the alacrity of the mind was more nimble than the celerity of the body, and those wise and witty comments that Pangloss makes upon life, character, and manners, flowed naturally from a brain that was in the vigor and repose of intense animation. The actor was completely merged in the character which, nevertheless, his judgment dominated and his will directed. . . . No other actor of the part has ever equalled him in softness and winning charm of humor. His embodiment of Dr. Pangloss has left in the memory of his time an image of eccentric character not less lovable than ludicrous." There is no brighter ornament to the English-speaking stage than Joseph Jefferson. During his long career he has given profound pleasure to the playgoers of America and England, and, in the old days, to those of far-off Australia. And, always, he has pleased by his truth to nature, by his simplicity of style, by his gentle humor, by his real pathos.





LILLIAN RUSSELL.



MISS RUSSELL enjoys a popularity on the light opera stage which is unique. She has acquired her position mainly by a beautiful voice and a blonde beauty which appeals to many people. She has also obtained notoriety in other ways—she has often got advertisement out of her domestic affairs. Such means of obtaining publicity are always to be deplored, but particularly, as in Miss Russell's case, when they are not needed. The voice of a singer, together with the charm of her presence and her acting, should be the attraction. And, in reality, it is the artistic qualities which draw the public, not private concerns. Had Miss Russell been less

gifted, all the misconceived advertisement in the world would not have secured her the prominent position which she holds on the comic opera stage of to-day. There was a time when notoriety, secured at any cost, drew attention to a performer. Happily, that day is over. Let a player possess talent, and that talent will,

sooner or later, be recognized by the public. For the rest, I maintain that Miss Russell owes her celebrity and the security of her position chiefly to her voice, which is one of the most beautiful that has ever graced the comic opera stage.

For years, she has delighted the playgoers of America by her charming singing, and it is safe to predict that she will long enjoy public favor. That she did not recently repeat her old triumphs at the Casino was not due to any failure of her power as a singer or her personal attractiveness. The piece in which she appeared during her last season in New York was not by any means brilliant. On the contrary, it was dull, tedious, and commonplace to a degree. Oddly enough, also, the principal part was by no means a good one. Miss Russell had no opportunity for distinction as the Princess Nicotine. But her marvellous voice repaid the spectator, in great measure, for the uninteresting character which she portrayed. Miss Russell, as a singer, is a distinct ornament to the comic opera stage.





WILLIAM H. MACDONALD.

THE popular baritone of the Bostonians is a Westerner, a native of Steubenville, Ohio, where his voice, even when he was a child, attracted great attention. General interest in him was increased by his fine physique which gave foundation for the belief that his voice would become a remarkable one in manhood, and not dwindle away to a silver thread as physical growth and development made drafts upon his fund of strength—a promise, which, it need hardly be said, has been fully realized. Mr. MacDonald had the good fortune to belong to a family all the members of which were musicians, and, when he was old enough for his voice to become thoroughly settled, he was sent abroad to study. He spent five years of hard work in England, Germany, and Italy, studying with the leading masters of each country, and making the most satisfactory progress. He made his debut in Italy, in "Il Trovatore." He was successful from the commencement of his career, winning golden opinions in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," "Ruy Blas," and "Forza del Destino."

Mr. MacDonald returned to America in 1880, and joined the Emma Abbott company, singing the baritone rôles in all the operas of a large and varied repertoire. The flexibility of his voice, combined with his talent and versatility as an actor, have enabled him to appear in such widely contrasted characters as the Count in "La Nozze di Figaro," Captain de Merrimac in "Olivette," Peter in "Czar and Zimmerman," Pippo in "La Mascotte," Count di Luna in "Il Trovatore," War Cloud in "The Olgallalas," and Escamillo in "Carmen." In all, he has sung in over fifty operas, covering just as divergent fields as those mentioned. Mr. MacDonald was one of the Boston Ideals when, in 1887, he, in conjunction with Messrs. Karl and Barnabee, launched "The Bostonians," who have made such a marked success, thus proving that artists may also be good men of business. Mr. MacDonald has become a great favorite as Little John in "Robin Hood," a part that seems made for him, as he is of the same great stature and fine physique as his prototype who, as our young brother will tell us, was called Little John because he was so big. One sees again the old time outlaw, a lover of the greenwood and of a free life, brave, adventurous, jocular, open-handed; a protector of women. And he makes us endorse the dictum of the chronicler who tells us that "Lytel John and Robyne Hude, waythman were commended gude." Mr. MacDonald's voice is a rich, clear baritone, cultivated to the highest possible degree, and his acting is in keeping with his singing. It is delightful to witness a singer who, even in light opera, keeps within the picture and does not force himself on the audience.





ADA REHAN.

THE name of Ada Rehan is honored on both sides of the Atlantic. The playgoers of England and America are united as to the merit of this brilliant actress who has, indeed, met with more praise in London than that showered upon her here. Miss Rehan's success in the British capital is a proof, if proof be needed, that the alleged prejudice there against American players does not exist. She has received the enthusiastic praise of the two "schools" of critics there, new and old alike, who, for once, join hands as to the exceptional ability of this clever actress. Miss Rehan, who has played over a hundred and fifty parts in the course of her career, has a fund of buoyant raillery which covers a great depth of feeling which especially fits her for the province of the comédienne. And it is in comedy that she has made her chief hits. As the heroines of old comedy, as the representative of Vanbrugh, Wycherley, Cibber, and Farquhar, she is without a rival. The high comedy of her acting as Miss Hovden, Peggy Thrift, Hippolyta, Sylvia, and Orina, has not been equalled since, in 1874, she commenced to assume characters of this kind. Another performance of rare merit was her Tilthania in "The Critic," a part in which she displayed the true instinct and faculty of burlesque. Her acting, on the other hand, of Mademoiselle Rose in "The Prayer" was remarkable for its passion, pathos, and a power that was almost tragic. The winning sweetness of her Helena was contrasted by the vehemence of her Katharine. The latter is one of the most brilliant of her impersonations in the Shakespearean field. But her Rosalind and her Viola have elicited unstinted praise. As Rosalind, "she was the image of youth, beauty, happiness, merriment, and of an absorbing and triumphant love. When she dashed through the trees of Arden, snatching the verses of Orlando from their boughs, and cast herself at the foot of a great elm, to read those fond messages that Rosalind's heart instantly and instinctively ascribes to their right source, her gray eyes were brilliant with tender joy, her cheeks were flushed; her whole person, in its graceful abandonment of posture, seemed to express an ecstasy of happy vitality and of victorious delight; her hands that held the written scrolls trembled with eager, tumultuous, and grateful joy; the voice with which she read her lover's words made soft cadences of them and seemed to caress every syllable; and as the last rhyme,

' Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind,'

fell from her lips, like a drop of liquid silver, the exquisite music of her speech seemed to the away in one soft sigh of pleasure. While, however, she thus denoted the passionate heart of Rosalind and her ample bliss of sensation and exultant yet tender pride of conquest, she never once relaxed the tension of her glee. In an ordinary representation of "As You Like It," the interest commonly declines after the third act, if not earlier, from lack of exuberant physical vitality and the propulsive force of sympathetic mirth in Rosalind. When Ada Rehan played the part, the performance only grew richer and merrier as it proceeded—developing the exuberant nature and glad experience of a loving and enchanting woman who sees the whole world suffused with golden light, irradiated from her own happy heart, her healthful and brilliant mind, her buoyant spirit, and inexhaustible goodness and joy." Another Shakespearean character in which Miss Rehan was delightful is that of Mrs. Ford in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." In the comedy of to-day, she acted with a charm which will recall with delight such characters as Doris in "An International Match," Nisbe in "A Night Off," Valentine in "The Railroad of Love," Jenny O'Jones in "Red Letter Nights,"

and others of that type. Miss Rehan, according to the foremost of American dramatic critics, possesses, "like her great and renowned sister in dramatic art, Ellen Terry—the most distinctly poetic actress of this century, in any language, or in any land—the power to personify and give the touch of reality. The young women of to-day see themselves in Ada Rehan's portrayals of them. The young men of to-day recognize in those portrayals the fulfillment of that ideal of sensuous sentiment, piquant freedom, and impetuous ardor, combined with rich beauty of person and negligent elegance of manner, which they account the perfection of womanhood." As an actress of comedy, Miss Rehan occupies a position in the front rank which is absolutely unassailable.





RICHARD MANSFIELD.

LIKE many other actors belonging to this country, Mr. Mansfield, who was born in 1857, is an Englishman by birth. But much of his life has been passed here, and, for the last eleven years, he has been before the playgoing public of the United States. He may, therefore, be fairly accounted, as he claims to be, an American actor. His career has been eventful, interesting, and instructive. In his youth, he studied for the Indian Civil Service, but, after passing the preliminary examinations, he gave up the idea, in order to remain with his aged mother, and entered into business in Boston. That, also, he abandoned, and set up as a painter in the same city. He remained at that pursuit for a year in Boston, and then went to London for the purpose of pursuing his studies as an artist. His success in that direction did not warrant him in continuing as a painter, so he sought employment as an actor. Here, again, fortune did not smile upon him. But he was highly popular in social circles, and, by dint of writing for various publications and with entertainments which he gave occasionally, he managed to exist. At last, in 1877, he had an opportunity of appearing, at St. George's Hall, in the German-Reed entertainment, in the temporary absence of Mr. Corney Grain. His experience on this occasion was a painful one, as, owing to the hardships he had endured, he was in so weak a condition as to be unable to undergo the nervous strain of appearing for the first time before a regular audience, and instead of the entertainment which the audience expected, they heard but a few discordant notes and saw a pale and petrified figure led in silence from the stage. After another year of fighting for life in London, Mr. Mansfield secured an engagement to tour in the provinces with the Gilbert-Sullivan operas. He remained in this capacity for three years, gaining much excellent experience. Returning to London, he found work, in minor parts, on the light opera stage. His acting, and his careful make-up in the small character of the innkeeper in "La Mascotte" led to the suggestion of a friend that he should return to America. He accepted the advice, secured an engagement at the Standard Theatre, New York, and, since that time he has been a theatrical celebrity. He made an immediate success as Dromez in "Les Manteaux Noirs"—his opening part in America—and, since that period, he has had a very large following among the playgoing community. It is curious to observe that Mr. Mansfield, who is justly regarded as a serious actor, has played in everything, from burlesque to tragedy. The characters in which he has achieved celebrity include Dromez, Nick Vedder in the comic opera of "Rip Van Winkle," the Lord Chancellor in "Jolanthe," the German Baron in "La Vie Parisienne," Nasoni in "Gasparone," Baron Kraft in "In Spite of All," Koko in "The Mikado," Baron Chevalier in "A Parisian Romance," the French Teitor in "French Flairs," Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Monsieur, Prince Karl, Don Juan, Nero, Richard the Third, and Arthur Dimmesdale in "The Scarlet Letter." He has also appeared as Shylock. In regard to Mr. Mansfield's impersonation of Richard the Third, the part, it has been written, "was acted by him; it was not declaimed. He made, indeed, a skillful use of his uncommon voice—keeping its tones light, sweet, and superficial during the earlier scenes, and then permitting them to become deeper and more significant and thrilling as the man grows old in crime and haggard and convulsed in self-conflict and misery." But he succeeded mainly by his revelation of the soul of the character.





ADELE RITCHIE.

“EVERY now and then there bursts into the theatrical firmament some new light so startling by reason of its unexpectedness as well as because of its utility that the critic can only rub his eyes in a daze of admiration. A few weeks ago I happened into the Fifth Avenue Theatre on an evening when it was announced that a new prima donna, freshly graduated from the chorus, would essay the rôle of *Prisilla* in the comic opera of ‘*The Isle of Champagne*.’ A mid-summer audience—perhaps the most difficult and burnt-out of assemblages—had been laughed into a frivolous mood by Mr. Seabrooke’s lachrymose conceivings when they stepped into the scene one of the most fetching figures that has graced the metropolitan stage in this decade. A face of surpassing loveliness, joined to a rare grace of port, at once held the spectators in amazed silence. Then followed a buzz of wonder and charm that persisted until loud and clear above the concerted song there rang a soprano so correct in its intonation, so fresh and sweet in quality, and so strangely sympathetic in *timbre*, that the audience promptly resumed the quiet of intent attention. The promise of this tentative performance was more than fulfilled by the débutante’s subsequent rendition of the solo of the ‘dove song,’ and when the green baize fell on the night’s entertainment, Adele Ritchie had proved herself an artiste of the first rank and a stage figure of extraordinary attractiveness. Managers promptly began squabbling—it’s a way managers have—for the right to her services, and I believe an incipient lawsuit was required to establish Mr. J. M. Hill’s claim to the new star’s employment. That indomitable entrepreneur was then peculiarly suitable for the fitting presentation of the opera of ‘*The Algerian*,’ by Messrs. De Koven and MacDonald, and in Miss Ritchie Mr. Hill thought to discover the very voice and personality necessary to the rôle of *Suzette* in that work. The event has quite justified the manager’s quick prejudice in favor of the young woman’s gifts and allurements. Whatever may be the defects of

looking about for ‘talent,’ Miss Ritchie’s scenic training—or, more probably, the lack of it—it is certain that in merely natural excellence of vocal equipment she has not had a superior in the memory of contemporary theatregoers. In bird-like simplicity, in the quality of limpid ease, it reminds one much of the Russell’s voice of ten years ago. The most unusual intervals of composition, the nicest nuances of light and shade, appear to be as readily at her command as though she were a mistress of the craft of song as taught by a *Marchesi* or a *Cappiani*.’ The high praise thus bestowed on Miss Ritchie, by Mr. Charles Fide Nirdlinger, in *The Illustrated American*, last September, has been justified by subsequent events. Miss Ritchie has rapidly risen to the rank of prima donna. For some months past she has been at the head of ‘*The Algerian*’ company and has been singing the rôle originated by Miss Marie Tenipest in such a manner as to win the praise of the critics and the applause of the public in all the principal cities.





HENRY MILLER.

MR. Charles Frohman is to be congratulated on his good fortune in having a thoroughly admirable actor for the leading man of his handsome Empire Theatre. Mr. Henry Miller has done much good work and has

shown that he possesses more than ordinary ability for his profession. He has several qualifications for the stage, chief of which are his earnestness and his quiet power. Elsewhere in this volume, I have dwelt upon the earnestness necessary for the actor. To the old hand, it may seem superfluous to dilate upon the very foundation of seriousness, and, indeed, of all acting. But the stage of to-day, judging from many recent performances, is sadly lacking in earnestness. Too many actors place themselves on pedestals. They forget their parts in thinking of themselves. They play to the audience. They smirk at their friends in front and think it clever to force themselves on their audience. They forget that the business of acting is to portray character. The actor should not entirely lose his identity. He should retain his individuality. Personality is essential to him. But he should always remember that he is, for the time being, the representative of the author, not of himself. It is refreshing, in these days of self-consciousness and of self-advancement, to see an actor so enveloped in his work as Mr. Miller. To think of him is to think, not merely of a favorite actor, but of certain well-defined, clear-cut characters. Call to mind that delicate, pretty play, "Liberty Hall," as it was recently acted in New York, and you instantly remember the quiet, gentle character of Mr. Owen. This is a case where

earnestness is essential. The part demands unusual sincerity from the actor. To play it lightly, or with self-consciousness, would be fatal. Mr. Miller entered into the spirit of it, took it quietly, but firmly, impressively. His heart was in his work, and his belief in the character made itself felt to the audience. He represented the part, not himself. And he could not have done this had he not been in earnest, had he not entered into the spirit of the part. Another valuable quality in Mr. Miller's acting was gentleness in this performance. He possesses gentleness and strength. Too many actors mistake the exhibition of physical force for the display of power. There is invariably a line mindlessness about Mr. Miller's acting. He plays strongly, vigorously. He does not paint in little. But he never rushes to extremes, and he knows the value of gentleness in manhood. His Mr. Owen was a perfect picture of a gentleman—of a man who understands how to be gentle and

respectful with women, dignified and firm with men. Another admirable performance is that given by Mr. Miller in "Sowing the Wind." The elderly, saddened Mr. Brabazon is not what is considered in the line of business for a "juvenile" leading man, but Mr. Miller plays it delightfully. He does not disdain to wear a white wig and line his face. He has the humor for the lighter passages of the first act, and the pathos and the power for the later scenes.





NELLIE MELBA.

MADAME MELBA was born in Melbourne, Australia, in 1865, of Scotch descent, her parents being wealthy Presbyterians. As a young girl, she sang only in charity concerts. At the age of eighteen, she was married to Captain Armstrong, and, shortly after that event, she left the Antipodes for Paris, with the intention of residing permanently in the French capital. In Paris, she met the celebrated impresario, Maurice Strakosch, who, struck by the beautiful quality of her voice, prevailed on her to study seriously with a view to a public career. She wisely accepted this advice, and, in 1886, commenced her musical studies under Madame Marchesi. Nine months later, the young artist made her debut at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, as Gilda in "Rigoletto." She was immediately hailed by the press and the public as the successor of Patti and Nilsson. In the spring of 1888, Madame Melba made her first appearance in London, at Covent Garden, and immediately secured a triumph. Since that time, her career has been one unbroken record of complete artistic and popular success. Her name alone is sufficient to draw a crowded house in New York as well as in any of the European capitals. The seal of her success was set by her appearance as Ophelia in "Hamlet," at the Opera House, Paris, in 1889. Her reputation as the Queen of Song was enhanced, in the following year, at the Scala, Milan. Before leaving Europe for her recent engagement at the New York Metropolitan Opera House, with Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel, and Grau, Madame Melba made a tour of Holland and Scandinavia, under the management of Mr. Carl Ferdinand Strakosch, with a result that had never been equalled in those countries, either artistically or financially. As a songstress, pure and simple, Madame Melba must be regarded as the leading prima donna of the day. The only artist that once outshone her—reference is, of course, made to Madame Patti—is now but a shadow of her former self, and, among contemporary performers, the Australian *diva* has no rival. Madame Melba's voice is a high soprano, of great range, and brilliant, rather than sympathetic; of admirable *timbre*, absolutely true, and exceedingly flexible, a perfect instrument, in other words, and one which Nature, helped by study, enables the possessor to use to the best advantage. No more beautiful organ has been heard for years, and Madame Melba uses it with a facility and surety that even the incomparable Patti of the past did not excel. A voice and talent of this order naturally find their best medium of revelation in what may be clumsily but clearly described as lyric opera, namely, opera in which *cantabile* and highly embellished themes are most abundant, and it is in works of this type that Madame Melba is happiest. Thus it comes that in "Lucia di Lammermoor" and "Rigoletto," for example, the Australian prima donna is at her best, while her opportunities are scarcely so great in more modern achievements in which song is made the vehicle of expression, rather than the sole end of the composer's art. To the dilettante, sensitive to the loveliness and splendor of tone, to the connoisseur, alive to the charm of vocal emission so unforced and correct that one of the artist's associates has justly described it as an *emission insolente*, Madame Melba's performances give the largest measure of delight and satisfaction.



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No. 2

GALLERY OF PLAYERS

FROM
THE · ILLUSTRATED · AMERICAN

(With 22 full-page pictures and over 100 portraits in character)

EDITED BY
CHARLES FDC. NIRDLINGER

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

THE publisher of the "Gallery of Players" puts forth this second volume of the series in the belief that it is in some essential details superior to its predecessor, and in the confidence that it will prove a standard for its successors to imitate. Late improvements in photography and engraving have made it possible to present portraits of an excellence and accuracy not hitherto attained. In a publication that purposes to be a picture-record of the theatrical celebrities of these days, this is a virtue of especial importance.

In the matter of the text, the publisher begs to present an excerpt from a note from Charles Frederic Nirdlinger, to whom was intrusted the editing of the present volume:

"Anything like comprehensive biographies, within the comparatively brief space at my command, would have been impossible," Mr. Nirdlinger writes, "and they would also have been useless. Actors' biographies mean nothing. The progress of a player in his art or in his profession has, as a rule, no precise relation to his age or experience.

"I have sought, in the main, to reflect the opinion of the general in regard to the merits of the player, rather than to give expression to my own judgment or fancy. The agreeableness or effectiveness of an actor is largely a matter of personal taste or caprice: so it is only fair, even if not convincing, to report the verdict of the majority, rather than to insist on the correctness of critical eccentricity. In the sparse instances where my own convictions regarding the capacity or pretension of an actor are so directly at variance with the judgment of the general that I felt impelled, in honesty, to indicate that fact, I have been at especial pains to emphasize the singularity of my opinions—or notions, if you please. But in the main, I repeat, there will be found a fitting appreciation of the value of the popular taste and discrimination in matters pertaining to the art of the theatre."

These words, the publisher thinks, sufficiently explain the purpose and manner of the editor's comments.

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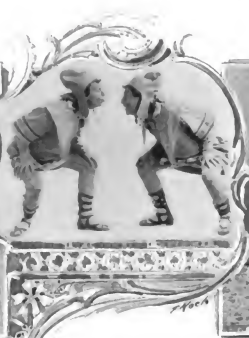
JULIA ARTHUR.

IN circumstances conducive to the full development of her natural gifts, Miss Arthur would become one of the greatest actresses of this generation—the peer, I am almost persuaded, of Madame Bernhardt and Signora Duse. Under the conditions, though, that have hitherto attended the most notable period of her stage career, and in the peculiar paltriness and materialism that dominate the theatre here and now, it is possible that her fine talents will dissipate in inconsiderable achievements. How potent for artistic demoralization are these malefic forces is evident from what they have wrought in the case of Miss Arthur. In innate aptitude for superb accomplishments, as well as in the outer essentials of theatrical effectiveness, she is endowed no less richly than any actress of her time, excepting not even the most splendid of the French and the Italian stage. Temperament—and with that an actress may go far!—she has to a degree that it pervades her entire manner and presence with a sonorous yet sympathetic magnetism. A seeming soulfulness—by no means hovering merely on the sweeping lashes of a pair of midnight eyes—shines out in every feigned emotion to which she gives expression. With that quality alone there is little in the range of the romantic and heroic drama that a woman may not venture to attempt. When added to that are certain physical excellencies such as Miss Arthur possesses, one is justified in the positive assertion with which these comments begin. Her face is as lacking in prettiness as is Bernhardt's or Duse's, and it is likewise as impressively beautiful as either's. A voice richer in music and meaning is heard nowhere. If it be true that there is color in tone, then one may look for gorgeous hues in that voice—for cardinal and scarlet and purple, the hues, surely, of romance and heroics. The qualities and qualifications of Miss Arthur are all the more interesting in their identity with those of the greatest artists, because of their unexpectedness. Temperament such as hers, a personality not only suggesting but expressing the quality of tragedy, eyes such as hers, and beauty and voice like hers, we associate somehow with meridional countries, with southern France and Spain and Italy. To find them born under the chill, gray skies of a Canadian town surprises us, and possibly makes us timid to recognize them for their full significance and worth. But they are all there in the young woman whom we think of only as a capable "leading lady," and I, for my part, make bold to write of them as enthusiastically as if they had come from lands of story and sunshine. Of Miss Arthur's gifts one should write the more unreservedly, because of the fact that they have been put to such poor account and because the condemnable spirit that pervades the American theatres threatens eventually to put them to nothingness. It was amazing to see in her most recent performance, in a play called "Sister Mary," the same faults that marred her work in the days of her metropolitan apprenticeship. It tried one's patience to find the same general crudeness of method, the same bungling employment of that magnificent voice, the same disregard of the value of detail. The voice was persistently monotone, the whole impersonation monochrome, with apparently a studied avoidance of light and shade. One was tempted to ask if, after all, there was anything there but temperament, resonant voice and great black eyes; and if laudatory insistence on these virtues had brought her to rely solely on them for her effects? That has happened to many of our actors. It will not answer to attribute the stubborn blurs and blunders of Miss Arthur's performances to want of intelligence or taste; the reading of her lines and the spirit of her conception of character indicate the possession of both in an adequate degree. Where, then, is one to look for the source of her artistic failings if not in the conditions and circumstances of her professional endeavors? She is a distinguished victim of the regrettable system pursued in the conduct of the theatre of to-day: the system of incompetent instruction or no instruction at all, of long runs and prolonged provincial tours, and of regard merely for the criticism of the box office. We boast in the metropolis of the number of our stock companies. As a matter of fact, we have several theatres employing regularly a number of experienced actors indispensable to the production of plays. The manager, assisted by London precedence, experiments until he has found a play that will run for a year or two, and after its metropolitan popularity

is exhausted, the play, with the so-called stock company, is sent into the provinces. If it catches the fancy of the provincials it sojourns among them for a year or two—and that's the end of the stock company! Something of this very sort happened, I believe, to Miss Arthur. She was a member of Mr. A. M. Palmer's stock company that produced "Lady Windermere's Fan." It was a charming play and pleased the town and country—the latter so much that the company remained away from New York many months. In the meantime Mr. Palmer discovered the drawing power of six-daily-shirts-from-Paris, a female impersonator, and the living pictures. And that's the end of his stock company! These are not conditions conducive to the full development of artistic possibilities. Still Miss Arthur has temperament—and a woman may go far with that.



(From a photograph by Thores, San Francisco, Cal.)



STUART ROBSON.

IT is related that on a certain occasion William Warren, the famous actor of the Boston Museum, was watching Joseph Jefferson's performance of Bob Acres with an expression of intense amusement.

"Remarkable piece of work, isn't it?" some one observed to Warren.

"Yes, indeed," he returned, "a brilliant and fascinating impersonation!"—and Sheridan twenty miles away!" So it is with Mr. Robson's Dromio.

The skill and imagination and personal idiosyncrasies of the player have added so much to the suggestion of the playwright, that the Dromio whom he presents to us is a fellow at once more fantastic and realistic than the Dromio of Shakespeare. Doubtless it is something in the nature of leze majesty to assert such things in connection with the sovereign of dramatists; but it so frequently happens in the case of Shakespeare—that actors get more out of his creations than he himself put in them, Malvolio, for instance, is an infinitely simpler character than some great actors have represented him; merely a fellow of mild conceit who makes the blunder of fancying that his mistress is in love with him. And yet learning and philosophy have so exaggerated the significance of the character, that the actor who would meet the popular expectation must endow Malvolio with a hundred qualities that Shakespeare never dreamt of giving him. And in the case of Hamlet—think of the infinity of investigation and ingenuity that has occupied itself with the task of solving a problem that probably never existed in Shakespeare's mind.

About a very unfortunate young man who comes home to discover a most shameful state of affairs in his household, and who in his woe and perplexity acts pretty much as any other youth would do in the same circumstances, there has been cast a halo of mysticism that, like a will-o'-the-wisp, has led many great actors far afield from the truth as it existed in Shakespeare's mind. If Mr. Robson has done something of the same sort in the case of Dromio of Syracuse, he has achieved it largely by reason of certain personal peculiarities. Mr. Meltzer, a critic of authority and, generally, of correct taste, recently described Mr. Robson as a comedian with a squeak, implying that this vocal idiosyncrasy was the actor's chief equipment for his calling. Now, whatever may be the objection of that squeak in other impersonations, it is certainly a most effective detail in Dromio. To that rôle it adds an appropriate and distinctive feature, that may be as far away from Shakespeare as Jefferson's peculiarities are distant from Sheridan, but it is none the less a delightful and valuable detail of significant illustration and illumination. No Shakespearean impersonation of these days is more vividly impressed on the popular mind than this Dromio of Robson's. To a marvellous degree the actor has caught not so much the spirit of the English clown of the sixteenth century—which is the Dromio of Shakespeare—but of the slave of classic times, which is the slave of Plautus and of acmality. Robson's Dromio holds his quips and quirks constantly in leash—as befits a slave. He is really a knowing fellow—as the servant of a man of the world like his master Amphibolis should be—and it is because of this evident knowingsness that his patience in the midst of maddening exclusion and undeserved reproaches give a touch of genuine pathos to his comedy.

I do not believe that Shakespeare ever intended Dromio of Syracuse to be anything but a clownish, fat-witted dolt, contributing the chief share to the broadly farcical element in "The Comedy of Errors." And for the true vein of sympathy that Mr. Robson puts into the character, for that perfection of comedy that takes on the

nature of real pathos, and for some splendidly illuminative detail of mannerism—among them the squeak slighted by Mr. Meltzer—the dramatist is under obligations to the actor





(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



MARIE TEMPEST.

NELL GWYNNE lives again in the person of Marie Tempest. From out of a past tinkling with tuneful poesy, sparkling with the glory of palettes that limned only beauty and grace, bubbling with the merriment and gallantry of gay King Charlie's court, there trips down to moderns a most convincing counterfeit of that piquant creature. If one may trust imagination's ear, little Tempest sings just as pretty Nell did: in the same tenuous, uncertain voice, with the same captiv-

ating tricks of tone, the same significant nuances, and the same amorous timbre.

Tempest talks just as Nell did, and walks with the same sturdy stride—there was nothing miming about Nell—and, if one may trust to fancy's eye, she looks just as Nell looked. I've seen Nell a hundred times, and so have you, dear reader.

The mere sight of that curl, pert, and jadish name—Nell Gwynne—calls up that strangely alluring combination of features: the up-titled nose, the pouting lips, the eyes of a drowsy Cupid, the confident, impudent poise of the head. None of them fashioned to the taste of painter or sculptor, but forming in their unity a face of teasing witchery. There is no record of Nell's artistic methods, of the school of her mimetic performance, or of the style of her singing. All we know of that sort of thing we must gather from the rhymes and rhapsodies of the poets. Some of them wrote in prose, to be sure; but they were poets for all that, and poets are such an unreliable lot when it comes to judging such a girl as Nell. If she had any art, though, I'll be bound it was like Tempest's. There is but one way to be infinitely charming in the craft of the theatre—the eternal verities of art prevent that it should be otherwise—and whatever devices of mimic mechanism Nell employed must have been those of her modern congener. But *she* never studied in Paris, some skeptic will say, and Tempest did; how could Nell Gwynne have mastered the lightness of touch, the exquisite refinement of gesture, the infinity of significant byplay that constitute the distinctly Parisian method of Tempest? To that I would answer that Tempest's method is not distinctly Parisian, that it is not at all Parisian. She is a delightful artiste not because of her brief period of Gallic training, but in spite of it. Elsewhere in this volume I have ventured an opinion on the subject of what we have been taught to regard as the French school of comic opera. That school, if we may judge of its academic principles and practices by the performance of some of its most proficient graduates, has nothing in common with the methods of Tempest. Wanton wiles and indecent suggestion—

these are the essential features of that ridiculously lauded French school; kicks and winks and ogling glances, postures of affected languor, and convincing feints of vicious sophistication. Where, in all that, is to be found the simple graciousness, the daintily, delicate, unobtrusive art of Marie Tempest? To liken her to the garish product of that French school—as well I like Corot's sensuous nymph of the wood to Bougereau's sensual nymph of the bath! For my own part, I don't believe Tempest belongs to any school, or if she does, it is a school of which she is at once mistress and sole pupil. Indeed, it may be doubted whether instruction or training has any considerable part in the charm of such a player. There are women of infinitely better method—not manner—of singing and of acting; women with whom Nature has dealt far more carefully and generously in beauty of face and of figure; women even in no degree inferior to Tempest in innate allurements. But this little Englishwoman, with her *svette* form and her bewitching face of ugly features, her tricky voice that always makes one think of a thrush that has caught a cold, her imperfections and patronizing ways with her audience, has about her a vague, elusive something that makes of her the most fetching personality of the comic opera stage.





(From a copyright photograph by Sarony, New York.)



N. C. GOODWIN.

SOMEWHERE I have met with a play that was written by Molière—a play in which the principal character was Monsieur Molière, and in which that character of Monsieur Molière was impersonated by Molière. At this moment I cannot recall the great dramatist's particular purpose in such an egoistic enterprise, but I remember that when I chanced upon the musty little brochure, the thought occurred to me that if Mr. N. C. Goodwin were a dramatist he would do that very sort of thing. He might not go to the extreme to which Molière ventured and call the hero of the play by his own name; but that hero would be Mr. N. C. Goodwin in all the essential details of character, or outward expression of character, in manner and in mannerism. Molière's feat was less audacious and immodest than it might seem at first glance. He was immensely popular with the playgoers of his day—not only as a dramatic author, but as an actor. By part of the same token, Mr. Goodwin would be justified if he were to imitate the deed of the famous Frenchman. He is certainly one of the most popular actors of the day, one of the most enthusiastically applauded by the general, and, consequently, one of the most prosperous in the monetary sense of the word. I state those facts in the superlative way in order that any subsequent remarks I may choose to make of Mr. Goodwin and his work may not be misconstrued as to their purpose and intention. Let it be granted, too, that Mr. Goodwin has personality and, also, individuality. These are the qualities on which his admirers most strenuously insist. The especial and distinctive virtue of these attributes in connection with thespian achievements has never been quite clear in my mind. They are by no means rare or utterly distinctive virtues. It will occur to anyone who gives the matter the least consideration that every person has personality, just as most individuals have individuality. What is meant, doubtless, by those who prate of the particular personality in reference, is that it is pleasing to a large number of playgoers. And in view of Mr. Goodwin's prosperity, there may be no gainsaying that fact. But that it constitutes the alpha and omega of merit I beg leave to doubt. Mr. Goodwin, however, is apparently of another opinion. He believes himself completely winning and, naturally, he refrains from eliminating any detail, be it never so trivial, from the effective entirety. No matter how obvious and inevitable may be the characteristics and idiosyncracies of the impersonation in hand, he declines to attempt any complete differentiation from his own. In this he is much like that Mr. Willard who toured this country recently. Possibly, the exigencies of a star career compel this sort of thing—this persistent preservation of features and mannerisms that have proved themselves of "drawing" potency. For instance, Mr. Goodwin must have known, when he prepared himself for the star rôle of



"In Mizzoura," that no Missouri Sheriff ever went with clean-shaven face. The bandit-like mustache of the Western constabulary is a classic detail not only in fiction, but in fact—just as much as the pointed beard is a hall-mark of a Vandike. The instance cited is, perhaps, trivial, and I should have hesitated to employ it were it not that it so vividly illustrates my meaning. And, indeed, it is all the more pertinent and permissible because of its triviality. Certain ingrained habits and manners an actor, be he never so conscientious and well intentioned, may not be able to rid himself of. But that he should wittingly refuse such adscititious aids to illusion as are provided by the rudest mechanism of his craft—that is certainly open to blame. And that he should studiously project into his mimetic essays individual and purely personal qualities—qualities of which he has acquired an exaggerated esteem, through the flattery of friends and the eulogy of indiscriminating criticism—that I hold to be honestly condemnable. From Mr. Goodwin's popularity with the general body of theatre-goers it would be unfair and futile to seek to detract an iota. But that he is an actor capable of merging his individuality into that of the character he would portray; that he possesses that mystic gift of illusion that constitutes the very essence of the dramatic art; that he is, in short, an actor in the sense that Mr. Mansfield is an actor, or Mr. E. J. Henley, or Mr. W. H. Thompson—that, I submit, is a matter of which much may be said on both sides.



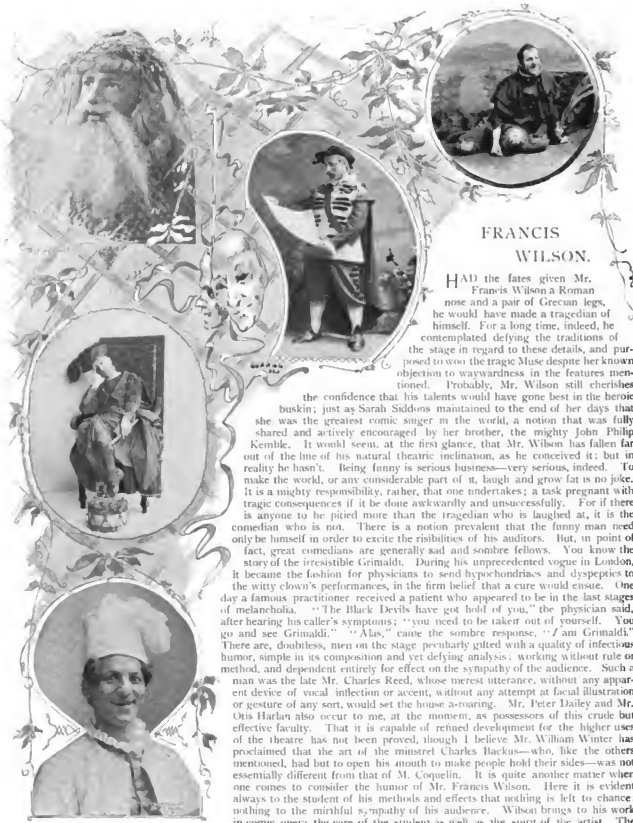
(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



ELEONORA DUSE.

THE mantle of no past mistress of the scenic art has fallen upon the shoulders of Eleonora Duse. For her the Muses have fashioned a virgin vestment, of texture more delicate, of grace more exquisite, in fancy richer than any that ever yet adorned a woman of the stage. While Bernhardt but renews the traditions of Rachel—adding, perhaps, a refinement of method, and illuminating them with an intelligence more subtle, a temperament more sensitive than those of her predecessors—Eleonora Duse discovers to us that rarest quality of genius, the genius of surprise. Some, dreading the conviction of their idol's subordination, would deceive themselves and us that this new deity is of another cult; they seek consolation in the pretension that Bernhardt and Duse are of different schools, and that whatever superiority contemporary criticism may adjudge the Italian springs rather from the method of art, of which she is the exponent, than from any finer quality in the artist herself. The subtlety is pathetic, but paltry. It is an oft-used shift of inferiority to evade the proof and penalty of surpassed excellence. One may question, indeed, whether, in the nice discrimination of the day in all that pertains to theatric art, there could exist schemes and systems of dramatic impersonation distinctly varied, and yet deserving of equal regard. Granting even the possibility of this indecisive criticism, the truth remains that the twain of comedienne in reference tread in identically the same path of mimetic method; they both strive, along the same course, for the same goal. But the race has gone to the Italian; she outstrips her Gallic rival with such facility and felicity that amazement invents fanciful conditions to account for the startling defeat. We had not supposed that ingenuity of intelligence or faculty of dramatic invention could go beyond the "business" with which Bernhardt indicated the phthisical ailment of Camille. To touch the lips, in constant question, with a limp kerchief, positively took on the dignity of a classic in the traditions of the stage. The hectic flush of Clara Morris, the hacking cough of Modjeska, at once discovered their meanness in the presence of the cambrie contrivance of the French actress. With that square of flaxen fabric, Bernhardt was deemed to have floated into the empyrean of histrionic perfection, and, henceforth, every Camille was measured by the comparative skill with which she employed the pregnant handkerchief. Her rank in the dominant school of realism was determined very largely by the degree of frequency and alarm with which she touched the linen to her ashen lips. Because the Italian actress, with an artistic sense vastly beyond that of the Frenchwoman, with a cunning infinitely finer, with an elaboration of method grander, a faculty of expression endlessly more varied than Bernhardt's, contrives to token the wasting ailment of Camille without resort to the vulgar mechanics in allusion, we are told, with something of an air, that she is of another school! With every fresh example of Duse's capabilities and manner, it becomes more evident that the reason of the amazing difference in the performance of the two women must be sought elsewhere than in any fancied variance in their schemes and modes of dramatic portrayal; it lies in the artistes themselves. Temper, not training; mind, not method; soul, not system, have prevailed to advance the Italian to heights not dreamed of in the art philosophy of the other. Bernhardt did, indeed, attain the approximate perfection possible to any talent not born of mere inspiration. In anger, she was the hissing serpent whose glance is stunning and whose touch is death. In hate, she was the snarling tigress; the incarnation of rampant ferocity. In love—the love of which she could know—Bernhardt brought into play the tireless lust, the seductive languor, the entrancing enervation of her Oriental blood, and added thereto all the wiles and witchcraft of the practiced courtesan. In the display of the deeper emotions, the stronger passions, Duse surpasses the Parisian no less utterly than in the expression of the softer, sweeter sentiments of humanity. In Bernhardt's wrathful anger there is always the suggestion of the termagant; Duse seems the enraged Juno. Bernhardt's jealousy always hints of the slighted wanton; Duse's of offended womanhood. Bernhardt piqued is a snappish shrew; Duse a proud spirit tortured. Bernhardt counterfeits grief admirably; Duse is grief itself. And yet, I repeat, the methods employed by the two actresses are identical in kind; their difference is only in degree. In the instance of Bernhardt the infinity of niceties and devices, ingenious, elaborate though they be and at times even exquisite, are ever and obviously tricks and counterfeits. Duse imparts to these same passes of mimicry a mystic, elusive quality that merges them into reality beyond suspicion. In truth, the Italian conceals her art so completely and securely that one is tempted often to doubt whether it is by art that she accomplishes her magic of dramatic deception. One recalls Monsieur Taine's comment on the genius of Shakespeare—a genius, in his opinion, independent of circumstance, unconscious of environment, or law, or rule; evolving its marvels from pure imagination.





FRANCIS WILSON.

HAD the fates given Mr. Francis Wilson a Roman nose and a pair of Grecian legs, he would have made a tragedian of himself. For a long time, indeed, he contemplated defying the traditions of the stage in regard to these details, and purposed to woo the tragic Muse despite her known objection to waywardness in the features mentioned. Probably, Mr. Wilson still cherishes

the confidence that his talents would have gone best in the heroic buskin; just as Sarah Siddons maintained to the end of her days that she was the greatest comic singer in the world, a notion that was fully shared and actively encouraged by her brother, the mighty John Philip Kemble. It would seem, at the first glance, that Mr. Wilson has fallen far out of the line of his natural theatric inclination, as he conceived it; but in reality he hasn't. Being funny is serious business—very serious, indeed. To make the world, or any considerable part of it, laugh and grow fat is no joke. It is a mighty responsibility, rather, that one undertakes; a task pregnant with tragic consequences if it be done awkwardly and unsuccessfully. For if there is anyone to be pitied more than the tragedian who is laughed at, it is the comedian who is not. There is a notion prevalent that the funny man need only be himself in order to excite the risibilities of his auditors. But, in point of fact, great comedians are generally sad and sombre fellows. You know the story of the irresistible Grimaldi. During his unprecedented vogue in London, it became the fashion for physicians to send hypochondriacs and dyspeptics to the witty clown's performances, in the firm belief that a cure would ensue. One day a famous practitioner received a patient who appeared to be in the last stages of melancholia. "The Black Devils have got hold of you," the physician said, after hearing his caller's symptoms; "you need to be taken out of yourself. You go and see Grimaldi." "Alas," came the sombre response, "I am Grimaldi." There are, doubtless, nien on the stage peculiarly gifted with a quality of infectious humor, simple in its composition and yet defying analysis, working without rule or method, and dependent entirely for effect on the sympathy of the audience. Such a

nian was the late Mr. Charles Reed, whose merest utterance, without any apparent device of vocal inflection or accent, without any attempt at facial illustration or gesture of any sort, would set the house a-roaring. Mr. Peter Dingley and Mr. Otis Harlan also occur to me, at the moment, as possessors of this crude but effective faculty. That it is capable of refined development for the higher uses of the theatre has not been proved, though I believe Mr. William Winter has proclaimed that the art of the minstrel Charles Hackett—who, like the others mentioned, had but to open his mouth to make people hold their sides—was not essentially different from that of M. Coquelin. It is quite another matter when one comes to consider the humor of Mr. Francis Wilson. Here it is evident always to the student of his methods and effects that nothing is left to chance; nothing to the mirthful sympathy of his audience. Wilson brings to his work in comic opera the care of the student as well as the spirit of the artist. The enunciation of every line indicates discrimination and a nice sense of comic proportion. He would seem to have investigated the anatomy of merriment, as Berton did that of melancholy, and to have learned every muscle, joint, and nerve in the make-up of jollity. The seeming spontaneity of his humor only proves the more the thoroughness of his mechanism. He is something more than the buffoon and clown; he is a character actor. Therein lies the chief source of his superiority over other performers of his kind. To all legitimate intents and purposes, Wilson's Cadeaux would be just as effective in a dramatic performance as in the surroundings of comic opera. In all the essential virtues of consistency, illusion, and appropriate detail, it is an impersonation to the last degree dramatic. And the same holds true of his Merry Monarch, Lion Tamer, and other characterizations. They are intelligently conceived and skillfully wrought-out impersonations: the works of an actor, not of a mere minstrel. Mr. Wilson owes much of his popularity and prosperity to the fun that was born in him; but all that is best in his achievements he owes to the zealous and intelligent care with which he has imparted to his work qualities that do not ordinarily attach to endeavors of comic opera.



(From a photograph by Giffert & Bacon, Philadelphia, Pa.)



BERTHA WALTZINGER.

A THEATRICAL enterprise like that conducted by the Messrs. Barnabee, Karl, and MacDonald serves an excellent purpose beyond the primary one of providing public entertainment. There is no subventioned theatre where individual talent is more promptly recognized, more zealously assisted and encouraged than in the opera company of The Bostonians. From its ranks have come such pleasing and skillful artistes as Geraldine Ulmer and Zelle De Lussan, both of whom subsequently put to excellent advantage in foreign capitals the fine training and experience gleaned in the company of The Bostonians. From the success that has attended the brief career of Bertha Waltzinger as a member of the organization mentioned, it would seem as if she were destined to follow in the fortunate footsteps of former prima donnas of The Bostonians. She certainly has made astonishing progress in public notice and in professional consideration within the comparatively few months of her stage career. It is to be presumed, too, that she has advanced correspondingly in proficiency in her calling. Her rapid accession to rôles of the first importance, in a cast as scrupulous and well equipped as that of The Bostonians, would clearly indicate as much. Miss Waltzinger's first essay with that company was in the part of Annabel in "Robin Hood." So brilliantly did she acquit herself that she was presently intrusted with the dignity of Maid Marian. The management of The Bostonians evidently had the fullest confidence in Miss Waltzinger's ability to carry off successfully any rôle that might fall to her, for during their last important engagement in New York she was called upon to create such diverse parts as the excessively-knowing Primrose and the prim and prudish Triscilla in the opera of "Maid of Plymouth." In these rôles, as in the rôle of Marian, Miss Waltzinger seems to have evinced unusual gifts as an actress and to have won distinguished favor as much by reason of dramatic aptitude as through the possession of a voice of delicious quality and wide range. I write of Miss Waltzinger from hearsay and from the published opinions of many critics of consideration. Unfortunately, I have missed the pleasure of seeing and hearing this young woman, of whose genuinely artistic work, however, I am convinced by the singular unanimity of the commentators on her work. Each appears to find some especial grace or attainment to commend, and all agree in according her a voice of sympathetic timbre, employed with taste and precision. Mr. Huneker, a critic for whose judgment I have the highest esteem, includes in Miss Waltzinger's attributes "excellent stage presence, . . . a high soprano voice of great compass and sweetness, . . . and the additional advantage of a decided histrionic talent." Another critic, whose evidently untempered enthusiasm makes me hesitate to quote his judgment, says: "Miss Waltzinger has come forward with astonishing rapidity—with too much rapidity, perhaps, to allow either her vocal or dramatic genius its utmost possible display. But her versatility and chic, her strong passion, expressive gesture and countenance, the enthusiasm which fires her method, and her admirable technique are the main factors of popular light opera, and when combined, as they are, with a pure, full, and flexible soprano, make up an equipment such as is possessed by few operatic singers in this country. Miss Waltzinger belongs to the select fellowship of American artistes, for whom D'Oyly Carte, of the London Savoy, has always shown a professional penchant." It must not be supposed that all these good things came to Miss Waltzinger by mere chance. Rather are they the results of several years of trying and devoted study and a persistent determination to hold to that which is true in her art. What is to become of this fine spirit now that Miss Waltzinger is to join a burlesque company—the one headed by Mr. De Wolf Hopper?—I should not care to prophesy.



(From a photograph by Prince, of New York.)



HERBERT KELCEY.

FOR many years the leading men of American theatres of the first rank have been Englishmen; but let us hasten to add that that is a mere accident or coincidence, wholly without genuine significance. I feel quite safe in asserting that Mr. Daniel Frohman, of the Lyceum Theatre, in selecting Mr. Herbert Kelcey for the position of leading man in his school of players, was moved in no degree to this choice by the circumstance of the actor's British nativity. No more was Mr. Palmer prompted by Anglican partiality when he placed Mr. Maurice Barrymore or Mr. E. J. Henley at the head of his once admirable organization. It is a mere play of chance, too, that an Englishman leads the company at Mr. Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre. The late Lester Wallack openly expressed his preference for London bred actors, and to his confessed prejudice the public was indebted for the importation of a memorable line of leading men. But in the case of the managers of to-day, I repeat my conviction that the circumstance that their leading men are Englishmen is without meaning. In point of unintermitted service, Mr. Kelcey is the *doyen* of the leading men of the metropolis, having played in New York for ten or twelve successive seasons. His first appearance here was in the melodrama, "Taken From Life," done at Wallack's in 1882. He had prominent rôles in the productions of "Lights o' London" and "Yomh" at the same theatre, and was the Count Orloff in the brilliant performance of Sardou's "Diplomacy," a performance which in distinction of ensemble has never been surpassed in this country. From Wallack's Mr. Kelcey went to the Madison Square Theatre. His most important work, however, has been done at the Lyceum Theatre, of which he has been the leading man since 1887. The complete success that attended a certain kind of plays—plays abounding in what is commonly deemed "heart interest," but what is really arrant bathos and puerile, mawkish sentimentality—threw both the managerial policy and the mimetic manner of this theatre into a rut from which the public seemed unwilling that they should emerge. One had begun to despair for example of ever seeing Mr. Kelcey in any rôle other than that of a grieving husband or a doubting lover. But, finally, Mr. Frohman determined that his clientele should have something new. A fig for their prejudices, and as much for the traditions of his theatre! To that decision we owe the production of Pinero's "Amazons," and the most exquisite comedy presentation of recent years. Mr. Kelcey's Lord Litterly made us forget all about the tearful husband of "The Wife" and the dominie of "The Charity Ball." The part fitted him like a Paul coat; he was the confident, debonaire exquist of the London variety to the very life, with just enough of well-bred rakishness to top it off nicely. Mr. Kelcey's admirers can never be sufficiently grateful to Mr. Pinero for having written "The Amazons"—I don't know what a few more "heart interest" plays would have done for him as well as the others of the Lyceum company.

The monotony of his characterizations was beginning to pall even on those who find most to praise in his work. But, perhaps, it is only fair to suggest that this fault may have been due in part to the persistent sameness of the rôles he called upon to interpret. At any rate, he contrived to throw off much of what seemed an ingrained mannerism when he essayed lately the part of Carew in "A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing." It was a virile, if not vigorous, impersonation, and one into which the actor projected far less of his own personality than has been his wont.

In Lord Litterly, again, he had, apparently, but to let himself go in order to realize fully Mr. Pinero's idea of the character. For parts of this sort Mr. Kelcey is peculiarly qualified, both by nature and, it is to be presumed, by breeding.

In appearance, carriage, and manner—in this last, even to the nice employment of vocal devices—Mr. Kelcey is convincingly like the high-bred, self-complacent, easy-going man of fashion that the author had in mind when he set out to picture a fellow who should storm and capture, politely but firmly, the heart of the queen of "The Amazons."

Apodos, I believe Mr. Kelcey was originally intended for the Guards.



(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



EFFIE SHANNON.

[T was the poet Herrick, I believe, who likened each of his admirations to some delicious blossom. If the conceit were not so distinctly his own, I should like to say that Effie Shannon always suggests to me a spray of peach buds. There is something so faintly pink and tender and dewy about the young woman who for three or four years played the *ingénue* roles at Mr. Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theatre. She played them very well, too, and to the complete satisfaction of the generally fastidious clientele of what is in many respects the best conducted theatre in America. As to the roles themselves, they were—well, they were excellent models of what has for some time been the classic *ingénue* in the theatre in this country: the pouting, puttering, giggling young woman, whom the dramatist directs to do all sorts of silly, fresh, and froward things, from crushing the presumptuous villain, to coaxing an avowal from the bashful idiot whom the exigencies of the plot compel her to marry in the last act. O! a wonderful creation is this *ingénue*, whom several of the most popular playwrights of the day have evolved from their virgin imaginations. The like of her is not to be met, in real life, in any land known to man. Lately there have been signs of a passing of this nondescript of fictitious femininity, this torturing of sweet sixteen into a companion piece of Simple Simon; for which the Destinies give joy to the playmakers!

When Mr. Frohman's admirable theatre broke away from the school of plays for which New York playgoers evinced for a time a stubborn predilection, Miss Shannon came into opportunities of showing her real worth. I recall particularly her neatly drawn and vigorously executed performance of Violet Armitage in "Nerves," and her skillful treatment of Kate Merriweather in "The Idler." To the impersonation of Meg in "Lady Lountful," and to that of Hetty Thorpe in "Squire Kate," she brought the qualities of sentiment and poesy with which, if one may judge from physical attributes, she is generously endowed. Notwithstanding these evidences of fine dramatic capacity, I confess that I was surprised to see the strength and certainty of Miss Shannon's Dora in Sardou's matchless "Diplomacy." Unfortunately, I have seen none of the famous Doras of stage tradition, but it is not easy to fancy how in point, merely, of winsomeness and true *ingénue* intent they could have materially surpassed Miss Shannon's impersonation.

Before joining Mr. Daniel Frohman's company, Miss Shannon had her light under the bushel of Augustin Daly's theatre—that bushel on which sit so heavily Mr. Daly and his gifted leading lady. Her most recent appearance in a metropolitan production of considerable interest was in "A Woman

of No Importance," the polylogue that Oscar Wilde tried so hard to make completely and consistently indecent, a task in which he certainly succeeded to a degree calculated to satisfy the most vicious.



(From a photograph by Sunny, New York.)



THOMAS W. KEENE.

SHAKESPEARE is no longer the fashion. Actors and managers recognize the hopelessness of the attempt to win laurels of bay and of gold from urban communities through the medium of the master dramatist's works, except in extraordinary circumstances. Henry Irving, of course, will be instantly cited in contradiction of this statement. But the concluding words—"in extraordinary circumstances"—fully explain the seeming exception. The success of the Englishman in the direction indicated is due quite as much to the spectacular quality of his productions as to the merits of his own performances. He is not only an extremely interesting actor, but he is also a most ingenious showman. A combination of the two is required. I repeat, to command the admiration of most playgoers in the chief centres of theatrical activity. It was because Edwin Booth disregarded the attendant details of his Shakespearean presentations in the matter of supporting cast, scenery, trappings, and other adjuncts of spectacular effect, that his latter efforts met with decreased patronage and illud blame. For much the same reason has Mr. Keene failed to command his deserts as a consistent, intelligent, and devoted protagonist of Shakespearean tragedy. In his persistent fealty to that "old school" that made little account of the pageantry of the stage, Mr. Keene has missed opportunities that would have compelled even frivolous criticism to accord him his due place in the splendid realm of tragic acting. That he is a player of the very first order, I would not assert. Indeed, at times he has blundered egregiously. His Richard III., for instance, made the judicious both to grieve and to laugh—so extreme was it in its grotesque outlines and crude coloring. But one error of this sort does not take from an actor his essential competency and superiority in other rôles. Mr. Irving's Romeo, for instance, was one of the tragic jokes of contemporary stage history. I believe, however, that in Mr. Keene's own opinion, whatever of lasting fame may come to him by virtue of his lingering in a field of endeavor that has been abandoned by almost every American actor save himself, will rest in his impersonation of the Crook-back. This notion probably arises from the inordinate popularity of his impersonation among less sophisticated and more robust playgoers of the provinces. There the measured strut and rhythmic rant of the "old school," the noise and turmoil and sputtering violence are still in favor. And who shall decree that they are utterly wrong? There were men and women of taste and erudition before the end of the nineteenth century, and record and tradition attest that they applauded to the echo the very methods that we smile at, some of us, in Mr. Keene. It is largely personal fancy and prevailing custom that set up the standards of theatrical perfection. At the moment caprice runs to quiet effect and suppressed emotion—convenient phrase! When the hero is called upon to denounce his best friend for some deed of ineffable treachery, we would have him do it in dainty epigram and while engaged in rolling a cigarette or adjusting his dinner cravat. Or if he is offering choice of arms to his mortal foe, on field of battle or duelling ground, we expect him to do it in much the same tone of voice that he would employ in asking him if he'll have ice in his ordinaire. The faults most usually found in Mr. Keene's Richard are by no means so conspicuous in his other chief impersonations. His Hamlet is a much more finished creation, and creation it is—in so far as divergence from precedent and stage tradition can make it. His Shylock is impressive, well colored, and full of character. His Othello is picturesque and virile, though lacking in subtle shading in the earlier acts—a fault atoned for in a measure by the strength of the sombre fatalism with which he envelops the character after the death of Desdemona. His further repertory includes Richelieu, Macbeth, Bertuccio, Claude Melnotte, Romeo, and Louis XI.





(From a photograph by Baker, Columbus, Ohio.)



JULIA MARLOWE.

[T] is an interesting and suggestive fact that Julia Marlowe does not venture to tilt her talents against the prejudices and frivolities of the metropolitan stage. "I should so much like to appear in New York," the actress said recently, with pathetic frankness; "but they won't have me there." In almost all of the other chief cities of the United States the advent of Miss Marlowe is one of the genuine events of the play season; but in New York the critics either flout her efforts or write of them patronizingly. As for the public—on the sparse occasions that the actress has bid for their favor or consideration—they have passed her by with scant encouragement and immaterial patronage. "One may state these truths bluntly and unreservedly because they are so infinitely to the discredit of the taste of New York and so utterly wanting in significance as to the real merits of Miss Marlowe's performances. There is something droll and misanthropic in the conceit of a community turning up its nose at gifts so rare and gracious as those of Miss Marlowe. Where, here and now, is to be found the peer of this actress in Shakespearean impersonations? She may be lacking in the physical pulchritude that gave to Adelaide Neilson a touch of divinity, in majesty of port and in classic severity of style she wants the splendid impressiveness that belonged to Mary Anderson; the exquisite intelligence and nice mechanism that informed Modjeska's work in other days are less conspicuously present in Miss Marlowe's. And yet, in spite of these deficiencies, she stands notably eyed even the very front line of the most brilliant of the mediocrities who would claim equal rank with her. I spoke in this strain recently to a friend of mine—a critic of fine reputation and considerable worth as well—and when he scoffed airily at my enthusiasm, I silenced him by asking him to point out another artiste in the American theatre who so nearly approached real greatness. He admitted, by the bye, that Sara Bernhardt had expressed the opinion that in Marlowe the American stage possessed an actress of marvellous promise. Now I would not be understood as deeming the subject of these lines entitled to unqualified commendation. As yet, indeed, Miss Marlowe has by no means exceeded the promise of the very first years of her high endeavors, even if she has approximately fulfilled it. Either through want of courage on her own part, or through lack of enterprise on the part of her exploiters, she has not made the hazard of new creations. Nor has she even traversed the entire way trod and beaten by her immediate predecessors. Beyond the cut and dried repertory of Juliet, Rosalind, Pauline, and Galatea, she has not ventured. She has not as yet contributed to the thespian annals of her time one such glorious impersonation as Mary Anderson bequeathed to the stage in *Perdita*—that wondrous vision of intelligence, grace, and sentiment that must forever bide in memory as a creation in art that took on the dignity of an inspiration. Miss Marlowe is still comparatively young—probably not more than thirty years of age. But she must be up and doing. The race of talent has become intense; the runners tread on each other's heels. Woe to those who stop to tie their shoe strings—to change Mr. Carlyle's phrase. Not only has this actress of superb possibilities neglected to create new rôles or to add a fresh glory to worn ones; she has not materially improved her impersonation of those that she essayed in the very beginning of her career. Tender, dainty, sympathetic, and adequately magnetic she has been always. Correct taste and an apparently keen intelligence were noticeable in that matinee performance of *Parthenia* in which she first made a tentative presentation before a New York audience some seven years ago. But, much as I admire Miss Marlowe, and anxious as I am that merits like hers should take their rightful precedence in popular esteem and material reward before the artful pretensions, affectations, and outright ineffectualities of some stagers, both of native and foreign origin—whom New York does not refuse to "have"—yet in honesty must I declare that, in my opinion, she has profited by her experience and prosperity in the provinces only in a disappointing degree. In her *Rosalind*, in her *Juliet*, *Parthenia*, and *Julia*, there is still the curse of imitation—unconscious, possibly, but still imitation. The odor of the midnight oil may not hang about her work—it is facile, smooth, confident to an extent that almost convinces one of its spontaneity—but there does inhere the tang of instruction—one still detects the thumb marks of the taskmaster.

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(From a photograph by Falk, New York.)



CHARLES DICKSON.

WHEN the author of "Held by the Enemy" was gathering what he deemed the properest cast for the production of his play, he selected Charles Dickson for the rôle of Bean, the war correspondent. Mr. Dickson was at that time an actor of slight experience and no particularly noteworthy achievement; but Mr. Gallette considered that the youth's natural breeziness of manner, quick intelligence, and brisk mode of speech cut him out for the comedy element of the piece. The event proved the correctness of his judgment, for Mr. Dickson promptly scored a hit. The war correspondent of the stage is never anything like the war correspondent of the field—not in the least like—but neither dramatists, actors, or the public are aware of that, and Mr. Dickson's Bean was accepted and applauded as an unusually verisimilar characterization. His cleverness won for him a considerable amount of popularity, and when Mr. Frohman formed the company of the Lyceum Theatre, he chose him for the position of light comedian. As Jack Dexter in "The Wife," Mr. Dickson had a part that the authors of the play probably devised especially for him. His impersonation of the typical—stage typical, of course—young collegian pleased the town vastly; and, in truth, one does not often see a more amusing bit than the scene in which Mr. Dickson and Miss Dillon, I think it was, got into trouble because of the smoked glass through which they were to view an approaching solar eclipse. Mr. Dickson's seemingly independent success induced him to make the hazard of a stellar career, and for the past few seasons he has been travelling through the country as a star with varying but doubtless-satisfactory prosperity. For two seasons, indeed, he headed an entertainment of marked popular attractiveness. "In-cog," the title of the play in reference, was by no means a piece in which consistency was sacrificed to the advantage of the star; but it gave Mr. Dickson ample opportunity for the exercise of his especial qualities. During the past year he produced several new comedies—"Admitted to the Bar" and "Willie" among them—but none of them contained a rôle that enabled

Mr. Dickson to repeat his former successes. It is probably on the cards, though, that he will eventually attain a place of the first distinction among the comedians of the day. He certainly has the comedy sense developed to an unusual degree; he possesses a considerable command over the risibilities of his audience, and he is, best of all, scrupulously careful in the proper employment of every detail that could add to the effectiveness of his performance.



(From a photograph by Baker, Columbus, Ohio.)



EFFIE ELLSLER.

HAD it not been for "Hazel Kirke,"

Effie Ellsler would, in all probability, occupy a much prouder position in the world of the theatre than that with which she has apparently contented herself. Her lamentable success in the title rôle of that play of mawkish sentimentality—a rôle that she acted almost without intermission for three years, and which she abandoned only upon the imperative demand of her physician!—lured her from attempting heights to which she had every right and reason to aspire. The inordinately prolonged identification with the one part must necessarily have stunted the development of talents innately fine, and seriously have hampered the play of temperamental processes. If only the double stage and the cooling machines of the Madison Square Theatre had refused to work; or if the relentless miller had uttered his melodramatic curse less effectively; or if Miss Ellsler's physician, in a moment of inspiration, had divined the ultimate effect of that curse on her nerves a year or two before the crises actually came—what a wealth of delightful creations Miss Ellsler might, and in all likelihood would, have contributed to the stage. She started under the most favoring of all conditions for one of her calling: she was born of theatrical parents. She knew much of her craft before she was born. She was bred in the atmosphere of the playhouse, breathed in her childhood the air of the theatre, in a horizon bound by painted skies and fantastic back-drops. Possibly when she begged a sugar plum she did it in the tones and accents ordained by the thespian Muse—just as the predestined poet heaps in numbers. When three years old she made a hit as the Genius of the Ring in "Aladdin." A year later she was hailed as a prodigy for her performance of Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." As she grew in grace and beauty, her parents decided that she should trip to fame and profit as a *première danseuse*, so for some years, while receiving her education at an Ursuline convent, she went through the trials of being "turned for dancing." At fifteen she resumed her dramatic endeavors and became a member of the stock company conducted by her father at Cleveland, Ohio. The good reports of her gifts went abroad from this provincial playhouse, and even those skeptical of youthful genius came to hope for fine things from this child who, at sixteen, played Juliet and Rosalind with rare charm, if not with nice precision. To think of such possibilities put to naught by the concatenation of a double stage, a cooling machine, and an aged miller who cursed to the accompaniment of slow music and an artificial rain storm! For those were essential ingredients in the success of "Hazel Kirke," and I have already intimated how the success of "Hazel Kirke" outwitted the destinies that designed Effie Ellsler to be one of the radiant figures in the American theatre.





EDWARD HARRIGAN

It was Mr. William D. Howells who rather startled us all a few years ago by announcing that none of us had been taking Mr. Edward Harrigan seriously enough. We were admonished by the novelist that instead of merely being amused when we went to Harrigan's Theatre, we should be instructed as well, and go through such other mental processes as are supposed to accompany the aspect of serious works of art. Harrigan was a dramatic Dickens, according to Mr. Howells—a Hogarth of the theatre. A careless community had for years been looking upon Mr. Harrigan as a deft compiler of familiar odds and ends of the variety stage and minstrel hall. They were grateful to him for the many merry hours they had passed with the Mulligans, McSorleys, Reillys, and Old Lavender. They had taken Cordelia to their hearts and sympathized with her aspirations. The catching marches and haunting jigs that accompanied the action of Mr. Harrigan's skits, sketches, and comedies lingered long after the medium of their introduction had been withdrawn from the boards. It was all so rip-roaring, rollicking, and jolly—this entertainment that a popular comedian had been giving the town—that no one suspected that it was really high art. But one night Mr. Howells was induced to go to a playhouse, and happy chance took him to the one where Mr. Harrigan held sway. The very next day the novelist, carried away by the novelty of his emotions, sat himself down and proclaimed his discovery. Long before this, however, Mr. Harrigan had won for himself a distinguished position in the favor of metropolitan theatregoers. His career has not been without its reverses; but I can recall no one who has achieved distinction equal to his in the triplicate quality of player, playwright, and play exploiter. The critic chill and conservative already referred to has decreed him almost the first place in the file of native dramatists; general opinion—I will not say the best—regards him without a peer in some certain forms of mimetic personation, and the prosperity of his methods of theatrical direction is attested by the handsome theatre known as Harrigan's and devoted exclusively, until within a very recent period, to the presentation of plays of his own devising. In writing of Mr. Harrigan, one is somewhat at a loss whether to consider him chiefly as an actor or as a dramatist. His most valid title to fame lies, I believe, in his achievement in the latter quality. As the impersonator of the whole-souled, honest-hearted, good-natured Irishman of exuberant humor, flowing wit, and ready retort—the conventional Irishman of the stage—Mr. Harrigan meets all the requirements imposed by the popular taste and the traditions of the local theatre regarding that particular form of characterization. But the limits of his achievement in this direction are so circumscribed, and they are so frequently attained by other numbers of no especial merit, that I think it obvious that the source of Mr. Harrigan's reputation must be sought in his dramatic compositions. Here he stands quite alone. Many have sought to imitate the manner of the entertainment conceived by Mr. Harrigan; but no one has succeeded in presenting such convincing semblances of certain phases of life. At the first glance, one might be tempted to regard the "types" which make up the *dramatis personae* of his works as grotesques and extravagances; but it is asserted, by persons fit by experience and observation to judge, that the author has gone, in the main, but little beyond the actualities in depicting the color and movement of the town's lower life. Certain it is that in almost every one of his plays, no matter how unconvincing or impossible it may be in its general scheme, there is to be found some *gone* but that fully justifies the existence of the entirety. The "tough girl" of "Reilly and the 400" could easily bear on her poor rounded shoulders, showing beneath that transparent jersey of shiny black, a vastly less entertaining play than that in which she moved. So wonderfully skillful, indeed, is Mr. Harrigan in the preparation and fit adjustment of such colorful and picturesque details as the one just mentioned, that it is not always easy to tell where reality ends and art begins. No wonder he fooled Mr. Howells.



(From a photograph by Falk, New York.)



GRACE GOLDEN.

THE conspicuous charm of Grace Golden's performances is their lack of "Frenchness." That statement, used in connection with the art and artifice of a comic opera singer, may seem somewhat paradoxical; but if you will recall for a moment the trite and hackneyed modes and manners that have come to be regarded as indications of spirit and training distinctly Gallic, Parisian, you will understand the intent of the phrase. For some time now, the comic opera stage of this country has been suffering from this evil of transplanted affectations. Some essayists of the stage have written so applaudingly and alluringly, and with such an air of authority of those undefinable qualities termed *diablerie*, *canaille*, *chic*, and what not untranslatable, that every candidate for the honors of light opera has thought it necessary to imitate not only the Amies and Theos and Judies, but the Fougères and—the Nayas, even. We have had, in consequence, such a rash and reckless employment of leery winks, facial intendo, and pedal suggestion, as one could never see even in the French capital outside of the Moulin Rouge or a ball in the Latin Quarter. The dominance of this so called French "school," with its constant suggestion of the practiced grisette and the mischievous flower girl, has worked serious detriment not only to many young artistes of naturally excellent methods, but also to the fit and accurate interpretation of the works of some composers. No matter what might be the real character of the rôle impersonated—be it Cuban senorita, Italian donzella, native Hawaiiian, or swarthy Cingalese—she is pretty sure to wink the other eye, flutter her painters, tip-tilt her skirts, and do the half-dozen other tricks prescribed and formulated by that precious French "school." It is genuinely refreshing to meet with an artiste who, either unwittingly or from design, refrains from these ineffective sophistications; for to do so, tokens at once individuality and independence, attributes of the utmost value in artistic endeavor. It was Miss Golden's performance of Lola in "Cavalleria Rusticana" that most distinctly marked her freedom from the failings referred to. Her Lola was not the woman of the Latin Quarter or the Café des Ambassadeurs or the Bouffes Parisiennes, as she is only too often represented to be. She was the Lola that Verga had in mind, the Italian woman of rather naive wickedness, of rather transparent coquetry, with no other wiles and wickeries than those given by Nature and learned in the rustic circumstances of a Sicilian village, the Lola that you may see chit-chatting with a gondolier in the piazzetta San Marco, or chaffing a cabman on the Corso, or waiting for the return of some favorite's boat on the quay of Santa Lucia; the real Lola, in short, and not a Giroile or a Parfumeuse. Miss Golden's superiority in the detail that I have pointed out evidences the advantage of proper training and appropriate apprenticeship. She studied for a time at the College of Music in Cincinnati—not the best school in the world, of course, but still one where much that is good and very little that is false may be acquired by an earnest student. Subsequently, she came under the direction of Madame Marczek, and later of Madame Fursch-Madi.



(From a photograph by Falk, New York.)



ALEXANDER SALVINI.

IF Alexander Salvini ever learns to speak English he may become a very satisfactory actor. He doubtless has natural aptitude for the calling of the theatre, certain physical attributes of great advantage to the player, and some acquired graces as well. But at present he labors under the same difficulty as that zealous Portuguese actress, Mademoiselle Rhea—or is it Belgian? Their dialects are marvelously like. I cannot but admire the—the confidence and the artistic zeal of these gifted foreigners who do not hesitate to enter the lists of a strange country and try conclusions with rivals to the manner born. It is really a delicate compliment that they pay us; it indicates such high appreciation of our taste and patience. One never hears of American actors doing ambitious things of that sort—no, indeed! They don't go to Italy and Portugal—or is it Belgium?—and France and Germany, and undertake to act in a language with which they have only a garbled acquaintance. The enterprise of players like Mr. Salvini and Mademoiselle Rhea is all the more courageous and commendable in view of the fact that precise and proper employment of the vernacular is one of the cardinal demands put upon the theatre by tradition and tenet. A player, therefore, that is brave enough to snap his fingers at this demand and trust to other qualities to compensate for his public onslaught upon the speech of the land should be dealt with kindly. And it is proof of our cosmopolitanism that we tolerate and even encourage this unwitting violation of lingual integrity. I have heard a German actor, who belongs to one of our most esteemed stock companies, rail at the critics for objecting to his pronunciation off de Engglish langvidge; I have heard him appeal to unprejudiced friends whether it was not impossible to detect de sliest Cleman accend in hiss speech. But it is only in rare cases that such liberties with the purity of the vernacular on the part of foreign born actors are rebuked. Indeed, in most instances, what is commonly termed an accent is regarded as a real attraction, carrying novelty, piquancy, and impressiveness. Mr. Salvini, I am sure, has suffered nothing in the esteem of his audiences because of the obtrusive reminder of his Italian nativity and breeding. There are moments in his performances when tripping and stumbling and curvetting about in the unfamiliar sounds and idioms of our language he becomes quite unintelligible, but in the case of Mr. Salvini that only adds to the fire, the impetuosity, and abandon of his impersonation. What have such dashing, swash-buckling, up-and-at-'em fellows as D'Artagnan, Ruy Blas, and Don Caesar to do with proper English? They were men of action, not of words; then, why concern oneself with Mr. Salvini's manner of speech in his counterfeitings of those heroes? Even in the rôle of Romeo—where, in the case of ordinary actors, speech does count for much—Mr. Salvini's reckless disregard of the language of Shakespeare is deemed by many persons a distinct ornament, imparting illumination and realism to the characterization. Does not his accent constantly remind us—as a provincial critic suggests—that he is of the same race and land as the storied Montague? He is "the real Romeo"—"to quote this same critic"—"an Italian youth, fired with passion and with love, handsome as a picture; who could compare with him in making love to his Juliet?" Mr. Salvini, however, has more valid claims to popularity than his tempestuous abuse of the English language. He is of picturesque appearance, of vigorous physique, and is endowed with an obvious wealth of spirits, of great use in the impersonation of the romantic and heroic characters that he affects. He is a man of education and culture, too, and his work bears the distinctive mark of intelligence, even if it betrays the want of a nice sense of proportion. Possibly he might achieve more refined and exquisite results in a language with which he is really intimate. Indeed, I wonder he has never tried to act in Italian and in Italy.



(From a photograph by Falk, New York.)



MENA CLEARY.

ELSEWHERE in this volume I have

had occasion to refer to the excellent service rendered by such an organization as the Bostonian Opera Company in training young singers and in encouraging them, by fitting advancement, toward proper ideals in their calling. Elsewhere, too, I have taken occasion to point out the gross carelessness, on the part of critics, public, and players, that suffers much splendid promise to dissipate in paltry achievement for want of proper instruction and ordering.

It is, therefore, a genuine satisfaction to record the sincere and studious career of Miss Cleary, who apparently has omitted no pains to improve to the full whatever inherent qualifications may have fallen to her. During her early youth in the Canadian convent of Notre Dame she devoted her chief attention to musical studies, with the result that in all the yearly contests the prizes for instrumental music were awarded her. Upon leaving the convent Miss Cleary went to Boston where she came to the notice of Reuben Merrill, an esteemed instructor of voice culture, who thought that a voice of such bird-like quality as was his young pupil's, and one which, in its comparatively undeveloped state, was capable of such high notes, merited more than ordinary attention.

Eager for the career upon which she had determined, Miss Cleary entered the chorus of the Boston Ideals, at that time under the direction of the shrewd and discerning Miss Ober. By her Miss Cleary's talents were quickly discovered and the young singer, within a few weeks after joining the company, was given the rôle of Lady Ella in "Patience." When "Victor, the Blue Stocking"—a delightful operetta, in which Zelle de Lussan was infinitely charming—was produced, Miss Cleary created the rôle of Friquet, a gamin, with much success—so much, indeed, that it required considerable self-will on her part to forego the advantages of her new favor and to carry out a purpose she had always maintained of studying abroad under one of the approved masters of singing. In pursuit of this determination Miss Cleary went to Paris, where she became a pupil of the maestro Sbriglia. Devotion to her work ruled every moment of her tutelage with Sbriglia, and when she presented herself in London to the manager of the Savoy Theatre she quickly proved her capability for a place in that scrupulous establishment. Mr. D'Oyly Carte selected her for the rôle of Gianetta, at that time being sung by Geraldine Ullmer, and, according to some of the chief London theatrical critics, whose word may be relied on, the substitution in many respects compared favorably with the original. After her season at the Savoy, Miss Cleary returned to Paris and once more resumed her studies, probably with the purpose of fitting herself for grand opera. Unfortunately, however, the natural limitations of her voice must bar her

from the exalted realm to which she aspires. Upon returning to this country some months ago, Miss Cleary was at once engaged by the Bostonians for the rôle of Annabelle in "Robin Hood." To add to the importance of the rôle, a ballad was especially written for Miss Cleary by Mr. De Koven—a tuneful number particularly fashioned by the composer for Miss Cleary's voice and method. Her voice, as has been intimated before, is by no means powerful; but it is a very sweet one, and is managed with rare skill.





(From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.)



WALTER JONES

MESSRS. A. M. PALMER and E. E.

Rice, the exponents of the so-styled burlesque, "1492," must often be at a loss to determine which one of the numerous component features of the entertainment has played the largest part in its extraordinary and unreasonable success. Now it is the homely, touching singing of Miss Vaughn that seems to have caught the lasting favor of the town; now the mingled daring and daintiness of the living pictures; now the curious counterfeits of metropolitan characters—policeman, sharper, gamin. But none of these has made so distinct an impression as the now famous tramp of the show. His utterly disreputable appearance, so frankly desperate in its extremity; his unflinching optimism of spirit; his quaint songs and dances, combine to give to Walter Jones's ugly conceit the dignity of effective individuality. The tramp of "1492," with his pretentious rags of dress, his comic assumption of elegance in the arrangement of his frowzy locks, his cracked voice, and general suggestion of impending physical collapse, and, above all, his thoroughly gypsy-like philosophy, will doubtless stand as the classic for imitation on the stage and in humorous literature. Walter Jones, the creator of this genre bit, is not yet twenty-four years old; but half of his life has been occupied in fun making. When a boy, he ran away from home to travel with a circus. For a year or two he tumbled about in the ring, covering himself with sawdust rather than glory. When he was twelve years old he was entrusted with the responsibilities of a baby clown, and achieved such distinction that his whereabouts became known to his family and he was returned, *vi et armis*, to the parental roof. The memory of his career in the ring was, however, too strong for him, and at a convenient opportunity he resumed the fascinating life under the canvas. Of his work in the theatre, it will suffice to quote the following from a biographical sketch already published of Mr. Jones. Seven years ago he



essayed his comic part, that of a coachman, in a "Gettieve." He next

joined W. E. Rice, and was pany in "We, & Co." After a season as "The U. S. Mail," he re-playing the opposite part of "The U. S. Mail." Next he ap-part with George Mun-et's Baby," and the sea-him in "The Pulse of he was kept busy essay-ing. It was here that Mr. as a shrewd discoverer clever performers, saw him for "1492." Mr. in this burlesque at New York, as Ferdinand, King of Spain, and in the Madison Square scene he interpolated his tramp specialty, a unique bit of characterization that soon became the talk of the town,



Major McGinnis in joined Mestayer, to him in "The Grab peared in an Irish rie in "Aunt Bridge-son of 1892-3 found New York," where ing six characters, E. E. Rice, noted and developer of him and engaged Jones first appeared Palmer's Theatre,





ELEANOR MAYO.

[N all artistic endeavors there may be a kind of artlessness and awkwardness that is vastly grateful and refreshing, producing impressions no less pleasing than those of practiced skill and careful grace. It is the quality that gives to memoirs and personal correspondence a charm that the most scrupulous pursuit of literary form often fails to catch. Marie Bashkirtseff contrived to impart that same quality to a picture that became the admiration of all Paris at a time when she scarcely knew enough of painting to stretch a canvas. And it is to that same sympathetic simplicity—for that is the essence of the charm—that Eleanor Mayo owes a considerable part of the extraordinary success that has attended her brief career on the stage. Less than a year ago her name was quite unknown in the world of the theatre. To-day her services are in greater demand for comic opera than those of any other American prima donna, with possibly one exception. At a single step, and really almost without effort, she has reached that enviable position where she practically names her own salary. These merely material facts may not be decisive as to Miss Mayo's merits, but they are conclusive as to her favor. I am told that she can sing well, but I know that she does not. Of acting it is plain that she knows nothing; but one should add in fairness that Miss Mayo seldom attempts to act. Sometimes, in the course of an impassioned number, she will extend first one arm and then the other; or if the song is of an especially emotional nature, she may extend both arms together; but beyond that her miming rarely ventures. Her voice, in its present state of cultivation, is by no means remarkable except for a peculiarly soothing timbre, delightful rather than delicious. She sings, though, in the manner of an untutored dilettante, utterly unfamiliar, apparently, with the rudest mechanics of singing. It is said that she has had excellent teaching; but either she has been an indolent pupil or else she is studiously disregarding the precepts of her masters. It may be true that she is saving her voice—as is hinted by her most partial admirers—but that does not excuse complete contempt of such rudiments as phrasing and clear enunciation. And yet, despite these palpable failings, Miss Mayo is winning. Such is the authority of her allurements that it has availed to secure the vogue and prosperity of an utterly inconsiderable comic opera. Anything more stupid, trivial, or inchoate than "Princess Bonnie" has seldom lingered on the boards after a fortnight's performances: a hodgepodge of puerile twaddle and pilfered tunes. But for Miss Mayo, this mere puff-ball of a comic opera would have promptly disappeared into oblivion; now, carried along on the breath of her favor, it floats serenely into the dignity of a hundred-night run. Nor is this prosperous event due in any considerable degree to the splendid beauty of Miss Mayo. She is good to look at—in more senses than one: a Phidian model of noble lines and fine coloring, a really delightful scheme of drawing and tinting; but her pulchritude is not of the sort to captivate the general. If, then, as we have seen, the potency of her attraction lies not in her beauty, nor in her acting—of which device she is quite innocent—nor in her singing—that least of all, for Miss Mayo knows nothing of the art—it must be sought in the novelty of her manner and presence. In every way she is unlike the stage figure which we associate with the idea of prima donna of comic opera. So far from evincing any anxiety to please her audience, to cozen the acclaiming band, Miss Mayo displays an obvious indifference which I am quite certain is genuine and wholly unaffected. I have observed her curiously how she stood in the midst of deafening applause that demanded a repetition of some lilting waltz song; glance, mind, heart, apparently—of course, one can judge of such things only from appearance—leagues removed from the environment. It may have been mere listlessness, or inappetency, or the spirit of the artiste latent within her contemning the triviality of her immediate occupation. Be the impulse what it may, though, the result was always completely effective for charm and delight: commanding success, even if not deserving it. It were fatuous, however, to expect these conditions to endure. There must come a time when even such beauty as Miss Mayo's will require the make-up with which it now dispenses with no disadvantage to its theatrical purposes. Her manner, too, must inevitably take on the make-up of consciousness and sophistication in the stead of the artlessness and awkwardness that are now its finest adornment. Then the world may well lament the cruel kindness that encouraged the sacrifice of magnificent possibilities to satisfying actualities. Unless I am greatly in error, the criticisms passed upon Miss Mayo during her current vogue in Philadelphia have been eulogistic practically without qualification. At any rate, it is certain that no one has ventured to tell her bluntly and with kind cruelty that she cannot sing. Upon her first public appearance in New York, a few months ago, two or three of the most equanimous and authoritative critics of the metropolis proclaimed the prodigious possibilities of her gifts, but warned her against their continued employment under improper guidance. They promised her a career infinitely prouder than that of a queen of comic opera provided her talents were taught the way they should go. But, apparently, the laudatory platitudes of others have prevailed to make Miss Mayo quite content with herself. It must be admitted, too, that for a novice to receive such substantial rewards as Miss Mayo commands is not without its convincing argument. I suppose, in a communistic society, in an artistic Utopia, such talents as hers would have been treated as State property and educated accordingly for the general delectation. In existing circumstances, though, one can do nothing but lament the probable undoing of splendid potency.



(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



JAMES A.
HERNE.



[F] precedence had any part in the ordering of this series of critical records, then James A. Herne should have a place among the very first of the players. For he is one of the few of the really great actors and artists in the American theatre. It is only within a very recent period, a shamefully recent period, that he has begun to take anything approaching his proper rank in popular and critical esteem. For the major portion of his stage career of thirty-five years, this man has steadfastly pursued all that is best in his calling, and he long since reached a point sufficiently

near his ideals to entitle him to the bravos of the critics and the salvos of the populace. And yet for years and years he has been quite outdistanced in the race for general favor and critical consideration by a score of men who have not a tithe of his talent, his skill, or his nobility of purpose, though as much may not be said of their pretensions. Indeed, it is only within the current season that Mr. Herne has been accorded the dignity of appearance in a metropolitan theatre of the first class—as that phrase is generally understood. During the decadence of the American theatre that set in some ten years ago Mr. Herne was as utterly disregarded as was learning before the Renaissance. Now, *deo gratias*, that we are emerging from the ignorance, puerility, and crass prejudice of that benighted period, his worth shines out to conscious eyes. If I seem to write dogmatically, or too fervently of this matter, it is because it is a weariness to the soul and an irritation to the temper to contrast the reception of this native-born artist to that accorded certain mouthing mummies and pedantic posers—the Wilson Barretts, the Willards—whose chief claim to distinction was their foreign nativity. If a German, or a French, or an English actor had brought us characterizations of folk-life in Ilavaria, or Brittany, or Yorkshire, such as Mr. Herne has given us of the folk-life of our own country, we should have hailed the stranger as a creature of inspiration and sent him home with letters of exchange to the value of a fortune. We are marvellously keen for an outlandish sensation. Had Mr. Herne devoted himself undividedly to the profession of acting, he might possibly have advanced more rapidly and directly to his due place among his peers. But his efforts and achievements in the domain of playwriting have distracted general and critical attention from his mimetic genius. His acting in his play of “Shore Acres,” for example, is considered quite secondarily to his work of dramatic composition, despite the fact no player of our time has created a more animate, colorful, and powerful identity than that of Nathan Berry. His fame and fortune as a player have suffered in association with the popular misadventures of his plays.

“Margaret Fleming,” “Drifting Apart,” and “Shore Acres” were so amazingly out of the ordinary that the disconcerted senses of the spectators could take no note of Mr. Herne’s individual efforts as an actor. Now that a forced run of the last of these plays, at a theatre of the most fastidious clientele, has aroused the community to a realization of its fine merits, there has come a simultaneous appreciation of Mr. Herne’s thespian genius.



(From a photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia, Pa.)



MARIE WAINWRIGHT.

WHEN Mr. Boker's romantic and picturesque play of

"Francesca da Rimini" was produced

some years since by the lamented Lawrence Barrett—an actor of such noble aspirations and splendid purposes that it seems the unkindest of fates that he was not endowed with gifts corresponding to his fine ambitions—there were in the cast four players who appeared as if especially designed to fulfil the author's ideals of the chief characters of his drama. They were Mr. Barrett himself, in the rôle of Giovanni; Mr. Otis Skinner, as Count Paolo; Mr. Louis James, in the character of the Jester, and, finally, Miss Marie Wainwright, than whom the storied Francesca herself could not have possessed a more alluring presence or a more seductive personality.

Viewed through the possibly softening vistas of retrospect, Miss Wainwright's impersonation of the beautiful and erring bride of Rimini appears to me as one of the most exquisitely conceived and sympathetically executed performances that has ever come within my experience. If Miss Wainwright has never surpassed her achievement in that notable instance—

indeed, if she had never accomplished another effort of importance in her calling—she might still claim a conspicuous place in the theatre of our time; just as the painter is entitled to supreme consideration who adds one really great picture to the world's gallery of cherished canvases, or the sculptor who leaves one perfect image of his skill, or the lyricist who turns one remembered song. There was a poetic quality in Miss Wainwright's counterfeiting of Francesca, a delicacy of touch, a general suggestion of sweetness and light, that I have missed in her subsequent efforts. Her Viola, as I recall it now, was a creature of sensuous beauty, replete with animation and adventurous spirit, but rather froward and hoydenish wital, wanting the gentler sentiment and delicious melancholy that pervade the poet's Illyrian conceit. It was at all points a performance of intelligence and of force, but it lacked continuity, atmosphere; it was something too human and material in its sensual effects. "Twelfth Night" is essentially a gossamer-like fancy, a fairy story of a land of which the poet knew nothing save what he conjured from his ethereal imagination: a land where dwells the Orsino who feeds his love with music and moons and sighs upon beds of flowers; where Viola hides her love to "let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, feed on her damask cheek"; a land "full of shapes and high fantastical." In such environment, a Viola spruce and sturdy as that of Miss Wainwright seems not quite at home. The forest of Arden would prove more congenial; there she would twit and chaff an

Orlando with easier grace than that which attends her sad humility in Orsino's love. Miss Wainwright was something happier in her impersonation of "Amy Robsart." The merely feminine rather than poetic tenderness of the character was easily within the range of the player's temperamental qualifications. She was a very winsome and womanly Amy rather than the martyr-like figure of history or the melodramatic one of Walter Scott's novel. One conceived such a lively fancy for Leicester's sweetheart that one rejoiced in the good nature and daring craft of the playwright who discomfits Amy's foes utterly and assigns her all the material joys of a brilliant and applauded match. History suffers in the deed, perhaps, but the spectator is vastly pleased: Miss Wainwright's Amy is such an attractive girl. Apparently, Miss Wainwright has found little popular demand for the drama of poetry and romance. During these latter years of her career she has devoted her efforts to the impersonation of what are styled, in the argot of the theatre, society heroines.



(From a photograph by Sarnoy, New York.)

NELSON WHEATCROFT.

MR. WHEATCROFT is an English actor who has for the past eleven years made America his field of labor. For four years he was one of the most popular members of the Lyceum Theatre stock company of New York. He has travelled throughout the United States, and was engaged by Charles Frohman for the original stock company organized for the opening of the new Empire

Theatre. A year ago, in association with the management of that theatre, he undertook to establish an institution for the training of students for the dramatic profession and founded the Empire

Theatre Dramatic School. The result of the first term is most gratifying to Mr. Wheatcroft and Mr. Frohman; the latter has selected for important engagements next season six of the students whose portraits appear on this page. This is substantial encouragement, indeed, and promises well for the future of the graduates of Mr. Wheatcroft's school. Miss Carrie Lavinia Keeler [1] has been engaged for the light comedy part, originally played by Miss Agnes Miller, in "Sowing the Wind," in which she will tour the principal cities next season. Miss Keeler belongs to New York city, and studied for two years under Mr. Wheatcroft previous to entering the Empire Dramatic School. Miss Margaret Moore [2] is a Canadian. She never studied for the stage or appeared upon the stage before entering the school. She stepped at once into the foremost ranks of the students. Mr. Frohman has selected her for one of the prominent parts in his forthcoming revival of "Shenandoah." Miss Alice Gordon Cleather [3] is an English girl who has been in New York with her family for several years. She held a prominent place in the New York Comedy Club until deciding to adopt the stage as a profession and entered the Empire School. Next season she will play one of the leading characters in Brandon Thomas's comedy, "Charley's Aunt," under the management of Charles Frohman. Miss Stella Zanone [4] has also been retained for one of the new productions to be made next season under the same management. She comes from St. Louis, and in that city made many conquests as an amateur actress and

reciter before taking the course of training for the professional stage. Mr. John Sorentz [5] and Mr. John P. Whitman [6] both came from the West to try their fortunes in the East, with the enviable success which a two years' contract with Mr. Charles Frohman's stock company implies. They have both played small parts at the Empire Theatre during the season, while studying under Mr. Wheatcroft and his associate instructors.

Of the value to the profession of acting of such an institution as the one conducted by Mr. Wheatcroft under the auspices of the Empire Theatre, there can be no doubt. It must not be supposed, however, that every pupil graduated from such a school is certain to win conspicuous success; no more does a course at a great university assure for a youth a subsequent career of prosperity and distinction. But the young man or woman who learns the mechanics of a calling is far more likely to win a considerable position than one who assumes to despise the assistance of such instruction. There appears, on the surface, no reason why every encouragement should not be given Mr. Wheatcroft and his school. In the absence of such institutions as State theatres and conservatories, an establishment like the one in reference may come to serve as an excellent substitute therefor, provided, of course, that something more than a concern for the merely material prosperity of the enterprise regulates its conduct. The writer does not know what qualifications are demanded of candidates for admittance to the privileges and opportunities of the school, but it is to be presumed that certain due limitations are imposed in regard to intelligence, sincerity of purpose, and reasonable natural equipment.



(From a photograph by Plata, Chicago, Ill.)

THE Publisher of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN'S
"Gallery of Players" begs to acknowledge
his appreciation of the excellent work of the
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No. 3

GALLERY
OF
PLAYERS

FROM
THE · ILLUSTRATED · AMERICAN

(With 22 full-page pictures and over 100 portraits in character)

EDITED BY
MARWELL HALL

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

ON issuing the third number of the GALLERY OF PLAYERS the publisher takes the opportunity of thanking the public for the liberal way in which it has patronized its predecessors.

Mr. Charles F. Nirdlinger, who edited the preceding number, was unable to undertake this one and the services of Mr. Marwell Hall were engaged. "I have broken the rule laid down by the gentlemen who edited the two preceding numbers of the GALLERY OF PLAYERS," he writes, "in that I have entered to a certain extent into biographical details. My impression is that playgoers wish to know something about the lives of their stage favorites. Lord Verulam has it that 'the authority of the many doth contravene the disdain of the few.' As he was a very wise man I have generally tried to obey his rule in my short criticisms; but in a few cases where I have thought the minority had a right to protest against 'the authority of the many,' I have given them a hearing."

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SIBYL SANDERSON.

WHEN in 1889 Miss Sibyl Sanderson made her debut at the Opéra Comique in Massenet's "Esclarmonde," she was scarcely known in Paris. Even in the American colony comparatively few persons had met her. It was rumored among artists that Massenet had written an opera for a fair Californian who was being trained by the master to play the title part, and that he was wont to go into raptures over her wonderful voice and promise as an actress. And some had seen Massenet dining at a restaurant in the Rue Daunou with an American girl accompanied by a lady who, judging from the likeness of the two, was probably her mother. Then came her debut, and all Paris was talking about "la belle Sanderson" and the extraordinary range of her voice.

"Esclarmonde" ran for one hundred nights, and on the occasion of its hundredth performance Massenet wrote to a friend in this country that the success of his work "is due to the unique, incomparable artist who has created the rôle. I owe it to an American, to Miss Sibyl Sanderson, of San Francisco. The girl has an extraordinary voice (from the G below the treble clef to the G in the fourth line above), and it is not only the compass which is extraordinary, but the art of singing, the originality and the dramatic effect." Critics differ as to the beauty of that G in alt. It is known among the Parisians as the "Eiffel Tower note."

In addition to this great compass of voice Miss Sanderson is a *para avis* in opera—she is a finished actress, the only American woman singer of the first order on the stage to-day who can be called so, and one of the very few of all nations. At the present moment we can think of none other save Gabé and one or two of the Wagnerian singers. Her Juliette is conceded to be far superior to that of any of the artists who have played Shakespeare's heroine to the accompaniment of Gounod's music and her performance of this part placed her before the eyes of the world among the great artists of the day.

But sometime before this she had become the most popular singer in Paris. She had become a public character, not in the world of fashion, where she is comparatively unknown, but among the people who enjoy music for music's sake and do not go to an opera house to gossip or to see what their neighbors wear. Very beautiful to look at; with a voice that was phenomenal; a dramatic force that, as we have already said, was possessed by few on the operatic stage; known to be one of the best dressed women in Paris and with a reputation for generosity to her less successful brother and sister artists, the *petit bourgeois* worshipped "la Sanderson."

But of course her success produced jealousies. It was in the early part of this year that she made her debut at the Opéra House in Paris—the Académie Nationale de Musique. Massenet had written for her the title rôle in "Titus." The press unanimously condemned the piece, but could not help praising the American artist and she drew crowded houses. Persons who were envious of her success and had predicted her voice could not fill Garrier's great auditorium, now consoled themselves with the belief that when she tried one of the standard grand operas she would prove a failure. But their hopes were dashed to the ground when last June she appeared as Juliette—a part she had already sung at Brussels and Nice. Unwillingly they had to confess that she had proved herself an artist of the very first rank. It was this success—a success that not one of the Paris critics denied—which led to Miss Sanderson's engagement to sing opera in this country the coming season.

Miss Sanderson was born in Sacramento, Cal. Her father, the late Judge S. W. Sanderson, was Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court. She joined the Conservatoire, in Paris, ten years ago, and it was there Massenet "discovered" her.





CHARLES F. COGHLAN.

THOSE who saw Charles Coghlan act in comedy when he was in his prime, know that there was no more finished player on the English-speaking stage. He had received his dramatic education in a school which is denied to the young actors of the present day. There was no better training ground for the numner forty years ago than the old King Street Theatre, at Bristol, England. The work was very hard, the discipline was equally severe; but it turned out Kate Terry (Mrs. Lewis), Ellen Terry, her sister, Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal), Marie Wilton (Mrs. Bancroft) and Charles Coghlan to win their laurels in London. For in those days the theatre public knew that even the greatest actors did not spring Athene-like fully equipped for the stage. It would not stand crude amateurs posing as professionals. And the result of this severe training is that when Charles Coghlan was behind the footlights he never appeared to be acting. He was so easy, so natural. Many there were who did not recognize that his acting was not mere nature, but art; for there are many who imagine that it is as easy to take a seat on the stage as it is in a parlor. Sardou was asked by an American actress what was the most difficult thing in acting. "To sit down," he replied. And the next? "To get up again," was the answer. And Charles Coghlan gave to the most simple action of everyday life upon the stage an appearance of spontaneity and naturalness which no actor of his day could equal. But in addition to his art he had a fine stage presence and a rich voice to help him.

When the late Harry Montague left the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Charles Coghlan took his place. It was there that all Robertson's plays were first produced, and its company occupied a unique position in London. None of its members attempted to eclipse his fellows, to monopolize the space on the boards or the attention of the audience. No piece was ever presented there that had not been thoroughly prepared, and there was no slovenliness even in the least important accessories of the play. It was an excellent finishing school for Coghlan and he soon shared with that most delightful of stage lovers, Harry Montague, the name of being the best *jeune premier* on the English stage. In 1872 he played the part of Alfred Evelyn in a grand reproduction of "Money," at the first performance of which the venerable author was present. Charles Coghlan made a great hit and his fine performance distinctly advanced his reputation. The following year the same company produced "The School for Scandal," and Coghlan's Charles Surface was as near perfection as it could be. But alas! when it came to his playing Shylock to Ellen Terry's Portia, we have a very different tale to tell. He had overreached himself. He deliberately avoided not only traditional points, but all points whatever. Where emphasis was naturally suggested, it seemed that he purposely shunned it. In light comedy he had often held his forces in reserve with great effect. Here he did it to such bad purpose that his performance nearly ruined the Bancrofts, the owners of the theatre. Soon after Mr. Coghlan severed his connection with the Bancrofts and came to try his fortunes in this country, whither his sister Rose had preceded him. When he returned to England he found the Bancrofts had taken the Haymarket and there he appeared as Loris Ipanoff in "Fedora." He has since then spent much of his life in this country, where he was for some time received with much favor, but of late years he appears to have lost the public esteem. He never played better than in "Diplomacy"—many finding his Henry Beaucherc superior to that of the late Lester Wallack—when his sister played the Countess Zicka, at Palmer's Theatre, New York, a couple of years ago. Mr. Coghlan, besides being an actor, is a playwright of more than ordinary talent. Many years ago he made an excellent adaptation of "La Morte Civile," in which he played Salvini's part, and he also wrote "Lady Barter," in which he has acted with Mrs. Langtry and Miss Rose Coghlan.





DELLA FOX.

THE following account of Miss Della Fox appeared in THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN of September 5, 1891. As I wrote it myself I cannot be charged with plagiarism if I reproduce it in these pages.

Miss Fox made her debut in this wicked world of ours not twenty years ago, and St. Louis was the city selected for the scene of her first triumph. She was a wee little tottler when her parents gave her an opportunity of growing into a stage-struck girl by allowing her to appear on the amateur stage as the midshipmite in Gilbert and Sullivan's 'Pinafore,' her fellow performers being principally taken from the church choirs of St. Louis. The glare of the footlights, the charm of being a kind of public character, the cheers that the little midshipmite in 'Pinafore' always does get as he paces up and down the hurricane deck of Her Majesty's ship—these helped to turn the child's head, and much to the horror of her parents, she determined to become an actress. Small though she was, she was bright and clever and often got an opportunity to appear in some play with amateurs. From time to time she would manage to wheedle her parents into letting her play a child's rôle with some professional troupe. When only nine years old Della Fox played for a week in St. Louis with James O'Neill in 'A Celebrated Case.' She became more determined than ever to go on the stage. But little girls are not always allowed to choose for themselves—even in the United States, that paradise of the small child. Miss Fox's parents held a council of war. It was decided that it was high time that their daughter's mania for the stage should be checked. A verdict was rendered that the child should be packed off to a boarding school. The weeping Della vainly remonstrated. Her tears and the stamping of her little foot proved of no avail and to school she went. There, in the company of a number of bread and butter misses, she inked her chubby fingers, poked them into her eyes, strummed through her piano exercises, solved the mysteries of the multiplication table and learned a certain amount of French 'of Stratford-atte-Bowe.' It was harsh treatment on the part of her parents, she thought, thus suddenly to close the brilliant career she saw before her, and often would she relate to her wondering fellow pupils tales of her former triumphs. Being a dutiful daughter, she did manage to get through a certain amount of the daily task set for her, but she continued to dream of the stage, and she had only been at school a very few years when she closed her desk, threw aside her books and was once more treading the boards.

This time she got an engagement with Miss Marie Prescott and travelled with that lady's company for five weeks, playing minor parts. It was rather uphill work and poor pay at first, for Miss Della found, like many another beginner, that opportunities for greatness are not always at hand. Later she joined DeWolf Hopper's forces and caught the town as Mataya in 'Wang.' She has since been raised to the position of a star in the theatrical firmament. Whether she will prove a shooting star or not remains to be seen.





HENRY E. DIXEY.

THE greatest curse that ever befell Henry E. Dixey, so far as his dramatic career is concerned, was the unparalleled success he had in that "perversion of common sense,"

"Adonis." Since he has joined Mr. Daly's company he has shown he is made of sterner stuff than most burlesque actors. Meanwhile he has wasted his talents for ten years upon one farrago of nonsense after another. That he will ever be a good comedian is hardly probable. If he does he will be an exception which tests the rule that good mimics never make first-class actors. But, as Adonis, he was inimitable. Good-looking, a wonderfully graceful dancer and full of dry humor, he kept his audiences in fits of laughter for years. He supplied the deficiencies of the piece and kept it on the stage for over a thousand nights. He certainly did not obey the directions given to players through the mouth of Hamlet by that poor actor, the late Mr. Shakespeare: "Let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them." Had he done so the public would have taken a very early farewell of "Adonis." Dixey felt it was his special mission to provoke laughter; to do so he trusted not to the author of the play, but to his own resources, his natural fountains of humor and to his extemporaneous wit. There was a famous physician—long since dead—whose favorite prescription for dyspeptic patients was that they should go to the theatre and laugh heartily. If dyspepsia is really to be cured by imbibing draughts of merriment, then "Adonis" Dixey was for many years a great improvement on *pepsine et id.*

"Adonis" was originally produced in Chicago and was first played in New York at the Bijou Opera House on the night of September 4, 1884. The great hit made by Dixey turned him at once into a personage of national importance and the idol of the theatre-loving public. His comings in and goings out were duly noted; his ideas upon every kind of subject, whether he knew anything or not, were widely chronicled; he was even interviewed upon art, and that archangel of literary purism, Mr. William Dean Howells, invited him to write an article for his magazine. His opinions of American statesmen were quoted, and had his popularity not waned by then he would have doubtless given the Senate some good advice about the tariff bill last session. His twenty-seventh birthday and the five hundredth performance of "Adonis" were celebrated in New York, on January 7, 1886, by a ball at the Metropolitan Opera House which was largely attended. In the spring of the following year, when he was on the point of starting for England, a banquet was given to him at Delmonico's, and there was as much excitement on the wharf when he sailed as if he had been John L. Sullivan. His arrival in London was celebrated by another banquet which was attended by the American Minister, and Americans were almost as much interested in what Dixey was doing across the water as in the engagement of President Cleveland, which had just been announced. But London, though it admired Dixey, did not care for "Adonis," which it called a "baroque of pantomime minus wit." However, another banquet, at which the late Carter Harrison presided, celebrated the one thousandth performance of the piece. In 1889 Dixey appeared at the Standard (New York) in "The Seven Ages." In the last age he rose above the level of caricature

and gave an admirable sketch of a jolly, genial old grandfather. In 1890 he appeared in "Kip." But "Adonis" Dixey was no more. New favorites had arisen, and when lately he has appeared in his former success, Dixey has failed to draw. The American theatre-going public is not a loyal one—almost as fickle as the Paris public. But Mr. Dixey has boldly put his shoulder to the wheel in a higher plane of acting than he has hitherto attempted. He has so far done well. With hard work he may yet regain his hold on our playgoers and we sincerely trust he may.



(From a photograph by Faomy, New York.)



LOTTA.

IT was in the late fifties that a little girl of about eleven years of age danced and sang herself into the hearts of the "forty-niners" at San Francisco. Her father, bitten by the gold fever, had migrated from New York to the Pacific and was engaged in hunting for the yellow metal, and his tiny daughter became the pet of his brother miners. Whenever she appeared at Gilbert's Melodeon, gold instead of bouquets was thrown to her, and often she would pick up from the stage a thousand dollars' worth of dust and small nuggets. Such was the commencement of Miss Lotta Crabtree's most honorable career on the stage—a career that has been closed—temporarily, we hope—by severe sickness. Lotta was *admirable*. She created a style of acting which has since been frequently imitated, but never equalled. A vivacious little creature full of inexhaustible ebullitions of animal spirits and droll character—no one else—at any rate on the American stage—has ever been able to play the pranks to which this little lady gave free rein without falling into coarseness. There was a roughness of innocent childhood about her which was perhaps the most winning quality of her acting. Her imitators have tried, and we think in vain, to assume her childlike innocence on the stage, but have only managed to do a very thin veneer. The innocence of the child degenerates into the archness of the *coquette*. Whereas with Lotta the roguery always appeared spontaneous, with her imitators it seems to have been well thought over and carried out with the aid of stage trickery. When Lotta appeared at her best she made the audience forget the stage and its accessories.

It was not in pathetic parts that she was at her best. Take, for instance, the two rôles she played in "The Old Curiosity Shop," Little Nell and the Marchioness. As the first she was a charmingly pretty child, but artificial and ineffective; but as Dick Swiveller's card opponent she was eccentric, droll, mischievous, sometimes touching and invariably characteristic. She could not express pathos. She was out of place in death scenes, but as the sharp-witted, half-starved maid of all work she showed with subtle skill the gradual change from a state of physical depletion to a state of good health and comeliness. One of her cleverest performances was in the play "Mam'zelle Nitouche," in which she assumed three parts. It was not as artistic a performance as Madame Judic had given in the same piece, but it was full of sprightliness and never flagged. More farcical than subtle, Lotta threw herself into the frolic with such relish and abandonment, her glee was so superabundant, her agility so nimble, that should she ever appear again on our stage Nitouche will be one of her leading parts.

Lotta's career on the American stage has been a most successful one. The one bitter disappointment of her life as an artist was her failure in London. This was principally caused by the injudicious way in which her first appearance had been heralded. She was announced as "the representative American comedienne" and as the "dramatic cocktail," and the British public was told of her virtues, her wealth and dazzling talents, how her coming would be a sort of revelation to London, which had never seen anything so great from America before.

Then she appeared as Musette, the worst part in her repertoire, and the result was a *fiasco*. The critics appreciated her talent, though they damned the play she appeared in. "The London 'goss' are very outspoken when they don't like a play or a player," and she returned to its native heath. Lotta was born in New York, on November 7, 1847. She returned from California in 1863 and made her first appearance in the East at Niblo's Garden, New York. Her first great success was made in the "Fire Fly," in the same year, at the Star (then Wallack's) Theatre.



(From a photograph by Sommy, New York.)



ROBERT B. MANTELL.

MR. ROBERT B. MANTELL is to-day one of the most graceful and refined of actors on the American stage. This he has only become by dint of hard work. He has great natural advantages. He is so well proportioned that one does not realize that he is over six feet in height; he has a remarkably handsome face and a good voice. But when he first appeared among us he was rather awkward in action and ungraceful in deportment. That was in 1874, when he appeared in the company of Madame Modjeska. He had made an attempt four years before to get an engagement at the Boston Museum, but had failed and returned to England.

About five years have passed since his appearance here. Sardou's "Fedora" is being produced for the first time in this country, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York. In the middle of the third act Boris Ipanoff enters and recites to the assembled guests how he had killed Fedora's betrothed, Vladimir, with his own hand. It is a great scene and one that would be wholly spoiled by a false step. But on this occasion the actor was so noble of bearing and so refined in demeanor; he told the story of how the treacherous Vladimir had fallen by his hand with so much realism and such an intense passion, which was never torn into tatters, that the audience was electrified. Such a spectacle had never been seen before in a New York playhouse. From the stalls to the gallery arose screams, sobs and hysterical laughter. And the young actor who was the cause of all this unwonted excitement was Robert B. Mantell.

During the years that had elapsed between his New York triumph and his first appearance with Mme. Modjeska, Mr. Mantell had gained great experience on the stage in the United Kingdom. Scotland is his native heath, and he was born at Irvine, Ayrshire, on February 7, 1854. His father, however, had come from across the border, but his mother was a Scotchwoman. When he was a child his family moved to Belfast, and there soon after he left school he made his first appearance on the amateur stage as De Mauprat in "Richelieu." He had been stage-struck while he was yet a schoolboy, much to the detriment of his classical studies, which he neglected in favor of plays. His success as an amateur soon led to his adopting the stage as a profession, which did not please his God-fearing, church-going parents; and he appeared as a professional in 1874 under the name of Hudson. When he returned from Boston he played for four years through the English provinces with various theatrical companies, thereby gaining invaluable stage experience. After his engagement with Mme. Modjeska was concluded he played for a year and a half as Dicky Freely to the Otto of the late George S. Knight. In "Forbidden Fruit" he played Cato Dore to Knight's Buster.

Once more we find him in the English provinces playing tragedy, comedy and melodrama. For some time he was leading man to Miss Wallis, who was in those days a great favorite in legitimate parts in the provinces. With her he played Romeo—and a very charming Romeo he made—Macbeth, Charles Surface, Benedick, Iago, Othello, Young Marlowe, and it is said even tried his hand at Richard III. He was about twenty-seven years old when his engagement with Miss Wallis came to an end. Few if any actors of his age could boast of such an extensive repertoire as he. Then he supported Marie de Grey, a very beautiful woman but a very wretched actress, as Leicester in "Kenilworth."

Miss Fanny Davenport brought him back to this country to play Ipanoff. When his performance became the talk of the town that lady determined to engage another leading man. She did so and he played the part well; but nobody could do it as Robert Mantell had and the public refused to go and see "Fedora." So Mantell once more thrilled his audiences as Boris.



(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)

ISABEL IRVING.

HOW our ancestors would stare could they but rise from their graves and see the social position now occupied by the nineteenth century representatives of those whom they used to class with "vagrants," "How much more would such of them as lived in the Elizabethan age—for all of us must have had ancestors living at that period, though we may not know their names—be astonished did they learn that every year the stage is becoming a more popular means of livelihood among young women of gentle birth and refined education. Astonished they well might be considering that in their day women's parts were always taken by young men or boys. Most of us have heard how Charles II, of England became impatient one night at theatre to have the play begin, and Davenant—Shakespeare's reputed son—explained the delay by saying, "Sire, they are shaving the Queen." It was not until the latter part of the seventeenth century that a woman—a certain Mrs. Betterton—played for hire on the English stage. *Autres jours autres mœurs.* Even within the last twenty years a great change has taken place in this respect. Whereas a quarter of a century ago the adoption of the stage by a young woman of birth and breeding would have made a sensation and been published to the world by the newspapers with startling headlines, nowadays such an event is oftentimes not chronicled at all, and if it is, has not more than a "stick" devoted to it. But in these latter days our female population has grown to be enormous and we have emancipated ourselves to a great extent from conventional trammels, so that there is a wider range of employment for women of intelligence and independence. Most parents are reluctant to see their children adopt the profession of the stage, but the fact remains that a considerable number of well-born and well-educated girls have become actresses during the last few years, both in this country and in England. The fashion does not appear to have reached any other countries. There is no reason why it should not be so. Why should the stage, which demands more special qualifications than many of the occupations now being adopted by emancipated woman, be shut to those who possess characters and capacities to fit them for the career? The question has been asked, Why should its perils be necessarily more imminent than those which attend the life school and the Bohemian intercourse of artist life? And the answer given is, The female doctor, the hospital nurse, the district visitor—there is no calling to which admirable women devote themselves, and which philanthropy commends, that is not exposed to misapprehension and danger. Their safeguard lies in the strong shield of purity and truth and devotion to their cause, which wards off the shafts that would assail them. And so it has been, so it may be, on the stage. An actress devoted heart and soul to her cause, a girl with a high standard of right, electing the clean and noble walks and not the filthy alleys of theatrical life, can keep herself as unsullied from the mud as in any other position. But the worst of this change of sentiment with regard to the stage is that it has introduced on our boards a number of young women who possess no particle of divine instinct and inspiration, as Tully says, and will never be anything but mere sticks behind the footlights. An exception, however, must be made in the case of Miss Isabel Irving. Born and bred in Bridgeport, Conn., she spent her young days amid refined surroundings. When she reached years of discretion she made up her mind to go on the stage. She had had no experience whatever, but she had heard of the kindly heart of the late Rosina Vokes and to her she applied for an opening. Mrs. Clay was much taken with the tall, fair-haired, handsome girl and presently engaged her as an understudy. In January, 1887, the lady who was playing the role of Gwendolen Hawkins in "The Schoolmistress" was unable to appear and at twelve hours' notice Miss Irving played the part, and so much to Mrs. Clay's liking that she remained in the company for a year. In November, 1888, she joined Augustin Daly's company and played Faith in "The Last Word," Audrey in "As You Like It," Maria in "The School for Scandal," Susan in "A Night Off," Oberon in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and Helen in "The Hunchback." She is at present under the management of Mr. Frohman. Miss Irving has a future before her. She is very fair to look upon, and she is intelligent.





JAMES LEWIS.

YOUNG and old, we all call him "Jimmy," although we may have never spoken to him in our lives—maybe have never even seen him off the stage. It is because when he is playing he appears to treat each member of the audience as an acquaintance, that before the piece is over we end by imagining that we know him intimately. The buoyancy of his spirits is so catching, his manner so overflows with good nature and enjoyment, that he continually suggests to you that he is not acting but simply amusing himself and a mixed company of friends. Whatever he plays, he is always James Lewis, but you never grow weary of his quaint, whimsical humor and his broad dashes of comedy. You know full well that no other individuality, however strongly or humorously it be conceived, can be so agreeable as that of this great comedian, who has no superior and few equals on the dramatic stages of the world. It has been truly said of him that "he slips into a character as into a transparent garment, allowing his own comical personality to shine through it." He puts his whole self into a part. When he explodes a jest his whole mind has been given to it. With him a few words are sufficient to express what would need whole sentences to others; he can make a syllable serve for a sentence, a look suffice for a paragraph. And what a wonderful gallery of portraits lies in that heart-easing, mirthful face of his! How easily, out of that abundant, good store of spirits which he possesses, can he tickle your sense of the ridiculous! How dry his humor! How sly his fun!

It was an accident that gave James Lewis a chance of helping to relieve the world of some of its dull care. He was a lad of nineteen, teaching school at Troy, N. Y., where he was born in 1840. An actor friend who was playing at the Museum asked him to fill his part—a small one—while he ran down to New York for a night or two. Lewis, who had a weakness for the stage, consented, learned the part in a few hours and played it satisfactorily. The fascinations of New York appear to have been too much for the friend, for he did not return to the city of collars and cuffs, and so James Lewis slipped into his shoes at the Museum. He kept his counsel to himself, and his family began to wonder where "Jimmy" spent his evenings. One night his sister went to the theatre. We can well imagine her astonishment when she recognized in the comic man, her brother. But she said nothing about her discovery to anyone save their mother, who regarded this new departure as a boyish escapade and thought it wiser not to interfere, never doubting that her son would soon get tired of the stage. Master James, in the meanwhile, was remaining under the happy delusion that he had not been found out. The dénouement came at last. There was a scene. The lad refused to give up the profession of an actor and soon drifted out West with a strolling company.

Mr. Lewis gained his first recognition in New York city as a member of Eliza Holt's burlesque company while playing the rôle of Lucretia Borgia in a burlesque of that name. He convulsed the town with his humor and for a whole season kept the house packed by his impersonation of that much wrongfully abused lady. This engagement had been preceded by one at the Olympic Theatre, New York, then under the management of the perennial Mrs. John Wood, which his friend Artemus Ward had obtained for him. Before that he had been playing in the South and was present at the inauguration, in 1861, of Jefferson Davis, as President of the Confederacy, at Richmond. He escaped from Savannah by the last steamer that was allowed to leave that port for the North.

It was in 1879 that Mr. Lewis joined Augustin Daly's famous company of comedians, and he has ever since remained faithful to that manager, never having been touched by the starring craze. At Daly's Theatre he proved himself unequalled in his particular line of comedy, and when the company has been in London the critics have recognized him as unequalled on their stage. Whether it be in one of these rollicking farces which Mr. Daly translates from the German, or in a Shakespearean play, Mr. Lewis's brilliant comic powers are equally telling. No one has in our day shown us such a Touchstone—who "was his folly like a stalking horse and under his presentation of tht shows his wit"—as he. Verily, to quote what Hazlitt said of Mrs. Siddons, "it is pride and happiness enough for us to have lived at the same time with" Mr. Lewis. With him among us we need not despair of the American stage.







MRS. JOHN DREW.

SIXTY years ago the English-speaking stage was a very severe school. Without fear of a charge of being unduly *laudator temporis acti*, one may state it produced a far better average of "nummers" than that same stage can show to-day. Sixty years ago the player commenced his career at the bottom rung of the ladder and worked his way laboriously up, make a star in those days; the revelations of a divorce court did not supply the lack

A scandal did not of sacred fire, nor a costly wardrobe the want of training. The pernicious star system had certainly been introduced some time before by Sarah Siddons, but stars were few and far between and only reached that rank in the theatrical firmament after years of toil had developed an extraordinary talent. Stock companies flourished, and in those days theatrical managers put all their strength into these companies. It was not at all uncommon for a stock company to consist of thirty or forty persons. At the principal theatres each member was excellent in his or her specialty. Three weeks was considered a long run for a piece. As a rule the bill was completely changed each night. It generally consisted of three plays, the last being a farce, and between the acts a song or dance was performed. Of course, this continual change in the bills gave the members of these stock companies a great deal of work, but it also gave them an enormous amount of experience, and they were ready at the shortest notice to fill a part in any of the standard plays. The pit held the true censors of the drama. There sat men who attended every first night, made a regular study of the drama, and had the tradition of the stage at their fingers' ends. They could make a play or mar an actor, and woe betide the careless player who sought their verdict. That an actor should not know his part was an impossibility then, for managers insisted that the members of their companies should be word-perfect at the first rehearsal of each play.



Such was the English-speaking stage when that evergreen actress, Mrs. John Drew, first appeared on it. She was a tiny tot when she made her debut in 1824 as Agib in "Timour the Tartar," at the Liverpool Theatre, for she had been born in London but six years before. Her mother, Mrs. Kinloch, who died only a comparatively short time ago, brought her to this country. In September, 1827, "Little Louisa Lane," as Mrs. Drew was then called, made her first bow to an American audience at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. She played the Duke of York to the Richard III. of Junius Brutus Booth, whom the rivalry of Edmund Kean had driven out of London.

That stage extravaganza, the "Infant prodigy," was then as much in vogue in this country as it has been during the last few years, and the small Louisa had a great success, playing in one piece as many as five different parts. In 1833 we find her a member of the stock company of the old Bowery Theatre, in New York, where she took part in a constant round of legitimate pieces and laid the foundation for that fame she has since gained by being the finest woman exponent in this country of old comedy parts. Five years after she returned to the Walnut Street Theatre and married Henry Hunt, a well-known vocalist of that day. At Walnut Street she became the leading juvenile lady, and there in 1839 played the

part of Julie de Mortemart on the first production of Bulwer Lytton's "Richelieu" in this country. Edwin Forrest took the part of the Cardinal, which Mrs. Drew will tell you she considers one of his finest performances, as he was less robust in it than in others. And she will perhaps add that in her opinion Macready, whom she supported in later years, was far the finer actor of the two and a man of infinitely superior education. During the season of 1841-42 Mrs. Hunt was playing in the old standard comedies at the Chestnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, and in 1848 became the wife of Mossop, the Irish comedian. He died, and in 1850 she married, at Albany, John Drew, who was a favorite both in this country and in England.





WILLIAM H. CRANE.

ABOUT eighteen months ago Mr. William H. Crane was entertained by the Society of American Playwrights—which has a very strong foreign element in it—in appreciation of what he had done in furthering the interests of the "native dramatists." Mr. Crane says he believes in a great future for the American drama, and the result of his belief is that he has presented the American public with a remarkable gallery of national portraits. On this occasion the famous comedian was modest enough to say that he owed his success to the American playwright. But the world at large differs with him. Even the Senator, the best of the five characters provided for him by "native" brains since 1860, would not have proved the great success it was and is in other hands. It was Messrs. David D. Lloyd and Sidney Rosenfeld who sketched Mr. Hannibal Rivers, and very cleverly they did it; but it was William H. Crane who boldly added the color to the canvas which makes the Senator the cleverest national portrait of the day. And nowhere was his power of making a living picture out of a feebly drawn sketch so well shown as in his creation of John Hackett, in Miss Martha Morton's "Brother John." The play is illogical and insignificant. Mr. Crane's acting gives it meaning and coherence, and even the appearance of power. He may not be a giant in his profession, but he has succeeded in gaining as great a hold on the American theatre-going public as any comedian on our stage. Indeed, we are not sure if he has not a greater one, especially in the South and West. He has comic force and waggish drollery with which he covers without concealing the energy of his character nor the strength of his emotion. This is essentially an American attribute. It was what that most typical of Americans, Abraham Lincoln, possessed so largely. And the reason that William H. Crane is so popular with thoroughly American audiences is that he has it, too. Mr. Crane is without exception the most thoroughly American of our actors of the first rank, and he shows his good sense in creating native portraits out of the sketches provided for him by "native" playwrights, even if they do not always happen to be citizens of the United States. Mr. Crane hails from Leicester, Mass., where he was born in 1845, but Boston claims the honor of having educated him, and it was in the Hub that he joined the Young Campbell Minstrels about 1860. But what was really his first appearance on the stage did not take place till 1863, when he played the small part of the notary in Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment," at Utica, N. Y. He had become a member of the Holman Opera Company, a very well-known organization in those days, and with it he remained for seven years on a very small salary. After that engagement he procured one with Alice Oates, with whom he remained until 1874, when he went West and played at Hooley's, San Francisco. In 1876 we find him back in New York acting Dick Swiveller to Lotta's Marchioness, and soon afterward he made his first hit as Le Blanc, the notary in Rice's "Evangeline."

We now come to a very important epoch in Mr. Crane's life, and one that will ever remain notable in the annals of the American stage. That's the time when he entered into partnership with Stuart Robson. They first came together in "Our Boarding House," at the Park Theatre, New York, in 1877. Both had been engaged to play the same part and there nearly came a falling out over it, but the affair ended amicably and they entered into their famous partnership

which lasted for nearly twelve years. As the two dramas in a somewhat perverted "Comedy of Errors" they made a great success. As Sir Andrew and Sir Toby they had been a success in "Twelfth Night" and did not care now to relapse into vulgar farce. They appealed to Bronson Howard to supply them with an American comedy. For over a year the dramatic partners played in "The Henrietta" with immense success, and then they decided to dissolve partnership. Since then Mr. Crane has produced "On Probation," "Papa Perichon," "The Senator," "For Money," "The American Minster" and "Brother John."





VIOLA ALLEN.

MISS VIOLA ALLEN is one of those charming women who upsets all one's theories as to the necessity of a long training to make a successful "mummer." She is one of those exceptions who tests the rule that an actress, to be a success and a lasting one, must start from the very beginning of her profession and gradually work her way up. Twelve years ago, when her schooling was hardly ended, when she had seen probably not more than half a dozen plays, she took the place of Annie Russell at the Madison Square Theatre in "Esmeralda." She had had no preparation for the stage, unless you may call her appearance as a child without a word to say in a play at Halifax a preparation, and yet she was a success. True, she came of theatrical stock. Her father, Leslie Allen, is one of the best "old men" on the American stage and is a very clever character actor. Her mother, who is known to the dramatic world as Mrs. Brutone, is a good actress, but that ought not, if our theories are correct, to be sufficient to make Miss Allen the good actress she is. Miss Allen's stage career reminds one of that of Fanny Kemble. She, too, came of theatrical stock and had had no dramatic preparation when she appeared on the stage and turned the heads of our fathers and grandfathers. Mrs. Kemble has told us how she was brought out in three weeks from the time her father decided to make an actress of her. "Three weeks was not much time for preparation," she writes in that delightful "Record of a Girlhood," "of any sort for such an experiment, but I had no more, to become acquainted with my fellow actors and actresses, not one of whom I had ever spoken with or seen—off the stage—before; to learn all the technical business, as it is called, of the stage; how to carry myself toward the audience, which was not—but was to be—before me; how to concert my movements with the movements of those I was acting with, so as not to impede or intercept their efforts, while giving the greatest effect of which I was capable to my own."

Miss Viola Allen's early stage experiences were much the same, and when she first played Esmeralda she was no better than was Fanny Kemble as Juliet, who, as Macready said, did not then know the elements of her profession. But both were successes, and each proved by her later work that she deserved to be a success. Miss Allen's Esmeralda was very crude. Her latest creation, Rosamond, in Sydney Grundy's "Sowing the Wind," was one of the most artistic performances of the season. Read what Mr. William Winter, the celebrated dramatic critic, had to say of the performance: "Miss Viola Allen was more eagerly and earnestly acclaimed by the audience for her playing of Rosamond than for anything which she had done before in this city [New York]. This piece, in fact, afforded her a distinct and conspicuous personal triumph, which was not approached by any other person in the cast. Her touch was true and fine in all the important passages, and she brought tears to many eyes by her unaffected pathos in two of the strong scenes. Her acting last evening makes a notable advance for her in her profession, and between the acts and after the play the theatre and the lobbies rang with her praises."

"Recommendation from Sir Hubert is praise indeed."

The South can claim Miss Allen as its daughter, but her father and mother joined the Boston Museum stock company when she was a child and so she got a Bostonese education. After her success in "Esmeralda" she appeared in "Alpine Roses." The late Lawrence Barrett procured her services for a time, and she left him to become leading lady to the elder Salvini. In the summer of 1886-7 Miss Allen was playing leading parts at the Madison Square Theatre. Since then she has played with Jefferson and Florence in "Aristocracy," in "Liberty Hall," in "The Councillor's Wife" and in "Gudgeons."





MAURICE BARRYMORE



SOME years ago there was produced in a New York theatre a play in which Madame Modjeska acted the part of the heroine and Maurice Barrymore was the hero. On its first night a reporter on the *New York Herald* was detailed to send "notes" to his paper. When the play was over the reporter and the author of the play adjourned to a club house and were discussing old days when they were "cramming" for Indian Civil Service at Walter Wren's in London. Maurice Barrymore dropped in and joined the party. "What were you fellows at Wren's?" he asked. "So was I. Don't you remember Herbert Blythe?"

Of course they remembered Herbert Blythe, a sort of fleeting shadow who had the reputation of being a brilliant scholar, of knowing how to manage his "dukes" better than any amateur boxer of his day and of never attending any class save when the late Prof. Thorold Rogers was talking scandal against Queen Elizabeth. It was a strange reunion, this meeting of three of Wren's pupils, twenty years or so after they had left Powis Square and thousands of miles away from their native heath. But pleasant as it was strange; for Maurice Barrymore is a delightful companion and has this advantage over most of his fellow players—he is educated. He was at Cambridge before he went to Wren's, and when he gave up all idea of serving the Kaiser I. Hind in India he "ate his dinners" and became a barrister. But soon got weary of Blackstone and Broome and being a born Bohemian—although his father was a clergyman of the Established Church—he drifted on to the stage. He came to this country and made his first appearance at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York. At once he was accepted by the public—especially the female portion of it—as one of the best of the imported *jeunes premiers* and Maurice Barrymore's photographs sold like wildfire. Splendidly built and very handsome in face, he could easily have stepped into the shoes of Harry Montague who, charming actor that he was, was never what Maurice Barrymore could have been had Barrymore so chosen. But "Barry," as his intimates who have known him since he adopted the stage as a profession call him, "Herbie," as he is called by those who knew him before, did not choose. He has rarely shown the public what his capabilities are. There is no man on the American

stage to-day who can play the melodramatic hero better than he if he wants to. none his superior in refined comedy would he only give his mind to it. When one knows what a really brilliant man Maurice Barrymore is, how far ahead he is in talent of most of the successful actors on our boards, one feels inclined to kick him as he shambles through his part. The great trouble, however, about kicking him is that, in prize ring parlance, he would very soon send his kicking critic "to sleep."

Barrymore is a playwright as well as a player. His "Nadjesda," written for Madame Modjeska, is a very powerful play, but there was an incident in the plot which the public, at the time it was produced, could not digest. So it failed. The public stomach has since these days become very strong and, had we a Sarah Bernhardt to play the title part, we imagine "Nadjesda" would now draw crowded houses. He also wrote the book of "The Robber of the Rhine," which was utterly unworthy of his talents.







MARIE JANSEN.

IN the gallery of the contemporary theatre there stands a certain little figure that, to my mind, has seldom been surpassed in winsomeness, piquancy, verve and a rude sort of grace; the figure of a wholesome-looking, mischievous-eyed youth, with danask cheek and rosebud mouth, through whose constant smile two rows of tiny teeth peer out; a figure of plump and sturdy lines set lightly on tapering ankles and poised on a pair of French heels. For outer habilliment it wears a suit of pea green silk cut in Persian fashion, and on the chestnut locks, close-cropped but curly, perches a cap rich with gold in embroidered arabesques. It is in that form and in that garb that I shall always think of Marie Jansen; and, possibly, because of the charm of that particular presentment, her performance in "The Golah"—the operetta in which she shared stellar honors with Francis Wilson—will always remain in my memory as her most delightful achievement. Of course, a single characterization of that kind, where much, if not all, of effectiveness and beauty springs from the purely personal qualities of the performer, the accidents of physique and temperament, does not constitute a passport to fame or even to a really considerable position in the profession of acting. It may be doubted, indeed, whether any of Miss Jansen's theatric attainments, up to the present moment of her stage career, compel for her the title of actress—using the word in its exact significance. She has been for some years one of the most attractive and pleasurable identities in the American theatre—but she has never been anything but Miss Jansen; a pretty young woman—by no means beautiful—of a manner refreshingly free from affectation, and, best of all, possessed of a voice of particularly fetching intonation. Not so much a singing voice as the voice of a *discreet*, one peculiarly adapted to the rendition of such ballads and ditties as belong to the rôles that have fallen to Miss Jansen. There is eloquence, graphic illustration and illumination in the nuances, the shadows of Miss Jansen's voice. Who that remembers her singing of "Be Good, Sweet Maid," fails to recall the sweet, almost pathetic, suggestion of words and tune in themselves commonplace and risqué. If I have dwelt insistently on these details as the essential characteristics of Miss Jansen's theatric potency it is because they constitute the sum total of her worth as a performer. Attributes, not attainments, are her agencies or causes of charm. Save in such comparative excellence as comes from long familiarity with her calling, she is not better to-day, with all the added glamour of a "star," than she was five years or more ago, when she twinkled on the boards of the Casino in the company of a score of luminaries, each quite as important professionally as herself. Indeed, having cut song and dance from her resources of entertainment, it may be questioned whether she has not given over a material part of her worth of attraction. Nor has she compensated for their surrender by any advance in the art of her calling. In the neat little farces especially prepared for her advantageous exploitation, she is not called upon to attempt heights of miming far beyond her reach, and as a consequence the public finds her quite satisfying. Much success, I believe, has followed Miss Jansen's adventure in the independent circumstances of a "star" and in view of her material prosperity she is justified, perhaps, in hazarding no uncalculated efforts toward becoming a veritable artist. Possibly, the public might not like her if she did anything of that sort. The public resents any interference with its own established notions regarding the limitations of a player. Having long since made up its mind as to the character and quality of the work in which Miss Jansen is pleasing, it would probably refuse to consider her in anything more ambitious than the adapted farces that are built around her.





DEWOLF HOPPER.

WHETHER any amount of hard work would have made Mr. DeWolf Hopper such an artist as was the late Fred Leslie and Francis Wilson, we would not venture to say. But Mr. Hopper, when he first appeared as a member of Colonel McCaull's comic opera company, displayed such decided talent that he was hailed with delight by the critics and the public. Since then he appears to have made no progress in his calling, if indeed he has not fallen off. We imagine that had he paid less heed to the fulsome praise of his friends; had he paid no attention to the newspaper paragraphs which were continually recording his sayings and doings and applied himself seriously to his art, he would now be in the first rank in his profession. He is still young, however. He can yet rise above his surroundings and save himself from becoming, while still in the prime of his life, a "back number." Unfortunately, Mr. Hopper and a number of other young players who began their dramatic experiences with every promise of success, have not yet learned that there is no golden road to it, that it is not in mortals to command success; they can only deserve it, and that by hard work.

The majority of this class of nummer study only the dramatic papers or the criticisms about themselves and their friends in the daily journals. For what the world beyond the dramatic stage is doing they care not a snap of the fingers, and the whole of good literature is to them a sealed book. They belong to a mutual admiration society, to which they admit such outsiders only as will loudly laud their alleged witticisms. And there are in every community plenty of men whose ambition it is to call a player by his Christian name and consider it an honor to be seen drinking with him or slapping him on the back. But such an atmosphere stifles art, and the actors who live in it generally go to the wall sooner or later. Intoxicated by a first success, their vanity overreaches them; they trade too much on the good nature of the public; the public wearies of them, leaves them alone and they join the ranks of failures. We do not say such a fate has overtaken Mr. Hopper and we trust it never may. We do not deny his popularity with lovers of comic opera inanities. But we do warn him of the danger in store for him if he insists upon hiding his talents under a bushel.

Mr. Hopper, who was born on March 30, 1858, is the son of a New York lawyer who died when his only child was six years old. It was intended that Wolf should follow his father's profession, but although he had no theatrical blood in his veins he early developed a taste for the drama, and before he was out of his teens he was well known on the New York amateur stage. Mr. Hopper is very tall; his legs are abnormally long and so are his arms. As everyone knows, arms and legs become very unruly members when their owners know they are being watched, and our youthful amateur found it very hard to accommodate his on the stage. However, he eventually managed to get some control over them and then announced his determination to desert the law for the drama. As Arthur Middlewick in "Our Boys" he made his first public debut, and so delighted his admiring friends that they formed a company for him and he started on the road with a piece called "A Hundred Wives." This proved a failure. The ambitious young actor, moreover, lost every penny he had in the enterprise. He soon afterwards got an engagement at Harrigan's Theatre, in New York, and then went to the Madison Square Theatre to play the part of Pittacus Green in "Hazel Kirke," which he did admirably. He also played in "May Blossom" and while doing so attracted the attention of that excellent artist, Madame Cottrelly, who recommended him to Colonel McCaull. As a member of Colonel McCaull's forces he became immensely popular and then joined the great army of "stars."

His favor with the public seems to grow with each season and each new characterization that he contributes to the stage. As "Wang," as "Panjandrum," and, most recently, as "Dr. Syntax," he has been accepted by theatre-goers throughout the country with enthusiastic—and profitable—acclaim. He still remains, however, the gawky, shambling buffoon, utterly wanting in artistic discretion and woefully lacking in artistic taste.





GEORGIA CAYVAN.

THERE is not on the American stage to-day any woman more popular than Miss Georgia Cayvan, leading lady of the stock company of the Lyceum Theatre, New York. It is not that she is superior either in personal appearance or talent to her sister artists, but she possesses a personal magnetism which appears to have given her that place in the hearts of the American people—and especially of the female portion of it—which was once occupied by Helena Modjeska. Whether it be in New York or San Francisco, Boston or Denver, in Chicago or St. Louis, Miss Cayvan's name on the bill is sure to draw crowded houses, with the female element largely predominating. And of course, the name of Herbert Keelley must be on the same bill, for the American theatre-goer has come of late years to consider the two as inseparable. A Lyceum play in which Miss Cayvan and Mr. Keelley are not husband and wife, or at any rate betrothed in the last act, would seem, as it were, untrue to nature. It may be that future generations will see them cast in dramatizations of "Darby and Joan" and Chevalier's "Dear Old Dutch."

Miss Cayvan has gained the prominent position she now occupies not only through her personal magnetism, but also by good, honest, hard work. In an article she wrote some years ago in a Brooklyn magazine on "Woman and the Stage," she gave much good advice to the stage-struck young girl. She told her that she must not be led astray by the delightful triumph of a one-night performance on an amateur stage, but must remember how the gilt would be worn off the gingerbread by its repetition night after night, by continual rehearsals and by the incessant study necessary to improve upon the original. And as she has preached so has Miss Cayvan practiced. In her earlier performances, although there was always a marked individuality about them, her style was very hard and formal. She had before she adopted the stage as her profession been a reader and had a good reputation as such in the New England States. It took her some years to get rid of her somewhat mechanical gestures and a rather pedantic way of delivering her lines. But she struggled hard and triumphed at last. To-day, although she is in the first rank of dramatic artists, she works almost as hard as she did then.

Miss Cayvan comes from Bath, Me., where she was born about thirty-five years ago. Having, as we have already stated, been originally a professional reader, she took to playing and made her first appearance as an actress in April, 1879, at the Boston Theatre, Hebe in "Pinafore" being her initial rôle. Soon afterwards she got an engagement at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, to play the part of Dolly Dutton in "Hazel Kirke," which had just started on its long and successful career. In 1881 she was promoted to play the part of the heroine of the same piece in a road company, and enjoyed all the hardships of travelling about the country for some months. Then came those extraordinary performances of "Edipus Tyrannus" at the Boston Theatre, and at Booth's, New York, in which George Riddle, representing Harvard, played the King in Greek and the rest of the performers their parts in the best English they could muster. Miss Cayvan was cast for the rôle of the unhappy Jocasta, which Miss, Second-Weber recently played with Mounet-Sully in this country. She acted the part more than fairly, but, truth to tell, the performances were not interesting. Miss Cayvan now found her way to Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, where she played Lisa in "The White Slave," among other parts, and was the original Lara in this country in "The Komany Rye."

About this time the unfortunate Sara Jewett, who had for years been one of the most admired actresses in the country, left the Union Square company and Miss Cayvan replaced her in some of her rôles, such as Marcelline in "The Parisian Romance." It was as Marcelline that she wore her first *décolleté* evening dress, and it took the New England girl some time to get accustomed to such a thing. The position of leading lady of the Union Square in those days was rather a thorny one. To make a long story short, Miss Cayvan thinking discretion the better part of valor, betook herself to the Madison Square and made a great hit in the leading part of David Belasco's "La Belle Russe." The time she spent at this theatre, which was then the connecting link between Church and Stage, was of the greatest benefit to Miss Cayvan, for she had the late Steele Mackaye to give her points in the Delsartian method, and David Belasco is a master in the art of stage education. She then took the part of the heroine in "May Blossom"—the fight-hearted country girl who becomes a wife and then a mother laden with sorrow—and after playing for a short time with Dion Boucicault signed with Mr. Daniel Frohman in 1886. Since that time she has never left the Lyceum stock company which has given so many excellent performances of first-rate comedies to the country.



(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



JOHN DREW.

JOHN DREW did an eminently wise thing when he withdrew from Augustin Daly's company. From a financial point of view it is understood he has bettered himself; from an artistic point of view he has decidedly made an improvement since he became a "star." Of course he has been very lucky in his plays and his support. Commencing his career as a star in "The Masked Ball," he then played in "The Butterflies" and is now acting in "The Hauble Shop." Each is a good play; each has been a success and in all three Mr. Drew has found a part admirably suited to his talents. But he is a far better actor to-day than he was three years ago. His love-making was exceedingly awkward then. It had become a habit with

him to swing one arm while he made amorous speeches to Miss Rehan swinging her two. Now his love-making is more natural and his comedy of a higher order. To be sure, he still has his faults, of some of which he will probably never be able to correct himself. He walks as badly as ever and he continues to roll his eyes as if he had been playing understudy to a codfish in the last agonies of death. But he is a fine comedian in spite of this. The story goes that when Maurice Barrymore, his brother-in-law, wished to rouse the ire of the Drew family he would call his small boy to say his prayers, one of which began, "Pray God bless papa and mamma," and ended with "make Uncle John an actor." The child's prayer has been answered.

When John Drew decided to sever his connection with the Daly company—that was in May, 1891—and signed a five years' contract, beginning on the first of the following May, with Charles Frohman, there were many who prophesied that without Miss Rehan he would prove a failure. But the boot appears to be on the other leg. Mr. Daly has not yet succeeded in finding a successor who can supply the place of John Drew, nor has Miss Rehan made any great hit since they parted company.

John Drew's first appearance in New York as a star was a great event in the theatrical world. So closely connected had he been with the Daly company since 1879, in this country, in England and in France, that much curiosity was excited as to how he would succeed away from it. His performance of Paul Blondel in "The Masked Ball" allayed all fears his friends might have had, and his Lord Clivebrooke in "The Hauble Shop" has silenced all detractors.

John Drew served a long apprenticeship and his success has been due not only to inherited talent, but also to hard work. He has a fine, expressive face and a voice of ample power. He is good-natured cynicism. Those who have seen Charles Mathews

unequaled on our stage to-day in passages of merry banter and good-natured cynicism. Those who have seen Charles Mathews will recognize in John Drew that nimble dexterity which the English comedian possessed to so remarkable a degree.





ELOISE MORGAN.

SOON after Gounod's death his then almost forgotten but dainty opera comique, "Philemon and Baucis," was produced by the Duff Opera Company, at Herman's Theatre, New York. The part of Baucis, whom Jupiter and Vulcan rejuvenated out of gratitude for her hospitable treatment and with whom the King of the Gods afterwards tried to get up a flirtation, was charmingly sung and gracefully acted by a Miss D. Eloise Morgan. She received almost unstinted praise from the critics, but who she was and whence she came none could tell, although one did recall having seen her take the part of Marguerite in a performance of "Faust" given the year before by the pupils of the National Conservatory. When, a little later, "Philemon and Baucis" was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, Sigrid Arnoldson essayed the heroine's rôle. But although the "Danish Nightingale" is accepted as a prima donna in Europe, it was generally acknowledged by those who had heard both singers in the same part that Miss Morgan's Baucis was superior to that of Mme. Arnoldson. "I don't know," wrote one well-known critic after he had heard her in the part, "who Miss D. Eloise Morgan is, but she was certainly a surprise. She sang with the deliberate assurance of an Italian opera artist, and her voice is magnificently cultivated, pure in tone and sure in touch." Miss Morgan's voice is a light soprano; it is very flexible and of wide range, and she possesses a high note—G in alt—that is phenomenal. Moreover she is young, graceful and pretty—all commendable qualities in heroines of an opera comique, but, alas! too rarely possessed by them.

Miss Morgan, who hails from California, played in "Natural Gas" with Donnelly and Girard a few years ago under the stage name of Ollie Archimere. She later made quite a hit as one of the three rosebuds in Paul Potter's original edition of "The City Directory." Then she was engaged to play in Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown" and spent some time in that company. But she had an ambition that rose above larce comedy and joined an opera company which toured through the country for two summers, and with it gained some valuable experience. Four years ago she went abroad to study singing, and having been recommended to Mme. La Grange, spent some months in Paris enjoying the tuition of that excellent trainer of the voice. She returned to this country, studied at the National Conservatory and then made her successful appearance as Baucis. When the Bostonians produced Mr. "Tom" Thorne's "The Maid of Plymouth," Miss Morgan took the part of Priscilla, and a very winsome New England girl she proved to be. In the early part of this (1894) fall season Gilbert and Sullivan's delightful masterpiece, "The Mikado," was revived at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, and Miss Morgan appeared as Yum Yum.



(From a copyright photograph by H. J. Falk, N. Y.)



OTIS SKINNER.

OTIS SKINNER is considered in his profession to be one of the promising exponents of the legitimate drama among the young actors on the American stage. He has ambition and plenty of intelligence wherewith to carry it out. He has a fine stage presence, a good voice, and bred as he has been amid polite surroundings, he is able to bring to the boards that refinement usually lacking in actors not "to the manner born." After many years of apprenticeship on the stage; after acting in every class of play from burlesque to melodrama, from comedy to tragedy, he has made his debut as a star in Clyde Fitch's "His Grace de Gramont." I have not seen him in the piece, but imagine that Mr. Skinner would give an excellent representation of that brilliant, light-hearted young Frenchman, whose *risqué* "Memoires" have delighted students for nigh three hundred years. Mr. Skinner was born at Cambridgeport, Mass., on June 28, 1857.

His father, the Rev. Charles A. Skinner, is a Universalist minister well known in New England. For three generations back the Skinners had been clergymen, and Otis's father wished him to study for the ministry; but when he had finished his education at Hartford, Conn., he drifted into a commission house in that city. Skinner had a soul that rose above dry goods and soon began spouting Shakespeare instead of attending to his clerical duties. When he was a little over twenty he obtained an engagement at Wood's Museum, Philadelphia, and there made his debut in a small negro character part in a play called "Woodleigh." As his salary was only eight dollars a week and as he was not always sure of being paid even that owing to the exigency of the theatre treasury, it is a good deal to his credit that he worked hard for his employers and quickly won his way to recognition. He spent a summer season at the Chestnut Street Theatre, in the same city, and then went to the Walnut Street Theatre. The next year he appeared at Niblo's, New York, and in the winter of 1879 he spent a short season supporting Edwin Booth at Booth's Theatre.

The season of 1880-81 found him at the Boston Theatre, and for the following three seasons he supported Lawrence Barrett. In 1884 he became a member of Augustin Daly's famous company. He remained with this organization for five years; he then supported Margaret Mather and Madame Modjeska in succession.





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MAUD ADAMS.

It is not often that a young actress of twenty finds herself in the position that Miss Maud Adams did on the morning of October 4, 1892. The night before she had appeared in New York as leading lady to John Drew, in the part of Suzanne Blondel, the heroine of "The Masked Ball," and the next morning she awoke to find herself famous. She had made the hit of the piece. Hers was no easy part, for she had to feign intoxication, and this she did in an exquisitely comic manner without being in the least offensive.

Miss Adams was born in Salt Lake City not quite twenty-two years ago. At the time of her birth her mother was leading woman in a stock company at the Mormon capital, and the child made her first appearance on the stage when she was only nine months old. It seems that the young lady had become very cross one evening over the teething process and refused to be comforted. The nurse took the child to the theatre to see what effect maternal authority might produce on her obstreperous charge. Mrs. Adams was playing in a piece called "The Lost Child." The infant who usually played the title rôle did not happen to turn up that night and the manager was in desperate straits when the Adams baby arrived. He tore it from the nurse's arms, popped it on a tray; and in this fashion did the charming Jessie Keber of the future make her theatrical debut. She made her next appearance with the late J. K. Emmet, who her mother was then supporting. Much against the will of her father, a Mr. Kiskadden, who said he would "not have the child make a fool of herself," she played for a short time with Emmet and was then packed off to school. There she remained until she was sixteen, when she joined Mr. Daniel Frohman's excellent company at the Lyceum Theatre, New York. When "A Midnight Bell" was produced at the Bijou her manager allowed her to take the part of a New England schoolgirl in it, and upon the withdrawal of the piece she joined the theatrical forces of Mr. Charles Frohman. In

"A Midnight Bell" Miss Adams had made an excellent impression. That impression was more than confirmed by her performance of an *ingenue* rôle in "Men and Women," and when her creation of Nell, the crippled

working girl in "The Lost Paradise" was seen, it was generally acknowledged that she was one of the most promising young actresses on the American stage. But it was not until she appeared as Suzanne Blondel that it was universally conceded that Miss Adams had taken a position in the first rank of her profession. Could she retain it? I think Miss Adams has shown that she could and has proved by her performance in "The Bumble Shop" that she is quite as good in pathetic parts as she is in humorous. She can move to tears as well as rouse laughter. What greater contrast can there be than that which lies between the two characters of Suzanne Blondel and Jessie Keber? And yet Miss Adams was as mirth-inspiring in "The Masked Ball" as she is touching in "The Bumble Shop." It is very rarely that in a modern play one comes across so pretty a piece of poetical prose as the description Jessie Keber gives to Matthew Keber of the cottage Lord Clivebroke has bought for her and her drunken father—that "sweetest little cottage in the world," in whose garden are "curious old apple trees with crooked,

stunted branches and roses climbing up them and choking them like—like pretty girls hanging round crabby old fathers' necks and the pink blossoms are scattered all round—that's the tears the apple trees have shed because they are so happy." It is rare, too, to hear such a charming sketch so charmingly delivered as it is by Miss Adams.



(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



FRANZ EBERT.

FRANZ EBERT, the leading comedian of "the Laliputians," is the concentrated essence of humor. He is a delightfully quaint, droll little fellow, with a face that is comedy in itself. His method is simplicity and quietude. You do not find him sinking to burlesque; he never descends to gymnastics. He accomplishes all his effects with a look, sometimes helped out with an intonation. He possesses a marvellous smile. That nature gave him; but he gained through art a walk which tells more than a ten-minute soliloquy. Franz Ebert, who was born in the Furstenwalde, a suburb of Berlin, about thirty years ago, is one of eight children, of which family he is the only dwarfish member. He came to this country with the Laliputians in 1890 and appeared for the first time at Nibbi's Garden, New York, on September 15 of that year. It was the intention of the company to play for six months in the United States, but so great has been their success that they have remained here four years.



(From a photograph by Paich, New York.)



EMMA EAMES.

THE fairy godmother that attended the birth of Madame Emma Eames—Story was very bountiful in her gifts to the future operatic star. She gave her beauty of no common order and endowed her with a magnificent vocal organ. But one gift she forgot to bestow and that was dramatic instinct. When Gounod first heard Miss Emma Thirishy sing, he described her as a "beautiful icicle." That is the trouble with most of our sopranos. They are usually so cold. They have sweet and flexible voices, often of extraordinary range, but they lack soul and they are stiff on the stage. Alboni had a most ungainly figure and never attempted to *act* in opera, because she couldn't; but she had what the French term "tears in her voice," and as she swayed awkwardly to and fro her audiences forgot Alboni's physical defects in the deep pathos of her voice. Miss Emma Eames charms one with her rare beauty, with her glorious voice; but she does not touch you. She never gives you the impression that she feels the part she is playing. She has been likened to Mary Anderson—a half-awakened Galatea—and it has been said of her "she sings like a siren and looks pale, pure and remote as a star." It may be she wears what W. D. Howells has called the "Puritan mask." She was born in China, it is true, but she was bred in Boston, Mass., and has New England blood in her veins. In former days artists in grand opera were not expected to be able to act; but Wagner has done so much to drive Philistinism from the musical stage that nowadays we need dramatic instinct as well as beautiful voices. It is Calvé's acting and not her voice that has made her a star of the first magnitude. However, Miss Eames does make a very beautiful Marguerite; and if it be not the Marguerite that Pauline Lucca showed us, it is at any rate as passionate as Christine Nilsson's and infinitely more pleasing than Patti's. Gounod's Juliette is not a very powerful dramatic rôle and Miss Eames is quite up to its demands; as the Countess in the "Nozze de Figaro" she is very charming; but that, too, is a part which calls for no great dramatic power. It is when Miss Eames attempts such rôles as Elsa in "Lohengrin" that one discovers how much she lacks the divine spark. Then even her beauty and the sweetness of her voice fail to cloak her shortcomings.

Miss Eames sang in public as a young girl in Boston. Her mother, who was a fine amateur singer herself, recognized that her daughter's voice was out of the ordinary and took her to Paris to study with Madame Marchesi. She was anxious to make her first appearance in opera at the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels, where Melba and many another celebrated artist have first been heard. She might have appeared there several times as an understudy, but was persuaded by friends not to make her debut in public until she could do so as a prima donna. In 1889 she appeared at the Grand Opera with great success as Juliette and later with equal success as Marguerite and in "Asciano." Miss Eames was engaged by Sir Augustus Harris for the London operatic season of 1891. While visiting London she became the wife of Mr. Julian Story, second son of the well-known American sculptor. During the operatic season of 1891-2 in New York, Miss Eames made her American debut as Juliette. The critics did not give her the unsolicited praise she had received in Paris. When she reappeared in this country two years later she had made great strides in her profession and is now accepted in the United States as well as in Europe as one of the great singers of grand opera.



(From a copyright photograph by H. J. Falk, N. Y.)



JEAN DE RÉSZKE.

THE De Reszkes are the most celebrated family of singers of modern times. Indeed, we do not recall any family that has produced so many illustrious musical members since the opera was recognized as an established form of art. The De Reszkes are from Warsaw. Their mother was a distinguished amateur and to her early teachings they owe their fame. The eldest of the family is Jean, the subject of this sketch. Besides him there is Edouard, the basso; Josephine, who had considerable success as a soprano in most of the capitals of Europe, but retired from the stage on her marriage, and another brother, the youngest of the De Reszkes, who is reported to have a magnificent tenor voice.

Jean de Reszke was born at Warsaw on January 14, 1852, and when a boy of twelve was delighting the good people of that city by the charming way in which he sang solos in the cathedral. He took lessons from Ciaffei and then went to Turin to study under Cotogni, who took him to London to hear Mario, the greatest operatic tenor of his generation, if not of all times. Mario was sixty years old at the time and was bidding farewell to the public. He was still a consummate artist and to have heard him even in his old age, to have seen him act, was a lesson in itself to any singer. He made his last appearance on the London stage amid intense enthusiasm as Alfonso in the "Favorita," and it was this part that Jean de Reszke—under the name of De Reschi—selected for his debut at Venice in January, 1874. It was a very successful "first appearance," and a few months later he was introduced to a London public in the same part. He was then taking baritone parts, but the London critics, who spoke of his future expectations in the highest terms, called attention to the fact that his voice was more a low tenor than baritone. After having sung with some success at the Italiens in Paris, he made his tenor debut as Robert, at Madrid, in 1879, having meanwhile studied under Professor Sbrigha, who recognized that De Reszke's former singing masters had placed his voice wrongly. Madrid went wild over the new tenor who, though not as good an actor as he is to-day, had much improved since he first appeared at Turin, when he was exceedingly awkward. In 1884 he played in Paris the part of John the Baptist in "Herodias," his brother Edouard acting the role of Simonne Boanerges. Massenet was so delighted with Jean's performance that he procured for the tenor an engagement at the Opera House to create the part of Le Cid. It was produced in November, 1885. From that production

dates the world-wide fame of Jean de Reszke. He was now acknowledged to be the best stage tenor that had appeared since the days of Mario, and created a great furor when he appeared as Faust, Edouard playing Mephistopheles and Madame Patti Marguerite, on the five hundredth performance of "Faust" in November, 1887. In the summer of the same year he had reappeared in London and

played Lohengrin, Faust and Raoul and again met with unbounded success. On December 14, 1891, he made his first appearance in New York at the Metropolitan Opera House in Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette." His brother was Friar Laurence and Miss Eames played Juliet, but it was Edouard who made the hit of the evening. The following Christmas night Jean appeared as Faust, Miss Eames playing Marguerite, and a most delightful Faust he proved to be. His first season in this country made him a favorite, but when he appeared again in the season of 1893-94 his good work and the marked improvement in his style raised him into the position of an idol of the opera-going public.



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GALLERY
OF
PLAYERS

FROM
THE · ILLUSTRATED · AMERICAN

(With 22 full-page pictures and over 100 portraits in character)

EDITED BY
MARWELL HALL

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The publisher begs to acknowledge his appreciation of the excellent work of the following photographers, whose cameras have contributed to the success of this volume:

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

POSTERITY will have the orator's speeches by which it can judge whether burning words or only voice and gesture thrilled his audiences. It is posterity that will say whether the fashionable painter, sculptor or architect of to-day is worthy of being added to the immortals. To posterity must be left the final verdict on the works of poet, playwright, novelist, historian and essayist; and posterity alone can decide the position to be occupied by the musical composers we are now lauding to the skies. This is the truth in most of the arts. But in order to value the work of an actor, a singer, an instrumental player or a dancer, the generations that come after him must needs depend entirely upon the judgment of his contemporaries. Such being the case, the unique series known as the GALLERY OF PLAYERS will always be valuable to amateurs of stage history in that it gives the contemporary opinion of such actors and actresses and singers known to the American dramatic stage of to-day, as well as their biographies. That it is of interest to those who belong to the same generation to which these performers belong, is proved by the large sale which has attended the three numbers of the series preceding this.

LORILLARD SPENCER.

Office of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.



JANE HADING.

WHILE Madame Bernhardt was conquering the new world, there arose in Paris a theatrical star named Jane Hading whose bright light for a time threatened to dull the brilliancy of the divine

Sarah. Bernhardt returned home only to receive the cold shoulder from the chanvinistic critics who could not forgive her for having dared to desert the art centre of the universe in order to gather dollars from *ces barbares Américains*. They said that in playing to such Philistines as we were, her acting had become exaggerated; some even suggested that her light was waning and that she must make way for the new planet. To add to Sarah's discomfiture she found her handsome Greek husband was not only sharing with Madame Hading the applause of the public in "Le Maître de Forges," but that he had actually become the devoted admirer of the new star. Sarah bided her time. Her Damala returned to her and before long the Paris critics were damning Jane Hading and lauding Bernhardt to the skies again.

Jane Hading is a very beautiful woman; the timbre of her voice is exquisite; the purity of her enunciation cannot be excelled; a delightful radiance appears to pervade her presence; there is a youthful dignity in her every movement. Never brusque in her passionate moments, never savagely intense, she never surprises you nor awes you any more than a well-bred woman of the world would were she to experience a tragic emotion in real life. She is immensely clever; but she is not a great genius.

A Marseillaise by birth, her real name is Jeanne Hadingue. She was born in the dramatic profession. After making a hit in operetta in Cairo, she returned to her native town and there her youth and good looks made her a popular favorite. About fifteen years ago she made her Paris debut at the Palais Royal in "La Chaste Suzanne," but she did not suit the critical Paris public. Her voice was small and she was too refined for opera bouffe. The little singing voice she had entirely left her when she was eighteen years old and she took to comedy. Then she married Victor Koning, a well-known Parisian theatrical manager. He cast her for the part of Claire in "Le Maître de Forges," much to the disgust of Georges Olmet, the author. Koning's fault in his young wife's

talents proved to be well founded. Her Claire took Paris by storm. *grosie* by the side of Jane Hading's. Madame Hading and Coquelin *ahé* joined forces and after visiting South America came to this country. She returned to Paris and then for two years retired from the stage. The tragedy of her life had begun. Damala had gone back to his wife. Soon after it was found necessary to place him in a lunatic asylum and there he died. Madame Hading made no attempt to conceal her grief. When she reappeared on the Parisian stage in January, 1891, in "La Contesse Romani"—an old piece revived—she proved a bitter disappointment to her friends. She appeared to have become soured with life. Her charming simplicity of manner had gone. The tones of her voice had become harsh and she had adopted the style of a tragedy queen. But time heals all and when Madame Hading returned to us during the season of 1893-94 she was once more her charming self; again the great artist who could transmute her perfect technique with deep feeling; still the beautiful woman, though somewhat matured, who had fascinated us five years before.





(From a photograph by Thors, San Francisco, Cal.)



E. S. WILLARD.

I CANNOT make up my mind where to place Mr. E. S. Willard in the GALLERY OF PLAYERS—among the greatest or only on the second line. I could not agree with a well-known dramatic critic one night that Willard and Kyrie Bellew were about on a par, and yet I would hardly venture to rank him with Edwin Booth as he was ten years ago, with Jefferson, Barnay or Irving. He is, however, comparatively young, for he was born in 1853, and therefore may become as great as they. But will he ever reach the top of the ladder? *Quien sabe?* Meanwhile let us give him a place by himself between the *Deos majores* and the *minores*. If we have seen greater actors, I doubt whether we have seen a more original one. He is no adventurer who has adopted the stage for mere money-making. His instincts are too fine and artistic for that. He is not satisfied to play one character especially adapted to him, but gives his audiences many, each one unlike any other and all unlike E. S. Willard. When he first appeared in this country at Palmer's Theatre, New York, on November 10, 1890, his name was scarcely known to American theatre-goers, so modestly had he made his arrival here. But the rumor had reached a few that Mr. Willard had made a great impression in artistic London by his performance of the part of Cyrus Hleukhorn in Henry Arthur Jones's powerful play, "The Middleman," and the next morning Willard's name was on everyone's lips. He had astonished his audience as much as he had pleased them by his simple and sterling worth. He had introduced to it an entirely new character played in an entirely new manner, utterly free from the traditions of the old school; as sincere as it was simple. How conscientious was his work may be illustrated by the fact that he lived for some weeks before he created the part among the potters of Stoke-upon-Trent, and so truthfully did he play the part that the *Pottery Gazette* said of his performance that it appeared as if "some excitable and clever potter had become an actor—not that an actor had, for this piece only, become a potter." A month later Mr. Willard showed us by his performance of Judah Llewellyn that he was no one-part actor, for no two characters could be much more dissimilar as sketched by Mr. Jones, as filled in by Mr. Willard, than the honest

old English potter and the perjured young Welsh clergyman. Powerful "Judah" is, but there is an unpleasant color about it. Mr. Willard, however, never for one moment loses the sympathy of his audience. Later he produced "John Needham's Double," and again made a profound impression by his trenchant portrayal of intellectual power slowly sapped and disintegrated by the corrosive consciousness of hideous duplicity and wickedness. On

December 19, 1892, Mr. Willard produced J. M. Barrie's delightful "Professor's Love Story" at the Star Theatre, New York. The piece is a mere literary sketch, and we know of no actor in this country who could have made of Professor Goodwillie what Mr. Willard did. Indeed, I consider that he and not Mr. Barrie nor Mrs. Inchbald, from whom Barrie took the idea of the piece, is responsible for that charming professor of electricity, who doesn't know when he is in love. In the winter of 1893 Mr. Willard appeared for the first time on any stage as Hamlet. The performance did not add to his reputation as an actor. Indeed, I understand—for I did not see the performance—that as Hamlet he was a positive failure.

Mr. Willard was born in Brighton, England. He went on the stage much against the wish of his family, who had a horror of actor folk. His first engagement was at the Theatre Royal, Weymouth, and there he had the good luck to make the acquaintance of the late E. A. Sothorn, who, as Mr. Willard will tell you, "was thenceforward the forwarder of my interests." Mr. Willard once played the part of Judah Llewellyn before seven hundred parsons in London.





SADIE MARTINOT.

ECCENTRIC and erratic are the two words usually used to describe that charming little beauty of the footlights, Miss Sadie Martinot; but the world she says does not know her true character. "I trip and dance and sing and wear short skirts and sing French songs," she once confided to an interviewer, "and they think I am nothing more than a frivolous and thoughtless creature of the stage. I want to be known as a woman and not as an actress. . . . From the age of eight to twelve, I was the inmate of a convent. The religious principles instilled in me as a child have never left me during all my years on the stage. I never start to make my entrance in the first scene of a new play without crossing myself and murmuring a prayer." This religious reverence, she added, had colored her whole life. Such being the case, one cannot but wish that other actresses would lie themselves to a nunnery. Miss Martinot has tried her hand at almost everything on the stage. She has played in burlesque, comic opera and opera comique; in farce as well as in pure comedy, and in each she has done extraordinarily well. How much better she might have done had she selected her *métier* and stuck to it, we can only surmise. Long Island claims Miss Martinot as its daughter, but she was quite a little child when her parents took her to New York city and pitched their tent in the neighborhood of the Eagle (now the Standard) Theatre. It was at that theatre she made her first appearance as the member of the chorus in a burlesque called "Cupid." This was in 1876. For a season she joined a travelling burlesque company, but it went to pieces at Philadelphia, and for a short time she played in an obscure theatre in Boston. There she attracted so much attention that she was asked to join the stock company of the Boston Museum, which was no small compliment for so young and inexperienced an actress. The charming way in which she and "Jack" Mason played their love scenes became the talk of the town, and for four seasons Miss Martinot was the reigning stage favorite at the Hub. Dion Boucicault saw her play and advised her to try her fortune in London. There she made a great hit as Lady Angela in "Patience" at the Savoy Theatre. She returned to this country to play the leading parts in Boucicault's plays and was the most fascinating of Moyas in "The Shaughraun." But tiring of the Irish drama she suddenly threw up her engagement and in 1884 kept New York in fits of laughter over her imitations of Ellen Terry, Aimée, etc., in a farce called "Distinguished Foreigners," which was played at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. As Florence Nightingale Fletcher in "Queenie," she made a still bigger hit at the Union Square Theatre, and when she played Sophie in "Doktor" the women went into raptures over her exquisite dresses. But greater than all these was the success she made at the Casino in the title rôle of "Nanon," which had a prolonged run. At its close Miss Martinot took a trip to Europe in order to cultivate her voice, but was struck down by fever at Florence and it took her some months to throw off its effects. When

she did come back to this country to create the title rôle in Chassaigne's "Nadly" at the Casino, her admirers found her as bonnie and charming as ever; but a quarrel with the stage manager caused her to sever her connection with the Aronsons. She then appeared—this was in 1889—at Amberg's Theatre, and in the part of Bettina in "La Mascotte," which she sang in German, she achieved another great success. On the opening of the Garden Theatre, New York, Miss Martinot appeared in "Dr. Bill"; then in 1891 appeared as the witty Marquise in Mr. C. F. Nirdlinger's "Pompadour." In 1893 she played Dora in "Diplomacy" with the Coghlans. Since then she has sold her jewels and bric-a-brac and become Mrs. Max Figman. Her first matrimonial essay was made in collaboration with Mr. Fred. Stinson when she was playing in Boston. It does not appear to have had more than a *success de curiosité*.



(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



T. Q. SEABROOKE.

NO one was more surprised than Thomas Quigley Seabrooke when he discovered that nature had intended him for a low comedian. The discovery came about in this way. He had been engaged by Mr. George Holland to play the leading parts in his light comedies. After a time Mr. Holland decided to revive his old success, "Ten Nights in a Barroom," and cast Mr. Seabrooke for the comic rôle.

This did not at all please the young actor who, accustomed as he had lately been to performing leading juvenile parts, had aspirations of a higher order. He protested, but at length the idea of his playing low comedy struck him as so ludicrous that he consented to descend from his high horse. He played the part and made a great hit. But before this hit came, Mr. Seabrooke had had to fight many a hard struggle in order to gain recognition and his dramatic life was as full of vicissitudes as that of almost every successful actor is. He was born at Mount Vernon, Westchester County, N. Y., a little over thirty-four years ago. At the public schools there he learned the three R's and when he was only eleven years old he became an office boy in the East Chester National Bank, where it was intended he should serve an apprenticeship of three years and then study for the law.

But if man proposes, God disposes. He did not go in for law, but remained in the bank until he was twenty, when he found that too close confinement and overwork were beginning to tell on his health. Then he bethought himself of the stage as a means of gaining a livelihood. He had saved a little money and he devoted it to assist a friend in putting on a company at a Newark (N. J.) theatre, he being engaged to play Bertie Cecil in "Cigarette." But the citizens of Newark failed to respond and in a very short time the company was disbanded and young Seabrooke's savings had vanished into thin air. However, he soon got another engagement with Helen Coleman to double the parts of Tom Crane and Jeff McGuire in "The Widow Bellotti." Then he found himself playing the detective in "Rooms to Rent"; acted for a short time in Halifax, N. S., and in the fall of 1882 was engaged by "Will" Carleton to create the part of John Mandamus in "Irish Aristocracy." It was in this character that he made his first bow to a New York audience, at the Academy of Music, on November, 1882. The following season he was playing for a time in "One of the Finest" and then he joined Jeffrey Lewis's company as leading man and opened his engagement as Tom Coatrudge in "The Ruling Passion." He afterwards became a member of Woods' stock company at Forepaugh's in Philadelphia, or, as it was then called, the Bijou Theatre. At the Girard Avenue Theatre in the same city he played in '97-99" under Mr. Adolph Nienendorff's management; then with "Mrs. Bartington" in Boston and Providence and subsequently with Barney McAuley in "The Jersey Man." He left Mr. McAuley to join Mr. Holland's forces and, as already stated, it was under this management that he discovered what his true meter was. After this his career on the stage was a comparatively comfortable one, but he had had many a hard struggle before it became so. In the spring of 1885 he played the Earl of Esmound in "Fayette," with Miss Estelle Clayton, at the Union Square Theatre, New York, and afterwards went on the road with "The Dainties," "49," "After Dark" and "Her Attoucement." In a farce-comedy called "Aphrodite" he made another decided hit and was then engaged by Mr. Samuel Colville to play Moses Jewel in "The World," at the People's Theatre, New York. Later he created Oleo Mashing in George Hovey's "Keep It Dark" and then appeared at the Standard Theatre as Gentilmanly Jimmy in Guntler's play, "A Wall Street Bandit." For a short period he appeared at Sinn's Park Theatre, Brooklyn, in "A Paper Doll," "The Little Tycoon" and "A Midnight Hell." In the summer of 1892 he produced "The Isle of Champagne," and his King Pommy found immense favor with the public. His next production, "Tahasco," was not such a success.

Mr. Seabrooke's performance of the part of King Pommy became the talk of the town and owing to it "The Isle of Champagne" continued to draw crowded houses even during the early part of the dog days. But at length the heat became so intense that actors and audience had to resign themselves to fate and the piece was withdrawn. When it was revived it was received with equal favor and it raised Mr. Seabrooke not only to a high position in his profession, but also added considerably to his bank account. The rumor that "Tahasco" was backed by the company interested in making a success of that name did not add to the actor's dramatic reputation. Mr. Seabrooke, whose original name was Quigley, recently adopted his present name by legal methods.





AMY BUSBY.

SHE was a remarkably pretty little girl. During her babyhood she had exhibited no particular dramatic passion except when she found the sugar basin beyond her reach. In her bread and butter days she had learned to spout harmless poems of the "Mary Had a Little Lamb" order for the edification of persons with a tendency to drift into church societies. Before she had reached her teens she had played with the Gilbert Dramatic Society of Rochester, N. Y., the part of Maggie McFarlane in "Engaged." Later she had developed a longing to become an actress. Her father and mother had said "No." Then had come along a friend who obtained the parental permission to take her to New York so that she might have a few lessons in the dramatic art. A rumor reached her that Miss Helen Barry was in search of a leading lady. She—that is to say Miss Amy Busby—had then reached the age of fifteen. In spite of the fact that she wore short dresses and her hair hanging down her back, she aspired to occupy that vacant position of leading lady. By means of some strategy and just the tiniest bit of "fibbing," she succeeded. She put up her hair, borrowed a long dress, a black velvet bonnet, and offered her services to the English actress. When asked her age Miss Busby said it was nineteen. Most girls like to be thought older than they are till they reach twenty. Then, for a year or two, young women tell the truth about their age. For a few more years those ages remain stationary.

After that they grow downwards like a cow's tail. Miss Busby's "fib" was therefore to a certain extent pardonable. And then it was such a little one. Well, she was engaged and duly attended rehearsals in nineteen-year-old "get-up." When Miss Busby joined the company on its way to Albany, Miss Barry was rather startled to see her new protegee in "shorts" and with her hair down her back. The cat had to be let out of the bag; all that was left for Miss Busby's kind-hearted employer was to laugh and grant plenary absolution. Thus the subject of this sketch made her first public appearance in the first long dress she had ever owned, at the capital of New York State, as Grace Harkaway in "London Assurance." Then she played Viola in Henry Guy Carlton's "Victor Durand," and before she left Miss Barry's company had quite a nice little repertoire. When Miss Cora Edsell started out as a star in "The Pemberton's" Miss Busby acted the second woman's part. The star shone for a brief month only, then its light faded out and Miss Busby was engaged by Stuart Robson, with whom she remained for two years. During her first season with him she played Lady Mary in "The Henrietta," "Constance Neville" in "She Stoops to Conquer" and "Blanche" in "Is Marriage a Failure?" In the second season she took the place of Mrs. Robson, who was ill, and played Kate Hardcastle and Mrs. Van Alstyne in "The Henrietta." Then came an engagement with W. H. Crane, and under his management she took the parts of Margaret in Paul Potter's "The American Minister," Mary Marlowe in "On Probation," Helen in "Brother John," the hysterical young woman in "For Money" and Mrs. Armstrong in "The Senator." Then she joined Richard Mansfield's company and was the first in this country to play the part of Louka in that brilliant but unappreciated satire on human nature, "Arms and the Man." Miss Busby is now a member of Mr. Charles Frohman's stock company.

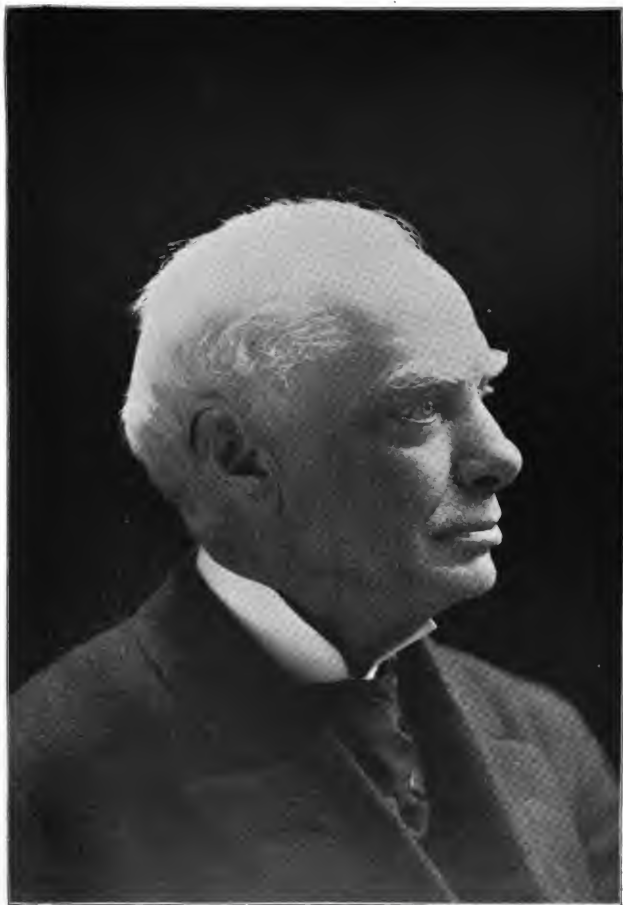


(From a photo, copyright 1894 by B. J. Falk, New York.)



JAMES H. STODDARD.

HAD any young actor of the present day made the great hit that James H. Stoddard did as Moneypenny in "The Long Strike," about a quarter of a century ago, he would doubtless have at once taken to starring. But *autres jours autres mœurs*. For more than twenty years, with the exception of two seasons, Mr. Stoddard has been contented to remain a member of Mr. A. M. Palmer's stock companies, which speaks volumes both for the actor and manager. Mr. Stoddard comes of theatrical stock. His father acted for twenty-two years at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, and he was born on October 26, 1826, while his parents were playing an engagement in Yorkshire, England. He received his education in Glasgow, and his father having become manager of the Theatre Royal, young Stoddard there made his first bow to the public in the part of a page. When he was seventeen years old he got an engagement at Aberdeen and then drifted to Liverpool, where for five years he played principally old men's parts on a very meagre salary. In those days we depended almost entirely on England for our actors and actresses, and the success that some of them had met with in the United States caused Mr. Stoddard to pack up his trunks and come to this country. He arrived in New York in 1853 armed with a letter to the elder Wallack, whose theatre stood at the corner of Broadway and Broome street. He had hoped to strike an El Dorado at once but found he had to begin again at the bottom of the ladder. Mr. James Wallack gave him only minor parts to play. In the company were Mrs. John Hoye (then Mrs. Russell) and Miss Conover, who was the "singing lady" of the troupe. Many years later Miss Conover became Mr. Stoddard's wife. After spending four years under the Wallack management Mr. Stoddard accepted an engagement from Laura Keane, who opened her new theatre on Broadway, between Houston and Bleeker streets, with "As You Like It." In this play Mr. Stoddard took the rôle of Adam, which tradition has it was created by the "divine William" himself. During this engagement Joseph Jefferson made his first appearance in New York as Dr. Pangloss in "The Heir at Law" and as Diggery in "The Spectre Bridegroom." In the first play Mr. Stoddard appeared as Steadfast and in the latter as Nicodemus. He remained with Laura Keane until she resigned the management of the theatre which then became known as the Olympic. When the late Dion Boucicault appeared at the Winter Garden, which stood on part of the ground now occupied by the Grand Central Hotel, in "Dot," Mr. Stoddard supported him for the first part of the season and then played with "Joe" Jefferson for the remainder at the same theatre. For the following five seasons he was at the Olympic under the management of Mrs. John Wood, the original Pocahontas, who is still delighting London audiences in spite of her years. It was during this engagement that Mr. Stoddard made his first great hit in "The Long Strike." Hitherto the public had appreciated him as a good and useful member of a stock company. Now they realized what a consummate actor he was. He was induced in 1873 to join forces with a company formed to play "The Long Strike" on the road, but it was a year of financial disaster in this country. The combination proved a failure and Mr. Stoddard, having had enough of one-night stands, joined the stock company at the Union Square Theatre, and with the exception of two seasons when Mr. Palmer was abroad, has remained with that manager ever since. The Union Square company was in these days as strong a company as we have ever had in this country, and Mr. Stoddard fully shared in its triumphs, one of his greatest successes being in the part of Jacob Rantzau. When "Alabama" was produced at the Madison Square Theatre in 1891 he played with rare skill Colonel Preston, the old Southern planter with strong prejudices against the North. He continues to be a valued member of Mr. Palmer's company, but whenever he can escape from the footlights he hurries to indulge in bucolic dissipation at Rahway, N. J., where he owns a charming farm.



(From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago, Ill.)



ELSIE

DE WOLFE.

WHEN Miss Elsie de Wolfe became an actress, it was a rare thing in this country for young women of social standing to adopt the stage as a profession. It therefore required a good deal of moral pluck on her part to do so. The mummer was still considered to resemble more or less the portrait given in the old English statute books: "Such as wake in the night and sleep in the day and hunt customable taverns and ale-houses and routs about, and no man wot from whence they come or whither they go;" and there was the very natural jealousy of the profession itself to fight against. Be it said, however, that the profession behaved most generously to the new aspirant for theatrical laurels and that society crowded to see Miss Elsie de Wolfe and to applaud her when she made her public debut as Fanny in "Thermidor." It was an unfortunate beginning, and Miss de Wolfe would have done far more wisely had she stuck to her original idea of commencing from the bottom of the ladder and joining a stock company in order to do so. At the same time, Miss de Wolfe's acting did not deserve the severe criticism it secured from the New York press when "Thermidor" was first produced in that city in October, 1891. The part she played would have overweighted many an experienced actress, but Miss de Wolfe had taste and tact enough to save herself from committing any dramatic offenses. When "Thermidor" was withdrawn from the stage—its failure was principally caused by the lack of interest in its story to an American public—Miss de Wolfe very wisely accepted less difficult rôles and is now a very capable member of Mr. Charles Frohman's stock company. It was by accident that she discovered she had any ability for the stage. She was asked to play for charity a supernumerary part in "The White Milliner" at the Criterion Theatre, in London, under the stage direction of Charles Wyndham. In the cast were Weedon Grossmith, who was an amateur in those days, Lady Violet Greville, daughter of the "Red Duehess," and Charles Colmachi. This was in 1885, while the Soudan war was going on. Just before the performance one of the principal actresses heard of her husband's death in battle and Miss de Wolfe took her place. Her success then led her taking part in amateur theatricals in this country and she appeared as Helen in "The Hunchback," as Lady Teazle, Lady Clara Seymour in "A Cup of Tea," in Mrs. Burton Harrison's "Mouse Trap," in "Drifted Apart" and "Contrast." For months before appearing as a professional she studied in Paris with Mademoiselle Bartet and in London with Hermann Vezin, probably the best elocutionist on the English-speaking stage. The season following the production of "Thermidor" she played the parts of Constance in a farcical comedy called "Joseph," Mrs. Pendleton in Mrs. Dorenius's "Four in Hand" and Mrs. Shuttleworth in "The Judge," by Arthur Law. Her performances in these characters displayed lack of experience, but proved that the newcomer had dramatic ability which only required study and application to develop. Since then she has worked most industriously at her art. This season Miss de Wolfe showed she had made quite a remarkable stride in her profession by her performance of Lady Kate Fennel in "The Bauble Shop," As Lady "Charley" Wishanger, in Henry Arthur Jones's "Masqueraders," Miss de Wolfe has not a pleasant part to play, but she indicates the few traits sketched by the author with a remarkably delicate touch.





ROBERT TABER.

THESE are few young actors on the American stage to-day who take their profession so seriously as does Robert Taber. In everything he does you recognize the result of careful study and the study of a man who is an artist by nature. Sometimes his work is so refined as to be "caviare to the general," but to persons who do not object to try a little thinking in a theatre, it is delightful in its finish and exquisite in its delicacy. He is the only Romeo on our boards, and indeed, for the matter of that, the only Romeo on the English-speaking stage. His Claude Melnotte we have never seen equalled, and of his Malvolio, which we have not been fortunate enough to witness, we have heard unstinted praise from competent critics. We hope that ere long Mr. Taber and his charming wife will give us a taste of their quality in a new play, so that their many admirers may judge them in their own creations. It is a melancholy fact that, as some great cities, such as New York, grow older, the less their inhabitants appreciate the classics; the more the classics become things one talks about a great deal but never reads. The classical drama, unless indeed it be staged by an Irving, meets with little favor in the metropolis; and so the Tabers pass by New York, while in cultivated Boston they are ever welcome.

Mr. Taber comes of a New York family. His father was a cotton merchant. Each of his three brothers has made his mark. One is professor of higher mathematics at Clark University and writes profound treatises on that abstruse subject which only a few can understand; another, a successful railroad man, is a member of a good government club which is working hard for the regeneration of New York; the third is a landscape painter of great merit who exhibits at the Society of American Artists, while his only sister, the wife of Henry Holt, the publisher, has a great talent for decorative design. As a child, Mr. Taber showed great fondness for the stage, and as a youth was continually taking part in amateur theatricals in the basement of the deaf-mute Church of St. Ann. With some difficulty he succeeded in obtaining the leave of his parents to join Franklin Sargent's dramatic school, where he worked diligently for a couple of terms. Richard Watson Gilder introduced the young aspirant for dramatic laurels to Madame Modjeska, and when in the early part of 1886 she gave a performance of "As You Like It" for the benefit of the Polish exiles, he played the part of Sylvius and pleased her so much that she engaged him for her company. That season he made his professional debut as Amiens in the same play. Next he appeared in "The Chouans" as an officer who was killed in the first act; but in the following season Madame Modjeska allotted him better parts. His first recognition from the public he secured in "Measure for Measure," when he was playing Claudio to Modjeska's Isabella. In the third act, when he pleaded with Isabella to save his life at the price of her virtue, "the pit rose at him." The speech beginning "Ay, but to die, and go we know not; to be in cold obstruction and to rot," was magnificently rendered. There was such pathos in his appeal, "Sweet sister, let me live;—

such desperation in his cry, "Oh, hear me, Isabella," that the audience went wild with excitement. Robert Taber had proved himself an actor of remarkable ability. The following season he was engaged to support Miss Julia Marlowe and played such parts as Claude Melnotte, Romeo, Orlando, and the Duke in "Twelfth Night." During the season of 1890-91 he played Lucien de Noireville with William Terriss in "Roger la Honte." An engagement with Mr. Augustin Daly followed, but for a whole season he did not appear. He then rejoined Miss Marlowe's forces and in the spring of 1893 played for three months with the Coghlands. In May, 1894, he was married to Miss Marlowe and has since then been her leading man. One important addition he has added to his repertoire since his marriage, and that is Joseph Surface in "The School for Scandal."





JENNIE GOLDTHWAITE.

IT seems as though it were vain for the critic with a leaning towards high art to try and raise the standard of the drama of to-day. He preaches to the playgoer that more benefit is to be derived from Shakespeare than from Hooper; that "Brass Monkeys," "Corncrackers," and "City Directories" are vulgar trash unworthy of the patronage of a sane person, and that intellectual aliment and amusement should be gathered from the works of the Ibsens, the Hauptmanns and the Maeterlincks. And he wastes his sweetness on the desert air. A dramatic Dr. Parkhurst himself would fail to bring about reform. The majority wants rubbish on the stage—something it can easily understand; something that needs no thinking, for its brain has been wearied by the rush of the day, and at night that brain needs rest. And, wanting this, the majority will have it and pay for it. Elevating the stage has proved a poorly paying business to those who have entered it, and more especially in New York. Actors and actresses who have started with noble ambitions have over and over again had to give up the struggle or else starve.

We do not know that Miss Jennie Goldthwaite ever fought for high art or has any ambition to shine as an artist in the legitimate drama; but we do know that she has exhibited a remarkable amount of talent in such parts; has the ability to become a first-class comédienne, and that she has elected to play in comic opera and in a rôle altogether unworthy of her. It seems a pity that so clever a young woman should waste her energies on such trivial matter, for actresses of her years possessed of real dramatic talent are few and far between. However, it is no use grumbling. Comic opera, or rather works which style themselves comic, and farce-comedy are the rage, and the mummer must pander to the prevailing taste if he wishes to live.

Miss Goldthwaite, who is now playing the part of Psyche Persimmons, the sleepy girl in "Dr. Syntax," hails from the Hoosier State, and it was in Indianapolis that she commenced her dramatic career when she was but eleven years of age. As the heroine of "Cinderella," not only her good looks but also her dramatic instinct attracted considerable attention, and she was engaged to play the same part in Chicago. In 1887 she toured through the West with a company having a fairly large repertoire and thereby gained a large amount of useful experience. The following season she played the title rôle in "The Little Nugget." In the season of 1889-90 she made a very good impression both through her acting and singing—Miss Goldthwaite has a rich and well-trained mezzo-soprano voice—as Little Dolly in "The Little Tycoon." During her next engagement she created the part of Helen French in Bill Nye's comedy, "The Cadi," and then acted Sue Endaly in "Blue Jeans." During the season of 1893-94 there was produced at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, an extraordinary piece by Joseph Arthur, called "The Corncracker." Nothing quite like it had ever been seen before. It was a combination of horse-play, farce-comedy and melodrama. It dealt with missing wills, long parted parents and children, and showed an elevator scene which was realistic enough but had nothing to do with the plot. In this remarkable farrago Miss

Goldthwaite appeared as Maria Mail and showed what a clever character actress she was. When she appeared in the following season in "A Lady of Venice," the part of a passionate adventuress, small though her opportunity was, she distinguished herself greatly by the truth of her acting. Indeed, she was the one bright spot in the performance of this ill-fated piece. She then went back to comic opera in Philadelphia, and, as has already been stated, is now in DeWolf Hopper's comic opera company.

It is but fair to say that "Dr. Syntax" has been received, wherever played, with a great deal of enthusiasm, and Miss Goldthwaite, in the part of Psyche Persimmons, has been much praised by the critics. She plays it in a truly humorous spirit that is very catching, and she evidently studied the part as seriously as she would have done a rôle in legitimate drama. That she should be so successful in such a part, considering that her last rôle was a tragic one, speaks well for the versatility of her talent. At the same time it also proves how entertaining she could be in higher comedy rôles, and makes one regret all the more that she does not confine herself to them.







ADOLF ZINK.

A "STIRRING DWARF" of just twenty-two years of age is Adolf Zink, of the Lilliputian Company, and many a point can he give to the "sleeping giants" of our comic stage. How much, for instance, could they learn of him in the art of pantomime and in the method of his play. When he is on the stage you are seeing pure comedy through the wrong end of

an opera glass. You may not understand a word he is saying. The face and action of this pygmy pantomimist will tell you almost everything. His talent does not appear to have been inherited. His parents were poor weavers of Mährisch Neustadt in Austria. They and the rest of their children were of normal

height, but the dwarf of the family seems to have absorbed most of its wit and at school was generally to be found at the head of his class. When he was nearly sixteen he joined the Lilliputians and at once made a hit in a comedy called "Ten Girls and No Man." Since then he has, under the training of the Rosenfelds, developed into a remarkable comedian. In "Humpty Dumpty" he divides the honors with Franz Ebert and is indeed considered by many to be the superior of the leading comedian of the Lilliputian Company. As a singer of comic songs—he is imitable and he speaks the slang of the New York gutter snipe as if to the manner born.







KATHERINE GREY.

WHEN Mr. James A. Herne first commenced to preach the gospel of realism on the stage, he was hooted at and scoffed by the critics. Mr. W. D. Howells, however, stood by him and his earnestness gradually gained him many friends. Somewhere about 1890 he copyrighted a play called "Shore Acres" and soon afterward it appeared under the name of "Shore Acres Subdivision" in the West. Rechristened as "Uncle Nat" it was later played in Chicago, where it was favorably

received. Boston did not like it, but when it was produced in October, 1893, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, it set the critics a thinking, if it did not altogether please them, and the public showed its curiosity, if not always its appreciation, by attending the production in crowds, first at the Fifth Avenue and then at Daly's Theatre. Miss Katherine Grey, the subject of our sketch, took a prominent part in this memorable production, playing the part of Helen Berry, the daughter of the coarse-grained owner of "Shore Acres."

She is like Mr. Herne a believer in realism on the stage. With him and with other zealous admirers of the apostle of such realism, she has studied Ibsen's dramas, though we believe she has not yet appeared in any of them in public. It is doubtful whether it will not be many a long day before the American theatre-going public is yet ready for what the Ibsenites are fond of calling "verity" on the stage, and I imagine that the success of "Shore Acres" was rather a success of curiosity than anything else. But there is a charming love story in it and that pleased the Philistines. It was Miss Katherine Grey who played the

woman's rôle in this love episode, and far more interesting was her performance than the realistic way in which a dinner was cooked and afterward eaten. Nothing could have been better than the scene between herself and her tender, self-abnegating uncle, Nathan Berry (played by Mr. Herne), when she was on the point of eloping with her lover, Sam Warren. It was true to nature and full of poetry, and there was nothing in it to denote Ibsenism or any other ism. Miss Grey is a young woman who takes her art very seriously. When she accepts a part, she is not satisfied with learning the words and then repeating them like a parrot, but studies her every action as well. It was love for her art that made her recently throw up a contract with Mr. Henry Muer and accept an engagement with Mr. Richard Mansfield, for Mr. Mansfield has not the reputation in the profession of being the most pleasant of men to work for. But he does understand his art, and if the public—such as the New York public—does not appreciate his good work, so much the worse for them. Miss Grey did appreciate it and knew that in joining Mr. Mansfield's forces she would not have to stick to one rôle for months, but would gain experience in a large repertoire. Already she has played with him: Marcelle in "A Parisian Romance," Agnes in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Marie Walewska in "Napoleon," Marianna in "Beau Brummel," and Louka in "Arnis and the Man."

Her performances in these parts have been particularly well received in Boston. Miss Grey comes from San Francisco. She entered the dramatic profession in 1889, when she became a member of Augustin Daly's company. After one season there she joined Charles Frohman's forces, appearing as Mrs. Laverhill in "Shenandoah" and Evangeline in "All the Comforts of Home." She also played in "Jane" and "Chums," and created the part of Kate Fessenden in "The New South." Before playing in "Shore Acres" she took part in a production of "Roger La Honte" in San Francisco. In almost every rôle she has played, Miss Grey has shown a marked improvement on the one preceding it. If she continues in her good work it will not be long before she finds herself enrolled among the American actresses of the very first rank; and as she has never exhibited any desire to shirk her responsibilities, we have no doubt that she will "arrive," as the French have it. Miss Grey was married a few years ago to Paul Arthur, but has obtained a divorce from him.





(From a photograph by H. J. Falk, New York.)



ROBERT HILLIARD.



It is not on record that Mr. Robert Hilliard, familiarly known as "Bob," pored much over Shakespeare when he was passing through the commercial course at the University of New York or studying at Bishop's College in Canada; nor that when he first appeared in Wall Street as an office boy, he spent his employer's time in spouting dramatic soliloquies. He had reached the responsible position of confidential secretary to Mr. Edward Brandon, the stockbroker, before he became stage-struck. Born in New York in May, 1857, he drifted to Brooklyn, which we understand on the highest authority to be a city well worth visiting—once. There he was attracted by the wild fascinations of private theatricals, joined half a dozen or so amateur societies, and at length became president of the Gilbert, in which he and Miss Edith Kingdon, now Mrs. George Gould, often played leading parts together. When the Criterion Theatre was built in the "City of Churches," Mr. Hilliard was offered and accepted the management, and opened it with Lester Wallack in "Rosedale"; and then, too, he made his professional debut in "False Shame," in which he played for a week with considerable success.

During the same season William Gillette's war play, "Held by the Enemy," was performed for the first time at the Criterion. At the last moment Mr. Hilliard was called upon to take the place of the leading man, who had been suddenly taken sick. He had but six hours in which to learn his part. However, with the aid of "books" in every entrance and "parts" of manuscript strewn all over the stage, he did manage to get through it without the prompting being perceptible so far as the audience was concerned. The Criterion passed into other hands. Mr. Hilliard made up his mind to leave the "bulis and bears" to take care of themselves and determined to tread in sock and buskin. His first salaried engagement was made with Mr. Charles Frohman, and he appeared in the fall of 1886 at the Standard Theatre, New York, in a play by Henri Rochefort, called "A Daughter of Ireland." Miss Georgia Cayvan played the heroine and Mr. Hilliard the part of Sir Richard Sweeney. It was a preposterous play, full of fustian and absurdity. Mr. Hilliard's acting, which the critics found to be amateurish and stiff, did not improve matters, and "A Daughter of Ireland" proved a glorious failure.

Mr. Hilliard's next attempt, which was made in "Saints and Sinners," with Mr. Stoddard, Miss Anne Russell and Miss Marie Burroughs in the leading parts, proved more of a success, and when he appeared later with Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, in the "Golden Giant," he made a

hit. For a short time he played with Mrs. Langtry in "As in a Looking Glass"; then with Nat Goodwin in "Turned Up," in the original production of "Paul Kaurar," and in the matinee production of "Elaine" when Miss Annie Russell scored her first great success. Mr. Hilliard now started on a tour with "Mr. Barnes of New York," which production netted Messrs. Sanger and Gunther, it is said, over eighty thousand dollars in one season. After playing in "The Balloon" at the New York Star Theatre, Mr. Hilliard created the part of Perry Bascom in Joseph Arthur's "Blue Jeans," and received much critical praise for the manner in which he did it. Mr. Hilliard is the author of a one-act play called "Adrift," of "The Fabricator," played by Roland Reed under the title of "As Innocent as a Lamb," and an adaptation of Robert Buchanan's "Fra Giamomo." For the last four years of her life Miss Matilda Heron was Mr. Hilliard's dramatic preceptor, and what success he has met with on the stage he owes to her teaching.







SARAH BERNHARDT.

THERE are few persons on the stage about whose genius so much has been said and written as Madame Sarah Bernhardt. Comparatively little notice has been taken of her perseverance and industry—the real causes of her success. We do not suppose there is anyone to deny that she has exceptional natural endowments; but had it not been for her arduous training in her profession, her acquisition of all the numerous branches, she would never have become the great actress she is; and to-day Sarah Bernhardt, a woman of fifty and with an experience of over thirty years on the stage, studies her parts as diligently as she did when she was trying to blot out the memory of the comparative failure of her first appearance at the Théâtre Français. There are some who consider her the greatest actress of the day, others who will tell you that she is inferior to La Duse. We have known Parisians who often saw Rachel, declare that Sarah Bernhardt was as great as she in tragic parts. On the other hand, Matthew Arnold said that Rachel began where Sarah left off. Be this as it may, Sarah Bernhardt continues to fascinate the public of two worlds, notwithstanding the bitter attacks that have been made upon her art and in spite of the talent of her rivals. Dramatic students may with advantage ponder over the artistic life of Madame Bernhardt. One lesson they will learn from it is that though they may be endowed with what are popularly known as "artistic temperaments," nature alone will not make them actors. They will discover, too, the mistake of believing that they need no study save that necessary to learn the words of the part they are going to represent, and that they have only to step from private life onto the stage to command immediate recognition.

Rosine Bernhardt, for that is her real name, was born in Paris, October 22, 1844. She was a Jewess of French and Dutch parentage. When she was quite a child her father caused her to be baptized, and she was placed in a convent near Versailles. She was expelled four times from the sisterhood and as many times returned to it full of repentance. One of the nuns remarked when the child took her final departure: "She is either destined to become a fearful subject of scandal in this world or a tremendous light in the Church." She was given her choice between becoming an actress or a nun. She chose the former and was admitted to the Paris Conservatoire in 1858. Having received second prizes for tragedy and comedy, she was entitled to a debut at the Théâtre Français, and this she made August 11, 1862, in the part of Iphigénie. One critic described her as "belle et élégante." The rest either left her severely alone or deplored having had inflicted on them such crude acting. Sarah has always had a weakness for notoriety, and during her brief stay at the Français she started to gain it by slapping a sister actress in the face. She went to the Gymnase and made a complete fiasco. Then she disappeared from Paris, but later turned up at the Odéon, where Alexander Dumas discovered there was something in her. It was not till 1872, however, that by her performance of Donna Maria in "Ruy Blas" she created a furore. The Comédie Française threw open its doors to her and almost took her by force from the Odéon. It was not until two years later, when she and Sophie Croizette appeared together in "Le Sphinx," that her position was assured. In 1880 she severed her connection with the Comédie Française and played in London, where she became the craze, and the good Britons made fools of themselves over the talented Gaul. She exhibited a collection of her paintings and sculptures, more or less painful to look at, and got Mr. Gladstone to visit her at the gallery where they were shown. The French courts condemned Sarah to pay twenty thousand dollars costs and damages to the Comédie Française for her breach of contract, and she travelled all over Europe, to be courted by sovereigns, feted by statesmen and lauded by literary men. In 1881 she paid her first visit to this country, where, strangely enough, her self-advertising methods were frowned upon, but her genius was acknowledged and not too indiscriminately praised. In April, 1882, the divine Sarah married Damala, a handsome actor of Greek origin. She soon afterwards divorced him. Later they "made it up," and in 1889 he died. But what interesting things Sarah has done during the past fifty years would fill ponderous tomes. What she has not done would be scarcely worth mentioning.





SOL SMITH RUSSELL.

SOL SMITH RUSSELL is an actor of the people just as Charles Dickens was the people's novelist. He is unlike any other player on the American stage. He ever appeals to the better feeling of his audience but never indulges in cheap claptrap. His pathos is never maudlin; there is no coarseness in his drollery. At one moment he moves you to laughter, at the next he will be causing tears; but he does not flatter upon a melancholy string. His method is so simple, his play so free from all theatrical device, his style so natural, that you are liable to forget that it is an artist of no ordinary talent who can present to you a picture so true to nature. The success he has had in his particular line took him many a long year to gain, and he has been nearly everything on the stage from negro song and dance man upward. Mr. Russell was born in Brunswick, Me., in 1848. When the War broke out he enlisted as a drummer boy and made his first public appearance on the stage in a canvas-covered theatre put up by the soldiers at Cairo, Ill. Here he sang between the acts and drummed in the orchestra for six dollars a week. Then he was advanced to play the part of a negro girl in "The Hidden Hand" and sang patriotic songs. He joined a strolling company and tried to add walking on a slack wire to his other accomplishments, but in this he signally failed. When he was seventeen years old he was engaged as second low comedian at Ben. DeBar's theatre, in St. Louis, having in the meanwhile gone through pretty hard times, which, however, never appear to have affected his good spirits. A little later he made a western tour with the Berger family and gained some reputation as a humorist, comic singer and lecturer. Then we find him a member of the stock company at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and a few years later with Augustin Daly's company at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York. Mr. Russell had by this time gained the name of being a first-rate comedian, and several managers tried to induce him to "star" for them. His old friend, Mr. Fred G. Berger, succeeded in doing so and Mr. Russell appeared as the star in "Edgewood Folks" at a salary of fifty dollars a week, which in 1880 was considered munificent. He made an instant success and for five years in succession he played in the same piece. He was given a third share in the stock company and then became Mr. Berger's full partner. "Edgewood Folks," which was written by J. E. Brown, of Boston, was a very comprehensive piece. In it Mr. Russell sang seven songs and made ten changes, and this he did for fifteen hundred per cent.

performances. For a short time after Mr. William Warren's retirement from the stage, Mr. Russell filled his parts at the Boston Museum and then issued forth as a star once more in the "Country Editor" and "Pa." Then came "Bewitched," by E. E. Kilder, and "A Poor Relation," by the same author, in which play Mr. Russell played the part of Noah Vale, the poor inventor. This was followed by "The Tale of a Coat," written by Dion Boucicault during the last year of his life. It was produced at Daly's Theatre, New York. It was a failure and Mr. Clyde Fitch made an entirely new play out of it, called "April Weather," which was far more successful.



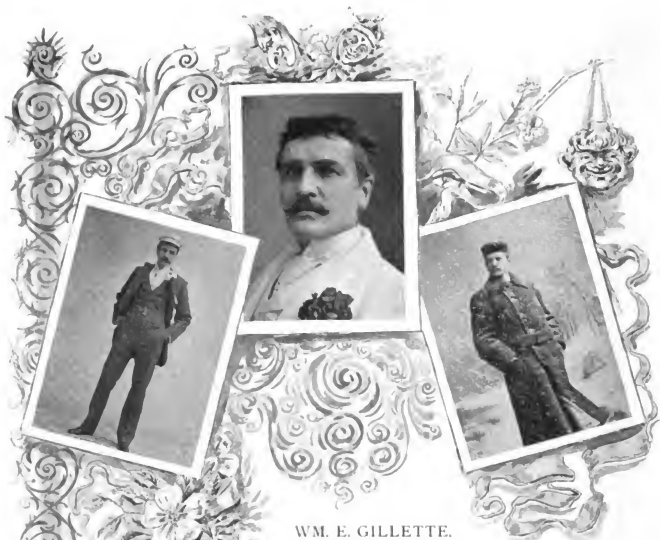




LILY LANGTRY.

TO describe Mrs. Langtry as a great actress or to say there is any possibility of her ever becoming so would be absurd. But to insist that she has no talent for the stage and has not acquired dramatic skill would be equally ridiculous. As an artist she has her limitations and no one knows that better than she does herself. She has none of that fascinating strangeness, that wildness of inspiration which are characteristics of those human beings who bear the sacred fire; but how few and far between those persons are! She is not always convincing, for she rarely merges herself into the rôle she is playing and never quite reaches the heart. But, on the other hand, how delightful it is to look upon her almost perfect face, to watch the graceful movements of her superb figure and to listen to her melodious voice. We may not care to see her Rosalind more than once; be glad that Lady Macbeth is no longer in her repertoire, and that she has ceased to play Juliet or Julia in "The Hunchback"; but she can be exceedingly good in such parts, for instance, as the heroine of "A Wife's Peril," and has undoubtedly made great strides in her profession since she first determined to make her living as an actress. Before that she had been not merely the passing figure of a season but had held her own amid the feverish competition of London life. Rival after rival had attempted to oust her from her throne but had been forced to retire into the obscurity from which they came. During this time, lionized, worshipped, mobbed at railway stations and even in Hyde Park, she had not only moved as an equal but reigned as a sovereign in that rather mixed set, the entrée to which is most highly coveted in England. Her face was as familiar to the country folks as that of the Queen; one of the Cairo donkeys was called "Lily Langtry," and we remember in 1881 finding a portrait of her nailed up in a snowshed on Marshall Pass, Colorado. All this was not her doing, but society's. The wife of a not wealthy Belfast man, the daughter of an impecunious Dean of St. Heliers, London society insisted in placing her on its throne. It was an ordeal that might have transfigured St. Agnes herself. But in Mrs. Langtry's case the victim underwent no visible change. Royal academicians had protested a head more perfect had never been possessed by woman. The poets of the period hailed her as the new Helen of Troy. Princes and peers prostrated themselves before her. Society's verdict was so strong that it silenced the voice of feminine malignity, except in the case of a few dowagers who objected to her intrusion in the Buckingham Palace ballroom into that part reserved for duchesses and marchionesses, and even they ended by joining in the general worship. And yet Mrs. Langtry, to whom society had suggested the calling of professional beauty, was not greatly moved by all these things. Unlike her forerunners, the Ginnings, she displayed no insolence, and to the end of her brilliant reign was as courteous to any clerk as she was to her apparent Nor should there be laid to her account, as there has been, certain *gaucheries* and lack of *savoir faire* of which an Irish rival was really guilty. But to be a queen of society is an expensive affair, and the news was published that Mrs. Langtry, having been a success in some private theatricals, would appear on the public stage. Her debut was made in London, in December, 1881, as Miss Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer," and the Bancrofts, seeing she could not fail to be a drawing card, engaged her for the part of Blanche Hayes in "Caste." In the fall of the following year Mrs. Langtry arrived in New York and was to have appeared at the Park Theatre. It was burned down a few hours before her debut was to have been made, and it was at Wallack's that she first appeared before an American public, on November 6, 1882, as Hester Grazebrook in "An Unequal Match." Her first season in this country netted her \$102,000, her second, that of 1883-84, something near \$75,000. Her third was not successful, for after having staged "Macbeth" at a great expense, she found American audiences did not appreciate her as Lady Macbeth. She has returned to us again still a marvellously beautiful woman, who in spite of her forty years has been able to defy wrinkles and to preserve her wonderful complexion.





WM. E. GILLETTE.

MR. WM. E. GILLETTE.

was born at Hartford, Conn., in 1853. His father was once United States Senator for Connecticut and one of his brothers was for a time Congressman from one of the Western States. He graduated at the Hartford High School and studied also at the University of the City of New York and at the Boston University. As a boy he had been famous among his playfellows for his proficiency in the languages of cats, dogs and poultry, and as he grew up he developed a taste for the stage. He gave public readings at a number of the villages and towns in his State and was especially successful in his imitations of the elder Sothorn. But his parents had a thoroughly New England prejudice against actor folk and frowned upon any idea of a stage career for their son. He cut the knot by running away from home. He met "Ben" Dellar, of St. Louis, who, finding that Mr. Gillette was willing to work for nothing a week and buy his own costumes, engaged him as leading utility man for his New Orleans stock company, but as soon as the question of salary was raised he received his conge. Mark Twain, who was a neighbor of the Gillettes in Hartford, obtained for him a position with John T. Raymond, and he appeared at the Globe Theatre, Boston, in "The Gilded Age." For two seasons he was with Macaulay's stock company in Cincinnati and Louisville and afterwards spent a season with a travelling company. He then set to work on a piece called "The Professor," taken from a character sketch. He spent a year and all the money he had—"and all the money another man had," he will tell you—trying to start it. Luck turned at last. The play got a hearing, with Mr. Gillette in the title rôle at the Madison Square Theatre, New York. It was a great success and ran at that theatre from the beginning of June until the end of the following October. For two seasons it was played in the principal cities in the Union. "The Professor" was succeeded at the Madison Square Theatre by "Esmeralda," in the writing of which Mr. Gillette assisted Mrs. Hodgson Burnett. At the close of "The Professor's" successful run he played for a season in "Young Mrs. Winthrop." In September, 1884, he produced at the Comedy Theatre, New York, his adaptation of Von Mosler's "Der Bibliothekar" under the title of "Digby's Secretary," in which he played the part of the secretary, the Rev. Job McCosh. On the same night Mr. A. M. Palmer produced "The Private Secretary," Hawtreys' adaptation of the same German play. Both proved successful and a lawsuit was pending between the owners of the two plays. A compromise, however, was agreed upon. The best parts of each adaptation were combined and Mr. Gillette played the Private Secretary with great success for about two years. Meanwhile he was at work on "Held by the Enemy," which was first produced at the Criterion Theatre, Brooklyn, in 1886. Mr. Gillette occasionally played the part of Thomas Bean, the special artist for an illustrated paper, in the principal cities of this country. In the following year his adaptation of Rider Haggard's "Sle" was produced in New York. In 1890 came his "All the Comforts of Home," from the German, and in 1891 another of his works, "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," adapted from Alexandre Dumas's "Fen Toupinel." But the author had in the meanwhile been compelled to retire temporarily from the stage on account of sickness. He has reappeared to delight crowded houses in "Too Much Johnson," in which his performance of a modern Axtanias is a delightfully racy piece of work. The idea of one act of the play is borrowed. "Too Much Johnson" is beyond this entirely original.



(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



OLGA NETHERSOLE.

SOME stock company has suffered a great loss in not having Miss Olga Nethersole as a member, but the public—or, at any rate, the American public—has gained nothing by seeing her as a star. If she has the divine afflatus that the English critics declare she has, she failed to prove it either in "The Transgressor" or in "Camille." She has undoubtedly certain charms such as youth, good looks and grace of figure as well as of manner. She possesses a musical voice and a sympathetic personality, but she is of the stage stagey. Her art is not yet so rounded that she can hide its tricks; when she would be intense she is simply exaggerated, and her emotions rarely appear spontaneous. Perhaps, behind all this there is true genius, for we must remember that the genius of Sarah Bernhardt was not recognized for years and that of Sarah Siddons lay hidden under a bushel for a long time before Lord Allesbury discovered it. And even then she was a failure in London. But Miss Nethersole's genius has not yet shown itself in this country. Miss Nethersole has only been on the stage seven years and had not been on it five when she took to starring in Australia. Sarah Siddons had been an actress fourteen years before London would accept her. Not for a moment do I wish to imply that Miss Nethersole is not fifty per cent. better than the majority of our emotional stars; but I cannot agree with the English critics who hail her as the successor of Adelaide Neilson. That she may become so I do not deny, for Neilson only became a great actress a few years before she died. There would be more hope for her were she not surrounded by so many busy flatterers in London town, who will doubtless tell her we Americans cannot recognize true genius when we see it.

Miss Nethersole, who is the youngest daughter of a London solicitor, was born in the royal borough of Kensington some twenty-five years ago. Most of her childhood was spent in Germany. When she was eighteen she made her first appearance on the stage at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, playing the part of Leticia Vance, the ingenue rôle in "Harvest." Then she joined the company of Arthur Dacre and his wife (Amy Roselle) and played in the English provinces and afterwards with the companies of Lionel Brough and Willie Edouin. Her first London hit was made in melodrama at the Adelphi Theatre. She next accepted an engagement to play the second woman's part in Pinner's "Profligate," at the Garrick Theatre, and afterwards was engaged as understudy to Mrs. Bernard Beere in "La Tosca." This was immediately followed by her going to Australia with her own company. When she returned to London she took the part of Countess Zicka in the revival of "Diplomacy."

Miss Nethersole became a character in London society and was asked everywhere. As society is not as a rule very discriminating in its praise, this may have turned the head of the charming young actress. At any rate she hired the Garrick Theatre and produced there A. W. Gattie's piece called "The Transgressor." It made a tremendous hit in London, though why it is

difficult to understand. Labouchère told Miss Nethersole that all the great heroines of dramatic fiction were at her command. She came to this country and opened in "The Transgressor" at Palmer's Theatre, New York, last October. She proved a disappointment. When she next appeared, and for the first time in the part, as Marguerite Gautier—or as we absurdly insist upon calling her, Camille—in an antiquated and horrible translation of "La Dame aux Camélias," some did recognize in her a great actress; but she was still very stagey. It should be stated that the version used was not the one Miss Nethersole had studied, and that she had to relearn the part of Marguerite because, forsooth, Americans have stood a poor translation for nearly forty years.



(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



FREDERIC DE BELLEVILLE.

MR. FREDERIC DE BELLEVILLE has no equal on the American stage of to-day as a "leading man."

It may be that he will not startle his audiences with a highly original conception, but he is always sure to give it a performance far above the mediocre. This is not "darning with small praise," for although Mr. de Belleville cannot be considered one of the great modern actors, there are many leading parts he has filled far more satisfactorily than could the greatest; and he has never made a failure. Mr. William Winter has described him as "an actor who has manliness, grace, passion, nobility and presence, a rich voice and finished style, and in whose acting the illusion is always perfectly preserved."

In short he is an excellent all-round actor. The son of a colonel in the Belgian army, Mr. de Belleville was born at Liege. He served as a soldier for a short

time, but getting sick of discipline, crossed to London and took up the stage as a profession. He made his first appearance in "Fair Rosamond" and then got an engagement in a stock company in the university city of Cambridge, where he gained plenty of experience, having to play in a different piece each night. After performing in pantomime—that is, what is called in England pantomime—he was engaged by John Hollingshead to play at the Gaiety, his first appearance there being made in "Much Ado About Nothing." He scored his first hit in the part of Prince Koriakoff in "My Awful Dad," which he played with the late Charles Mathews. After three years' service at the Gaiety and performances at some other London theatres, he went to Australia and was a great success in Sarlon's "Our Friends" ("Nos Intimes"). A year later he was in San Francisco, where he was engaged by Mr. "Tom" Maguire. While performing there Mr. de Belleville was seen acting by Mr. A. M. Palmer, who made him an offer to join the Union Square (New York) company. That company was then at the height of its prosperity, and as a member of it Mr. de Belleville first came into notice in New York. In "Daniel Rochat," "The Dannebells," "The Two Orphans" and "The Lights o' London" he had remarkable success, and while playing in these pieces appeared at the same theatre as leading support of Clara Morris at a series of matinees given at the same theatre. At the close of a three-year engagement with Mr. Palmer, Mr. de Belleville appeared as a star first in "The Corsican Brothers" and later in "Monte Cristo," "The Silver King" and Bartley Campbell's "Paquita," in which last play he was particularly successful. He

then returned to San Francisco as leading man at the California Theatre. For a season he supported Miss Rose Coghlan and afterward created the part of the Duc de Beaumont in Steele Mackaye's "Paul Kaurer," when it was produced at Buifalo. This was followed by his appearance in "Hoodman Blind," and then for two seasons he supported Clara Morris. He then appeared in "Men and Women," as Henry Beauchere in "Diplomacy" and Martial Hugon in "Thermidor." He joined the Coghlands and played Count Orloff as well as Henry Beauchere in "Diplomacy," and when W. H. Crane revived "The Senator," took the part of Count Von Strahl. At this writing he is playing in "To Nemesis" at the Star Theatre, New York.





(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



ANNIE RUSSELL.

WHEN "The New Woman" was produced for the first time in New York it

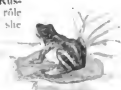
was not so much the fame of the play's great success in London, nor the knowledge that Sydney Grundy had put into it some of his best work, that attracted most of the audience. They had come to welcome back to the stage Miss Annie Russell, the poetical beauty of whose Elaine could never be effaced from the memories of those who had seen it. To reproduce before the garish footlights, where the touch must be broad and bold to give effect, a character so refined—the most delicately pure ever

created by poet's fancy—as that of the Lily Maid of Astolat, seemed an impossibility until Miss Annie Russell appeared as the heroine of Tennyson's "Idyll" at the Madison Square Theatre, New York. It was the crowning effort of her artistic career, but before she could gather all the laurels thrown at her feet the new Elaine succumbed to a sickness whose shadow had been hovering over her since childhood. For nearly four years she was a helpless invalid; time and again she was face to face with death and rarely free from pain. Through it all the gentle sweetness of her character showed itself more strongly than ever. A winter and spring passed in Italy almost completed the cure the New York doctors had commenced. She returned to the stage. The reception Miss Russell received when she appeared as Margery in "The New Woman" showed how delighted the public was to see this most charming and simple of ingénues again and to hear once more her melodious voice.

Miss Annie Russell was born in Liverpool, England. Her father was a Dublin University man of considerable talent and her mother an Englishwoman. When she was eleven years old she made her first theatrical appearance at Montreal as one of the children in "Miss Milton," Miss Rose Fytinge acting the leading character, and continued to play children's parts in the regular stock company. The following season found her in New

York, where she joined Haverly's Juvenile "Pinafore" Company, first singing in the chorus and later the part of Josephine. Then came the measurable Evan of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and a few other characters of minor importance. The young lady had now reached that awkward age which the fairest upon earth must needs pass through before they blossom forth into beautiful womanhood. So she was sent off to the West Indies with G. A.

McDowell's stock company, principally to look after her small brother, Tommy Russell, the original Little Lord Fauntleroy, who was to play the children's parts, and incidentally to fill any rôle that she might be suited to. The manager appears to have found a good many for her to fill, and as she will laughingly tell you, she became a sort of maid of all work to the company. She was thrust into such parts as Moya in "The Shaughraun," Lord Barnley in "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" and Old Mrs. Gumbridge in "Little Emily"; she played the British "slavery" and the mischievous boy. In short, she gave the West Indians a taste of her quality in pretty well every class of character except that of old men and villains. Miss Russell's first generally recognized success was made when she returned to New York and created the title rôle of Esmeralda at the Madison Square (now Hoyt's) Theatre. For nearly three hundred and fifty nights she charmed the New York theatre-goer with this performance, and for a season fascinated audiences on the road in the same part. After playing for a short time in John Stetson's troupe she rejoined the Madison Square company. It was her Elaine that placed her in the first rank of actresses, and it was at the age of twenty-one that she was compelled to retire from a position she had securely established for herself in the world of art.





(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



WILLIAM E. HOEY.

THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN recently said of William E. Hoey: "I presume that it will strike some many—persons as an absurdity to speak of William E. Hoey—'Bill' Hoey is the way he is usually spoken of—as an artist. He is an artist, though. His style of performance may be coarse and rough; but his manner of doing it is refined and his methods are genuinely artistic in their way. The plays in which

he disports—'Flams,' 'The Parlor Match' and so on—are not such as the world of letters unwillingly lets die; but for all that there is a distinctive delicacy in Hoey's extravagances, a nice sense of proportion, coloring, high light and shadow that give his effects the character of intelligently-conceived impersonations. And therefore I make bold to term Mr. Hoey an artist." Now, this artist, who as a renderer of topical songs—and we use the word "renderer" advisedly, for no one can accuse Mr. Hoey of being a singer—has no rival on the American stage, made his debut at a variety show as a performer on the cow horn and cow bells. This was in the spring of 1874 and the debut was made at Tony Pastor's Theatre, New York. The idea was novel and it made such a hit that the size of the letters which formed his name on the bill, as well as his salary, was increased. The following year found him a member of Carrington's circus, which gave him an opportunity of doing many things, including the "side show spiel" and a musical act in "the concert." But the circus came to grief and Hoey went to Savannah, Ga., in search of an engagement. He found one, but at the end of three weeks discovered that no salary was attached to the position; at any rate, if there ever had been one it had disappeared. A longing to return to New York, where he was born in 1855, came over him. But he hadn't a cent to bless himself with. All he owned was the clothes he had on, excellent health and an inexhaustible fund of good humor. Thus equipped, he started to walk home. Before he reached New York he learned to appreciate the comic side of a tramp's existence and he conceived the character of "Old Hoss," determining that if fortune ever smiled upon him he would place that remarkable being on the stage. He paid his way by jokes along the road, gained a number of friends on the route through his infinite good humor, and when he arrived at last at his native city could boast he had not received a pennyworth of charity. In 1876 he entered into partnership with Fred Bryant, and the firm, under the name of Bryant and Hoey, did a musical act which brought dollars as well as applause. Then for five years they were members of Tony Pastor's company. In 1882 was formed the firm of Niles, Evans, Bryant and Hoey, known as the Black Comedy team, which met with great success all over the country in a short piece called "The Meteors." In 1884 Evans and Hoey joined forces and made the great hit of their lives in "A Parlor Match," by Charles Hoyt. Mr. Hoyt was a Boston newspaper paragrapher when Mr. Hoey suggested to him that he should weave the specialties of himself and his partner into a one-act farce. Hoey's experiences as a tramp came in good stead and "Old Hoss" was the result. "The Hoss Agent, or a Parlor Match," was the first of these farce-comedies which have driven the dramatic critics almost crazy, but which have made the fortunes of many men in the theatrical profession. "The Parlor Match" ran until last May, when owing to the failing health of Mr. Evans the partnership of Evans and Hoey was dissolved. "Bill" Hoey then produced "The Flams."



(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN.

M^{LE}. ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN—these are no stage names, for the one she received by inheritance and the other at the baptismal font—has one gift that has been denied to most American song-birds—a dramatic instinct. She is not only a singer of the first rank, with a voice full of feeling, but she is an admirable actress. This she doubtless owes to her Latin origin, for through born and bred in New York, both her parents are French, and Mlle. de Lussan is herself French to the tips of her fingers.

Her beauty is of that rich type which we imagine must have come from a Béarnaise source, there is just the faintest suspicion of a French accent in the roll of her R's; and like many of the daughters of Gaul, she preserves that *chic* which can neither be translated into nor defined in English. To her mother, Madame Eugénie de Lussan, who was a well-known singer in earlier days, she owes her lyric talent and education, for she has had no other teacher in singing. The other arts she learned at Madame Myers' well-known school in New York. Her first public appearance was made when she was nine years old and sang at a charity concert given at the church of the Rev. George Hepworth, whose Sunday sermons published in the New York Herald are leading so many misguided Americans back into the paths of grace. After having gained considerable praise for her singing at the Wagner Festivals in this country, Mlle. de Lussan joined the Boston Ideal Opera Company. Her first appearance with this company was made as Arline in "The Bohemian Girl," and so great was her success that she was engaged for the next three years by the English Opera Company. With it she travelled through the United States and took the leading soprano parts in "The Daughter of the Regiment," "Carmen," "The Elvix of Love," "Faust," "Giraldia," and "The Queen's Musketeers." She was playing Carmen in Philadelphia when Colonel Mapleson, the English impresario, heard her and advised her to go to England, where he felt sure she would meet with success. Mlle. de Lussan went to London in 1888, more with the idea of enjoying a much-needed rest than of obtaining an engagement. While there, however, she sang the part of Carmen at Covent Garden, and with such success that she was at once engaged for the coming season. She came back to this country and returned to London in 1889 to make her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre under Colonel Mapleson's management as Marguerite. Mlle. de Lussan was "a very palpable hit," and more than confirmed the good impression she had made when she appeared as Carmen, since which time her voice had gained in richness. The beauty of her voice, the charm of her acting and the true Italian style of her singing, almost

forgotten by modern vocalists, together with her youth and good looks, at once made her a favorite with the British public. For five years she has retained a very tender spot in the heart of the people of Great Britain and Ireland. During this season she repeated her success in "Carmen" and also sang the part of Zerlina in "Don Giovanni." She then joined the Carl Rosa opera troupe, which has done so much towards musical education in the British Isles. When the Italian opera season opened in London in the following summer, Mlle. de Lussan again appeared as Carmen at the Covent Garden Theatre, under the management of Sir Augustus Harris. It was a memorable cast that night, for Jean de Reszke took the part of Don José, Mlle. Melba that of Michaela—both for the first time—and Lassalle was the Toreador. Over five hundred times has Mlle. de Lussan played Carmen in English, French and Italian.





(From a photograph by Gehrig, Chicago, Ill.)



EDOUARD DE RÉSZKE.

EDOUARD DE RÉSZKE is as distinguished an artist as his elder brother Jean, a sketch of whom appeared in the preceding number of the GALLERY OF PLAYERS. Edouard was born on December 23, 1855, at Warsaw. His father was a Councillor of State and a man of some prominence in Poland. Warsaw is a sort of half-way house between the rest of Europe and St. Petersburg, and the great musicians would usually halt there on their way to the Russian capital. As Madame de Részke was a remarkable musician herself, they were naturally attracted while at Warsaw to the State Councillor's salons, so that the young De Részkes were brought up in a musical atmosphere. Edouard was intended for a farming life and he underwent a course of scientific studies at the Collège d'Agriculture of Priskao, in Silesia. But Jean, who had just entered on his extraordinarily successful career on the stage, persuaded Edouard to desert bucolicism and to try the more remunerative profession of singing. Nature had endowed him with a tremendous bass voice and a huge frame, though not quite as big as that of his celebrated predecessor, Lablache, of whom Henry Chorley said, "One could have clad a child in one of his gloves." Until his brother spoke to him on the subject Edouard had never thought of becoming a second Lablache. However, having once made up his mind to be a singer, he worked hard and with the best masters. Jean was one of them. Ceaffei, Stetler and Coletti were the others. When Jean first took his brother in hand, Edouard was twenty years old. He had a voice that resembled nothing so much as that we are led to understand was possessed by the bull of Bashan. It took some time before he was able to get it under control, but by degrees it developed into a rich, profound bass of a range and quality seldom heard. His art, like that of Jean, was founded on the traditions of the old Italian school—the school which had produced the Gugins, the Marios, the Pastas, the Grisis and the Lablaches of the past; and now that great voice of Edouard de Részke can be tender, soft and low at one moment and at the next rise into mighty tones of splendid timbre. It was in April, 1876, that Edouard de Részke made his debut at the Salle Ventadour (the celebrated old Italian's where Orsini attempted the life of Napoleon III.), in Paris. On that occasion he sang the part of the King in "Aida," and will even to-day relate with pride that his first appearance in public was made *sous la bague de l'étoile*—under the leadership of the great old composer himself. His debut was a success and gave promise of a great future. In Paris he continued to sing for two seasons, and that city is now the *piéd-à-terre* of the De Részke brothers and of the family of Edouard, who married a Mademoiselle Schultz, a well-known singer in the French capital. In 1880 he went to Italy and at Turin created *Il Rè* in Catalini's "Elda" and Charles V. in Marchetti's "Don John of Austria." At Milan he appeared in the production of Ponchelli's "Prodigal Son." But it is needless to recapitulate all the parts Edouard de Részke has created or appeared in, especially as we are not likely to see him in the majority of them. Suffice it to say that when he arrived in this country in 1891 he had a repertoire of sixty-five parts and has since added considerably to it. During the seasons of 1880–84 he sang with the Royal Italian Opera in London. He first took his place as a foremost lyric artist by his performances of St. Brin, the Count in "Sonnambula," Basilio, and later on as Mephistopheles, which part he played to Jean's Faust and Adeline Patti's Marguerite, in Paris, on the occasion of the five hundredth performance of "Faust," November 4, 1887. Less than a month before he had appeared as Leporello in the centenary performance of "Don Giovanni." Edouard and Jean de Részke appeared together for Sir Augustus Harris at Covent Garden, London, in 1888. It was known as the De Részke year and made the fortune of Sir Augustus. They came here in 1891. Edouard made his first appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House on December 14 of that year and played the part of Friar Laurence in "Romeo et Juliette." At first perhaps the American public did not appreciate how great an artist he was, but when he appeared as Mephistopheles in "Faust," a favorite part of his, it was realized that in that particular rôle he had no equal. To-day it is acknowledged by all that he is the head bass singer and actor on the lyric stage. The modern opera does not give the same opportunities to a bass voice as those which delighted our fathers and mothers, and Edouard de Részke has lately tried his hand, and with great success, at playing baritone parts. He has appeared, for instance, during the present operatic season as Escamillo in "Carmen." If he is somewhat bulky for the part, he plays the rôle of the braggart, bullying torreador to the life and sings the music to perfection. Last summer he created in London the King's part in Hensberg's "Eldre," the book of which is taken from Tennyson's "Idylls of the Kings"; and he and his brother Jean will appear in the opera in this country. In appearance Edouard de Részke bears a striking resemblance to the late Czar of Russia as he was ten years ago.



No. 5

GALLERY OF PLAYERS

FROM
THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN

(With 22 full-page pictures and over 100 portraits in character)

EDITED BY
MARWELL HALL

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The publisher begs to acknowledge his appreciation of the excellent work of the following photographers, whose cameras have contributed to the success of this volume:

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

SINCE the publication of the fourth volume of THE GALLERY OF PLAYERS, there has been "a chiel amang you takin' notes." M. Frédéric Febvre, vice-dean of the Comédie Française, has visited many of our theaters and given his impressions of the work of our actors and actresses. The criticisms of this child of Molière recall a story told by the late Professor Jowett. He was entertaining a Frenchman who insisted that modern civilization owed everything to France. The professor did not contradict his guest, but asked him to quote the inscription over the gate of Dante's "Inferno." "*Lasciate ogne speranza, voi che entrate*" (All hope abandon, ye who enter here), was the reply. "You must be mistaken," said Jowett. "Was it not *Ici on parle Français*?" M. Febvre, like Professor Jowett's guest, cannot see further than France. For the matter of that, some of the dramatic critics on the American press cannot see beyond the Paris stage, and are continually telling us how much better plays are staged and acted in that city than in this country. But do they order these things so much better in France? If we except that temple of magnificent mediocrity, the Théâtre Français, in the French theaters, they do not. This statement, however, does not imply that all M. Febvre's criticisms are unjust. There is plenty of room for improvement on our stage. The question is, How is it to be reached? Now that the old-fashioned stock companies are things of the past, we have practically no training schools for our players. It would be impossible in this country to found a National Conservatory supported by the Federal Government, owing to the jealousies of rival cities; in a Municipal Conservatory we should sooner or later find ward politicians acting as professors of tragedy and "heelers" teaching pantomime. The time may come when some public-spirited citizen will endow a Dramatic School, but that time is not yet. Meanwhile the young talent presented in the pages of THE GALLERY OF PLAYERS must depend upon its own unassisted resources for development.

LORILLARD SPENCER.



MARY ANDERSON.

MARY ANDERSON was in the morning of her career when she retired

into private life. A self-trained girl, her birth and breeding wholly uninfluenced by any stage association, she burst out as a star on the theatrical horizon when she was but sixteen years of age. Her youth, her grace *plus belle que la beauté*, her intelligence and sensibility helped her in her upward flight, so did her beauty of feature and beauty of

refined expression. She had, too, a remarkably clever manager in her stepfather.

But these only helped, and could not have atoned for the lack of the divine spark with which alone an artist can make a mark upon his generation. Mary Anderson did carry the sacred fire.

True, it was hidden away during the first years of her stage career, but before that career closed Miss Anderson had refuted the charge of her critics that she was incapable of portraying passion. "Owen Meredith" once wrote of her later Juliet—"All these delicate touches of rapidly changing emotion are rendered with an intensity of refined and true expression, so passionate, so tender and so affecting, that I am utterly at a loss to understand how any of Miss Anderson's critics can justify the assertion that she falls off in the stronger scenes where the earnestness of the woman is thoroughly aroused." And the author of "Lucille" is generally supposed to have had sufficient knowledge of women to know when and how her earnestness is thoroughly aroused. But Miss Anderson deserted the tragic nurse just at the time she was proving that from the gods she had received the gift of genius.

The very critics who had absurdly overestimated her powers when she was a raw amateur, had betaken upon themselves to belittle her ability when she had become a finished actress, and, disgusted with the stage and its surroundings, she left her native land to make her home in England, where, as Mrs. Antonio Navarro, she spends a quiet life amid artistic surroundings.

It was on July 28, 1859, that Mary Anderson was born at Sacramento on the Pacific Slope. Her mother was a Philadelphian of German descent, while her father, the grandson of an Englishman, came from New York. The father fell at Mobile while fighting for the Confederate cause, when Mary was three years old. Four years later her mother married a Louisville doctor, Hamilton Griffin, and it was in Louisville that the future actress spent her childhood, and was educated first at the Ursuline Convent and then at a school kept by nuns. The lack of space will only permit of a brief sketch of her early stage career. Charlotte Cushman recommended her to take lessons in the dramatic art from the younger Vandenhoff, and from him she received her lessons—strictly speaking, the only professional training she received for the stage. She made her debut on November 27, 1875, at Macauley's Theater, Louisville, for the benefit of one Miles Levick, an English actor, who had the misfortune to find himself in pecuniary difficulties. The play selected for the debut was "Romeo and Juliet," and Miss Anderson was announced in the play-bills thus: "Juliet, by a Louisville young lady, her first appearance on any stage." The theater was packed, and the *Louisville Courier* the next morning announced her to be a great actress. The performance was, as a matter of fact, a remarkable display of natural talent in spite of its violence and distortion. A regular engagement at the same theater followed, and she appeared there as Evadne, Bianca, Julia and Juliet. St. Louis and New Orleans received her with open arms, and Washington went into raptures over her, but luckily for the young actress she went to San Francisco, and there received her first rebuff before she had been spoiled by flattery. She took the lesson well to heart and set herself to earnest work with a strolling



company. On November 12, 1877, she made her New York debut at the Fifth Avenue Theater as Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons."

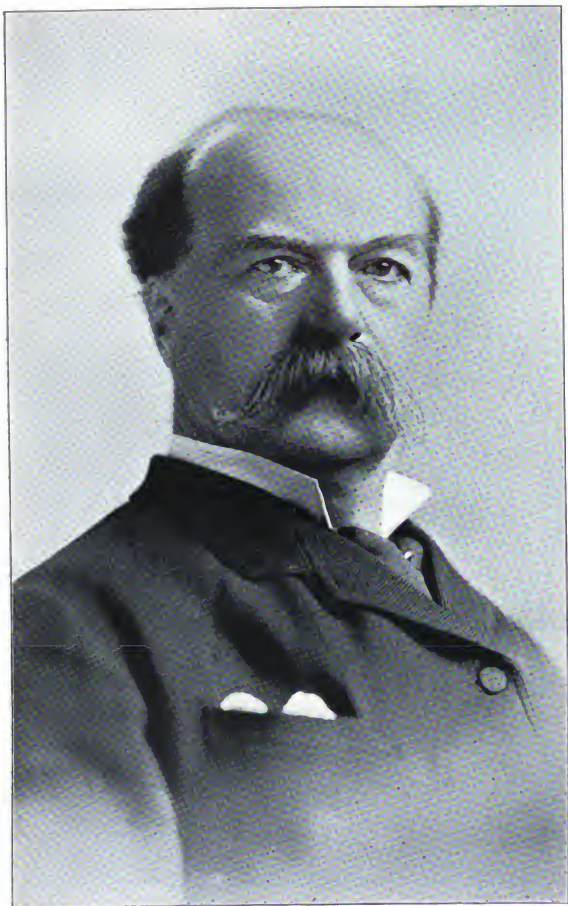


(From a photograph by W. and D. Downey, London, England.)



TOMMASO
SALVINI.

THE younger generation of play-goers can scarcely appreciate the impression created in this country by Tommaso Salvini, the "Prince of the Stage," when he paid us his second visit about fourteen years ago. He had made a previous tour through the United States as far back as 1873. It was a season of almost unexampled commercial depression, but Salvini felt himself sufficiently appreciated to wish to revisit us under kinder auspices. He returned, and despite the disadvantage of a very poor support from an English-speaking company, he made a *furor*. He was hailed with enthusiasm by all classes, professional and non-professional, not only throughout this continent but in every part of Europe. He spoke in a language incomprehensible to most of his audiences in the United States and England, and the works of Shakespeare were known to him only through translations. Yet by the sheer force of his inspiration, by the beautiful sound of and the perfect art of modulating his voice, he succeeded in unrolling before those supposed most thoroughly to have studied the works he created, pictures, the brilliancy, the vivacity, the life-like truth of which surpassed all that had been seen before, and created an enthusiasm second to none—not even the triumphs of Edmund Kean, of Forrest, Booth or Macready. Salvini had begun with studying and representing the great parts of the poets who illustrated his own country. Then he demanded new worlds to conquer, and turned to the creations of Shakespeare. As Othello, as Hamlet, as Macbeth, and in later years as King Lear, he was hailed with delight by the English-speaking public, and as an old man held the same sway over his audiences as he had done in his younger days. From the highest to the lowest he received adulation. Victor Emanuel of Italy once came upon the stage, and taking Salvini's hand said: "I bow to a King." Paris, which recognizes no glory unless it has received the supreme, the only consecration, *baptême de Paris*, allowed him to be incomparable, and the poor of Montevideo subscribed to replace a lost ring which a King had presented to the actor. He was one of those fortunate individuals who could do well everything that he turned his hand to. He had enormous muscular strength, was a splendid swordsman, rider and swimmer, could dance perfectly and was an expert with his needle. As an actor he was, like Adelina Patti, "The Pupil of God." He had, of course, a certain amount of routine to encounter, but he was spared the usual long and patient ordeal which most artists have to pass through. He broke down the wall of habit and convention and with his very first essay succeeded in making his name famous. Not of course that he was yet a finished artist, for on the stage, as in all other arts, there can be no exception to the rule that the wise artist is the product of labor and experience. But his genius was so marked that when he was but fourteen years of age he was engaged to play the part of Saul which afterward became one of his great triumphs. The lack of space will not allow a detailed story of Salvini's life nor any criticism upon his principal parts. He was born at Naples on January 1, 1829, and was the son of a professor of literature. His mother, who died when he was two years old, was an actress of great beauty. It was in 1847 when playing Orestes to the Electra of Ristori that he won his title of tragic actor; and he was only nineteen. When he came to this country it was as Othello that he met with his greatest success. It was a part in which for a long time his countrymen, slaves to the Aristotelian limits of classic tragedy, refused to accept him.



(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)

MME. RÉJANE.

BY the majority of persons in this country the name of Mme.

Réjane had never been heard before the newspapers related the

remarkable success she had met with in the title rôle of Sardou and Moreau's play, "Madame Sans-Gêne." But Paris had for many years back recognized in her one of its greatest artists, so that whenever Réjane created a new character it was on the boulevards the topic of the moment. Her performance of the *ci-devant* washerwoman who became a duchess in the court of Napoleon I.—which tried so hard, and yet in vain, not to be vulgar—is not more perfect than many that have preceded it, but it is the one with which her name will be most closely connected by the world at large. Many a time has she played the heroine of low life; again and again has she reproduced the *grande dame* of the noble Faubourg.

In "Madame Sans-Gêne," Réjane has an opportunity, as one of her critics has remarked, "to bring all her rôles into one focus, exhibit her whole wardrobe and yet remain one and the same person, compress into one evening the whole of her life." A most wonderful bit of portraiture is her Madame la Maréchale Lefebvre, Duchesse de Dantzig—who, by the way, was never known as Madame Sans-Gêne until Sardou borrowed for her the *nom de guerre* of Thérèse Figueur, the woman dragon of the French revolution. The incidents of the play may not be history, but Madame Réjane's performance, one feels instinctively, does present a true portrait of the woman whose body now lies in Père la Chaise, "by the side of her illustrious husband," to quote from the inscription on her tomb; the woman whose peculiarities of language were suitable enough to the court of Josephine, but which Napoleon would not tolerate once he had married the daughter of an Emperor of Austria. But, as we have already stated, Madame Réjane had become famous long before she added this character to her repertoire. At the Conservatoire, in Paris, she had divided a second prize with Samary, of the perfect laugh, but Françoise Sarcey, the all-powerful, thought at the time that she had deserved a first, and predicted for her a great future in her profession. That was enough to gain for her an immediate engagement at the Vaudeville, whose director, M. Poul, she afterward married, and where to-day she reigns supreme. She was saved from the Comédie Française, from the depressing care a first prize might have forced her to accept under the wings of the estimable director of the House of Molière. She made her début in "La Revue des Deux Mondes," and met with her first great success as Gabrielle in "Pierre." Then, after nearly seven years on the boards of the Vaudeville, during which period she was improving with each dramatic creation, she appeared at the Théâtre des Panoramas. Thence to the Ambigu, where her interpretation of Madame Cezambre in Richpin's "La Glin" made a sensation; from there to the Variétés; then flitting for a time between her first love and her latest, she threw both over to accept an engagement at the Odéon. There she rather disappointed her admirers by her performance in the first production of Alfred de Musset's "Fantasie." But it was not her fault. The part was a bad one, the truth being that the play was written for the library and not for the stage. But she had won high praise from the critics for her performance of the title part in Jules de Goncourt's adaptation of "Germinie Lacerteux," written in collaboration with his brother. A furious battle was waged against the author on the first night, but Réjane came out of it triumphant. The Vaudeville has lately recaptured the fascinating actress, whose very name it was Réju before she went on the stage; suggests the jolly-looking woman (*réjante*) that she is, and there she is queen.

During her visit to these shores, she has played, or will play, besides "Madame Sans-Gêne," Daudet's "Sapho," Nora in Ibsen's "Doll's House," in "Divorçons," and in "Ma Cousine." Madame Réjane has not that reverence for the Comédie Française that it enjoys in this country. She considers it no longer has any influence on the French stage—in short, that its day is past.



(From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.)



FREDERICK PAULDING.

WHEN Mr. Frederick Paulding became a play-actor it was a very rare thing indeed for persons who belonged to what is vulgarly known as "society" to adopt the stage as a profession. His father, whose name was Dodge, was a West Pointer. His mother was a daughter of Admiral Paulding. To be the son of a Dodge and a Paulding may not have any significance in the wild and woolly West, but in Eastern New York—and more so in the seventies than to-day, when the sacred barriers that guarded the blue blood of the Empire State have been trampled down by *nouveau riches*—it carried with it certain obligations of rank. To play Hertzog in "The Fool's Revenge" was not one of those obligations. It was in this part that Mr. Paulding made his first professional bow before a New York audience in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine, and "his world" received it with wild enthusiasm. The young aspirant to dramatic laurels had, however, found that a prejudice against amateurs existed among theatrical managers which even the published statement that he was a relative of Henry Irving could not overcome. He had, therefore, to lease the Fourteenth Street Theater, then known as the Lyceum, to gain a hearing. He was a mere lad at the time, scarcely out of his teens. At his age only a heaven-born genius could give fitting expression to the profound emotions and violent passions of a Hertzog. He did not succeed in reaching at one bound the position that it had taken his relative John Henry Brodribb nearly twenty years to attain, but he showed himself to possess a great deal of talent, which only required application and training to place him high in his profession. His youthful ardor led him a week later to present himself before the public in the character of Hamlet, and he succeeded in giving a very respectable performance. As Claude Melnotte he gave promise of better things.

Before his first season was over Mr. Paulding had played Macbeth, Shylock and Romeo. When he returned to New York in the following year at the Union Square Theater in "The Lover's Life," he had vastly improved as an actor, and was making headway in his profession, but his health gave way, and for a time he retired from the stage. On his recovery he became a member of Fanny Davenport's company, and in 1884 joined Frank Mayo, creating in that year the rôles of Prince Leo in "Nord-deck" and Tom Cooper in "Shadows of a Great City." For the following six seasons he was Miss Margaret Mather's leading man, and played Romeo to her Juliet seven hundred and fifty times. During this period he also appeared as Rudolph in "Leah, the Forsaken," as Del Monte in "The Sea of Ice," as Comperich in "The Lily of Valdo," and created the rôle of Philip Herne. He then became the leading man of the Jefferson-Florence combination. Mr. Paulding fell heir to a melodrama, "The Struggle for Life," and produced it at the Standard Theater, New York, in 1891. It was written by his uncle, William Irving Paulding, who had left him a handsome sum to insure its production. Frederick Paulding played the leading part, and staged the piece magnificently. He sold it and then returned to legitimate drama in the company of Thomas L. Keene.







MRS. KENDAL.



PLAYERS earn greater respect when they are reticent about their private proceedings, and draw a marked distinction between their lives as individuals and as public persons. We should not find the press poking fun at so great an artist as Mrs. Kendal had she not been very obtuse in this respect, were she not so weak as to make remarks on a subject concerning which theatrical audiences have no right or business to inquire. It does not appear to strike her that if her audiences were worrying themselves as to whether William Hunter Grimston and Margaret Brunton Robertson had been lawfully joined together in holy matrimony and were keeping the vows they made at the altar of a Manchester church, the dramatic situation of such a reunion, for instance, as that of Lord and Lady Clancarty, would be greatly weakened. "Some persons," Mrs. Kendal has told the public, "say they like to see us at together—that the very fact of knowing that we are man and wife gives them a certain satisfaction in witnessing our performance, which they would not otherwise feel." Some persons are idiots. Others are not. The same amateur of the drama pays for his seat not to see Mrs. Grimston, the embodiment of all domestic virtues, but to enjoy the art of Mrs. Kendal, one of the most finished actresses of her time. How she reached that position we will relate: Margaret Robertson, or "Madge" Robertson, as she was called before she married, was born in Lincolnshire, England, on March 15, 1849. Her father, a Scotchman, was a well-known provincial actor and manager in his day, and her mother was an actress who bore her husband twelve children. The eldest of these was "Tom" Robertson, the author of "Caste," "Ours," "School," etc. Little Madge made her debut in "The Stranger" when she was only four years old, at the Marylebone Theatre, London, which her father was then managing in partnership with J. W., known in this country as "The Elder" Wallack. At this time, in London, H. Vandenhoff was playing Macduff to Wallack's Macbeth; E. L. Davenport, the father of Fanny Davenport, was appearing in "Hamlet" and "Othello," with his wife, Fanny Vining, and T. P. Cooke was fascinating the town with his original creation of William in "Black-eyed Susan." In 1855, we find Madge appearing as Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Bristol Theatre. It was at this theatre and at the one at Bath, that Miss Robertson gained most of her early stage experience. There was no

oetter training school in England in those days. One of the company was Ellen Terry, and the two often danced or sung together in burletta and burlesque. In 1863, Madge played one of the Gentlemen in "Much Ado About Nothing," to the Beatrice of Kate Terry (Mrs. Lewis) and the Hero of Ellen. When she was sixteen, she had become an experienced actress and made her London debut at the old Haymarket Theatre as Ophelia to the Hamlet of a Mr. Montgomery. The actor was too provincial for London tastes, and Miss Robertson does not appear to have attracted much attention at that time. In 1867, she joined the regular Haymarket company under Buckstone's management, where she played with Sothorn. She left the company for a short space, but rejoined it in 1869. In August of that year she was married to William Hunter Grimston, known on the stage as W. H. Kendal. Two months later Madge Robertson—for her maiden name still appeared on the play bills—created the character of Lilian Vavasour in "New Men and Old Acres," at Manchester. The next year commenced that series of blank-verse comedies which made the reputations of the Kendals and of W. S. Gilbert. "Pygmalion and Galatea," preceded by "The Palace of Truth," and followed by "The Wicked World," was the most successful, and all London flocked to see Mrs. Kendal's fascinating Galatea. Nearly a quarter of a century has passed since then, but it still remains impressed on my memory as one of the most perfect creations I ever beheld. After five and a half years with the Haymarket company and a short time at the Opera Comique, the Kendals joined forces with John Hare at the Court Theatre. Mrs. Kendal's greatest success there was as Susan Hartley in a "Scrap of Paper." The Kendals now went over to the Bancrofts at the Prince of Wales' Theatre and Mrs. Kendal made a hit as Lady Ormond in "Peril" ("Nos Intimes") then as Lady Gay Spanker and afterward as Dora in "Diplomacy." The Kendals returned to Hare and joined him in the management of the St. James's Theatre. For seven seasons the St. James was, if not the most financially successful, at any rate the most fashionable theatre in London. Mrs. Kendal then achieved undisputed rank as the best of English actresses within the lines laid down by herself. In 1889 she and her husband came to this country.



(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



W. H. KENDAL.

WILLIAM H. KENDAL.—Grimston is his name in private life—was born in London on December 16, 1843. He does not appear to have shown any early predilection for the stage, nor did any theatrical blood flow in his veins. His parents had intended him for a doctor, but he preferred to try and earn a living with his pencil. It was his love of drawing that led to his adopting the stage, and so becoming the husband of "Madge" Robertson. When he was a lad of eighteen, he strolled one evening into the pit of the Royalty in Soho and commenced to make thumb-nail sketches of the characters in the burlesque being played. It happened that the manager of the theater was attracted by the clever sketches of the young artist and was so pleased with Mr. Grimston's talent that he gave him not only the *entrée* to his theater, but permission to go behind the scenes whenever he liked. It was not long before he was bitten by a desire to make a fame for himself on the boards. At first he had to be satisfied with the position of a "sape," in order that he might gain his stage legs, but after a short time he was promoted to the dignity of a speaking part—that of a young lover in "A Wonderful Woman." In the spring of 1862 he was engaged to play in Birmingham, but the management failed and Kendal found himself stranded. But a few months of inconvenience were followed by four years of first-class experience at the Theatre Royal in Glasgow. Charles Mathews recognized possibilities in the young man and took him to London. In October, 1866, he appeared at the Haymarket as Augustus Mandeville in "A Dangerous Friend," and soon after became a permanent member of the stock company of that theater. In 1867 he played Romeo and Orlando to the Juliet and Rosalind of Mrs. Scott-Siddons. On August 7, 1869, he was married at St. Saviour's Church, Manchester, to Miss Madge Robertson, who had recently joined the Haymarket company. Mr. Kendal became Buckstone's adviser on plays, and in him we owe the production of "New Men and Old Aves." It had gone the round of nearly every management in London, and, affording a curious instance of the short-sightedness which managers occasionally exhibit, was rejected by all. It found a resting-place at the Haymarket, where, after having been pigeon-holed for some time, it came into Mr. Kendal's hands. He was immensely struck by the play, and told Buckstone so, but the veteran actor would have nothing to do with it, until, wearied of Kendal's importunities, he said: "As you think so highly of it, you can play it at your wife's benefit at Manchester." Its success was enormous. Kendal's later theatrical experiences are those of his wife.



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(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



FANNY DAVENPORT.

THE name of Davenport has long been connected with the triumphs of the English speaking stage. In the last century, Mary Anne Davenport, the original Deborah Dowling in "The Heir-at-Law," was among the most famous actresses of her day, and her husband was a player of some reputation. Edward Loomis Davenport, father of the subject of this sketch, was one of the most finished actors on the American stage, and was equally successful in comedy and tragedy. In 1847 he visited London, and while supporting William C. Macready wooed and won Miss Fanny Elizabeth Vining, who was a member of the same company. It was in London, on April 10, 1850, that their first child, who was christened Fanny Lily Gipsy, was born. The Davenports returned to this country with three little daughters, the second of whom, Blanche, was afterward well known as a singer. Fanny's early education was received in Boston, her father being at that time manager of the Howard Athenæum. John McCullough and Lawrence Barrett were then leading men in her father's theater, and Edwin Booth was a frequent guest at his table. Brought up amid such surroundings, with theatrical blood from both sides of the house in her veins, and with the buzz of stage gossip being continually drummed into her ears—for, of all the people in the world, actors and actresses are the most shoppies—it was only natural that Fanny should become "stage struck."

She was yet in the nursery when she wrote a play and acted it with her sister before a most sympathetic audience of children, cooks and nurses, gathered from the neighborhood. By the time she was twelve she had read and re-read nearly all the hundreds of standard plays in her father's library. She was still a child when she made her first public appearance at the Athenæum in "Metastaseis," and she was only eleven when she played for the first time in New York, at Niblo's Garden, the rôle of the King of Spain in "Faint Heart Never Wins Fair Lady." For a time she took a-m-brette parts with a traveling company in the South, and then obtained an engagement from Mrs. John Drew, who was then managing the Arch Street Theater in Philadelphia. While there she attracted the attention of Augustin Daly, who had lately opened the Fifth Avenue Theater in Twenty-fourth street, New York. There, in 1869, he introduced Miss Davenport to his patrons, and there she played with considerable success such parts as Lady Gray Spanker in "London Assurance," Rosalind in "As You Like It," Nancy Sykes in "Oliver Twist," Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal," and the title rôle in "Leah." Her great success at this theater was made in the rôle of Mabel Kenfrew in "Pique," which ran for two hundred and fifty nights. In those days New York's knowledge of French was very poor, and wonderful, indeed, were the variations of pronunciation through which the tale of the play went; *phérez*, *phé* and *phé* were some of them. Then Miss Davenport took to starring, and became a great favorite with theater-goers all over the Union. Of late years she has principally devoted herself to playing Sarah Bernhardt's most successful rôles, and to her we owe remarkably fine productions in English of Bernhardt's masterpieces—notably the latest, "Gismonda," which has been most lavishly and artistically staged. Miss Davenport is

the wife of Mr. McDowell, her leading man.





WILSON BARRETT.

CARLYLE has said that "it was not till the nineteenth century, whose speculative genius is a sort of living Hamlet, that the tragedy of 'Hamlet' could find such wondering readers." Each of these "wondering readers" has formed an opinion, more or less differing from those of the other readers, as to how the part of the melancholy Dane should be played. Nearly every English-speaking actor or player of German birth fancies he can throw some new light upon a character which, thanks to the elucidators of the divine William's meanings, has become a hopelessly involved dramatic problem. The result is that every new Hamlet attempts to be "original," and that the variety of views on the merits or demerits of the performance is only limited to the number of those who have seen it or read of it. So that when Mr. Wilson Barrett appeared as Hamlet in 1884 at the Princess's Theatre, London, we are not surprised to find that one critic said, "it is not too much to say that it restores to the stage both the text and the spirit of the play," while another declared that Mr. Barrett "has" the honor of having discovered that the heart of Hamlet's mystery is a certain *bourgeois* stupidity, of having been the first to perceive that Hamlet is an incarnation of the lower middle-class character and the lower middle-class intelligence." Mr. Barrett played the part for one hundred and seventeen successive nights. But the British public had accepted Henry Irving's Hamlet and would have none other. Far better had it been for Mr. Barrett had he stuck to his last—melodrama—in which he had gained for himself both fame and fortune. After many years of up-hill work, Mr. Barrett was, in 1881, offered George H. Sims's "The Lights of London." It had been a-begging for some time, but no manager cared to touch it. It made thousands of dollars for Sims and Barrett, and taught the world that the one had the makings of a dramatist and the other of an actor. As

Harold Armitage, Barrett appeared for nearly three hundred nights in succession, and then followed with an equally big hit, Jack Hearn, the gypsy lover in "Romany Rye." Then came "The Silver King," by Messrs. Herman and Jones. It is doubtful whether any play of modern times has more forcibly touched the public heart than this piece, or more successfully tapped the public pocket. As Wilfred Denyer, Barrett far surpassed anything he had done previously, and we doubt if he has done anything equally good since. "Claudian," by Wills and Herman, and "Chatterton," followed, and then came "Hamlet," with Miss Eastlake as Ophelia. His next venture was as Jack Yenlett in Henry Arthur Jones's "Hoodnam Blind," and in 1886 he produced "Clito," "Ben Ma Chree" and "The Manxman" have also been added to his repertoire, both adapted by Mr. Barrett from Hall Caine's novels. Mr. Barrett first came to this country in 1886, and has since paid us many visits.





(From a photograph by Harrand, London, England.)



ROSE COGLHAN.

FEW actresses don the sock and buskin with so many natural advantages as did Rose Coghlan. She was fifteen years old when she made her theatrical debut. She was fair to look upon, possessed a remarkably rich voice and exhibited decided dramatic talent. That debut was made in 1866. Since then, Miss Coghlan has developed into one of the leading actresses on the English-speaking stage, and there was a time when, as "leading lady" at Wallack's Theatre, none was more popular in this country than she. Born in March, 1851, at Peterborough, England, Rose Coghlan made her first public appearance at Greenock, Scotland, as one of the witches in "Macbeth." She drifted from tragedy into burlesque, appearing as Cupid in "Ixion, or the Man at the Wheel." An engagement followed to play soubrette parts at the Theatre Royal, Cheltenham. There she soon stepped into the shoes of a disgruntled "leading lady" and gained sufficient renown to entitle her to a hearing at the London Gaiety Theatre, where she made her first appearance as Tilda Price in "Nicholas Nickleby." In 1871 she paid her first visit to this country. She played "The Woman in White," but the piece proved a failure, and she joined Lydia Thompson's burlesque company. E. A. Sothern was at that time at the Star (then Wallack's) Theatre, in New York. He persuaded Miss Coghlan to join his forces. Her rollicking humor as Mrs. Honeyton in "The Happy Pair," and in similar light trifles, so pleased Lester Wallack that he engaged her for the following season. In the meantime she returned to England, met with great success in a series of Shakespearean revivals, and threw up her New York engagement. Mr. Wallack, however, offered her the position of "leading lady" in his company, and in 1880 she again appeared in New York and at once became an immense favorite with the theater-going public of the metropolis. Her Countess Zicka, in "Diplomacy," was perhaps the most memorable of her performances during this engagement. When Lester Wallack and his excellent company moved to his new theater (now Palmer's), Miss Coghlan went with it and continued to play there until 1885. At the commencement of the season of 1887-88 she joined the Abbey-Wallack company, but threw up her engagement rather than play the part for which she was cast in "L'Abbé Constantin." She returned to it, however, to play in the revivals of some of the old comedies which signaled the close of Wallack's Theatre as the home of a stock company. Miss Coghlan then took to starring in "Jocelyn" and "Lady Harter," both written by her brother, and has added a number of new rôles to her repertoire. As Lady Gay Spenser, Countess Zicka and Stephanie, Miss Coghlan has no equal in this country, nor have we seen a Peg Woffington, save Marie Bancroft's, that can compare with hers.



(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



FRANCIS CARLYLE.

MR. FRANCIS CARLYLE made his first appearance about thirty years ago, at Birkenhead, England. But, as his parents migrated to this country when he was a mere child, since he was brought up at Hartford, Conn., has forsworn "allegiance to all foreign potentates, especially Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland," and has never returned to his native heath; even "the Society for the Protection of Native Dramatic talent"—or whatever it calls itself—can find no just cause or impediment why he should not call himself an American actor. Mr. Carlyle—he changed his name with his nationality—adopted the stage as a profession in 1884, and got his first engagement with Mr. Dan Frohman, who was then managing the Madison Square Theater in New York. He then acted for a season with Lotta, during which he played half-a-dozen different parts, and made a particular hit as Dick Swiveller in "Little Nell." He next appeared with a road company as Douglas Winthrop in "Young Mrs. Winthrop." Then came a season with Arthur Rehan's company on the road. When "Allan Dare," adapted from Admiral Porter's novel of "Allan Dare and Robert le Diable," was produced at the Fifth Avenue (New York) Theater, in the fall of 1887, Mr. Carlyle played the title rôle, Mr. Wilton Lackaye taking the part of his twin brother. Mr. Carlyle was excellent in the part, but the play did not prove a success and was soon taken off the boards. The same fate attended the next piece in which he performed—"Rudolph, Baron von Hallenstein," by Housman Howard and David Belasco. Mr. Carlyle was now engaged to play leading parts at the old California Theater in San Francisco. He then joined the New York Lyceum company. He has since made a great hit

on the road as Captain West in "Shenandoah," and, in "In Mizoura," created the part of Robert Travers. He is now a member of Augustin Daly's company.



From a photograph by Falk, New York.



MAXINE ELLIOTT.

MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT'S rich, dark beauty is so remarkable and has been so much discussed since she first made her appearance in public, that most of her critics, we imagine, have, while extolling her good looks, lost sight of the fact that she is one of the most promising young actresses on the American stage to-day, as well as one of the most beautiful. During her short experience, she has made a marked progress in her art. Moreover, she recognizes how very long that art is. This gives promise of even better things in the future. Speak approvingly of her performance in "Diplomacy," and she will tell you that her Dora, especially in the third act, falls very far short of what she feels the true Dora should be. "I have, in four years, learned how little I know about acting," she will add, "and that is something to have discovered." It was in a very small part in "The Middleman" that Miss Elliott started on her journey of discovery in 1891, and Mr. Willard was so pleased with the talent she displayed that he cast her for the far more important rôles of Sophie Jopp in "Judah," and Beatrice Selwyn in "A Fool's Paradise." She had the good luck to be with Mr. Willard when he first produced that idyll of J. M. Barrie, "The Professor's Love Story," and so created the part of Lady Gilding. After spending two years with Mr. Willard's company, Miss Elliott took the place of Charlotte Tittell as Violet Woodman in "The Prodigal Daughter," and then played Kate Malcolm in "Sister Mary," with Leonard Boyne and Julia Arthur in the leading parts. It was the best rôle Miss Elliott had so far been cast for, and in it she put some excellent comedy touches. From September, 1894, to the beginning of this year, the subject of this sketch was with Rose Coghlan's company playing Dora in "Diplomacy," Grace Harkaway in "London Assurance," Mrs. Allenby in "A Woman of No Importance," and Alice Verney in "Forget Me Not." Dora is a great part, and when Sardou wrote the play and called it "Dora" he intended it so to be considered. As Julian Beauclerc's wife, Miss Elliott proved herself a very charming artiste and, as Mrs. Allenby, a very capable one. She is now a member of Augustin Daly's company and made her first appearance in it as Heart of Ruby in a translation of Judith Gautier's "La Marchande de Souvires." The piece was not a success, but through no fault of the company or stage manager. Miss Elliott then played in the "Orient Express," and by the time this article is published will have appeared as Silvia in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona."



(From a photograph by Aime Dupont, New York.)



BEERBOHM TREE

SUCH glowing accounts of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's powers as an actor had reached this country before he made his American debut, that only a genius of the first order could have saved us from disappointment. There are not more than four or five great geniuses on the stage to-day, and they are falling into the sere, the yellow leaf. Among the younger players of our time, there is not one who has shown himself to possess that divine spark which raised Garrick, Siddons, Kean, Booth, Rachel and Talma so far above their dramatic contemporaries; none who can replace a Bernhardt, a Duse, an Irving or a Salvini. Possibly there may be a few wasting their sweetness on the air of some provincial stage. When we were told that, in London, Beerbohm Tree was considered the successor of Henry Irving, we raised our hopes very high, and we were proportionately disappointed. But the injudicious puffery that had preceded the actor, and that he did not reach the standard of our expectations, should not blind us to the fact that Mr. Tree is no ordinary actor; that he is a highly-finished artist; that each one of his performances is worked out by the brain

of a man of power, and that in the art of make-up he has no equal on the stage. This art is one that plays a considerable part on our modern, well-lit

boards, and of it Mr. Tree is a past-master. But that he lays exaggerated stress on its importance, we are led to believe by his playing the hungry, lean, impassioned poet, Gringoire, on the same nights that he does the sleek Demetrius or the well-fed, sensual Falstaff. "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "The Red Lamp" is each sufficient by itself for a night's entertainment, without "The Ballad Monger" being added. Artists should be above giving exhibitions of *tour de force*. Versatility does not necessarily imply genius; nor does the mere skillful handling of the brush make an immortal painter. Mr. Tree's first season in this country was much handicapped by his poor repertoire. Before it was closed, however, he had sufficiently impressed himself upon the American public to make them wish to see him again, and there is reason to believe that he will return to us ere long with some newer and stronger plays than "The Red Lamp," "A Bunch of Violets" and "Captain Swift."

Herbert Beerbohm Tree is the son of a German named Julius Beerbohm, who, about half a century ago, settled in London as a grain merchant. Herbert was born in 1853, and was educated partly in England and partly in Germany. When he was seventeen years old, he entered his father's office as a clerk, but, being of an artistic temperament, the counting-room was very distasteful to him. He joined a clever band of amateurs known as the Irrationals, and, under the stage-name of "Tree," gained a good deal of local fame as an actor. In 1878, he decided to take up the stage as a profession, and made his debut at a matinee performance as Grimaldi. His success led to his being offered fairly good engagements, and for the next five years he played at least a hundred different parts, but did not succeed in setting the Thames on fire. His first hit was made as the Rev. Robert Spalding in "The Private Secretary," and this was followed by an equally successful performance as Macari in "Called Back." In April, 1887, Mr. Beerbohm Tree leased the Comedy Theatre in London, and opened it with "The Red Lamp," in which he played the rôle of Demetrius.

It was on this occasion that his wife, to whom he had been married for about four years, astonished her friends by her skillful performance as Princess Claudia Morakoff. A few months later, Mr. Tree transferred his management to the Haymarket, one of the oldest and most celebrated of the London theaters, and here, in 1891, he produced Henry Arthur Jones's "Dancing Girl," which was the one success of a disastrous theatrical season in the British capital. While touring the provinces that year, he appeared at Manchester for the first time as Hamlet. It is a Hamlet that differs entirely from any Hamlet hitherto conceived. Some like it. Others do not. Some call it great. Others call it comic. Mr. Tree is an exceedingly nervous man, who, although he always knows what he wants, can rarely express it in words. He is, therefore, a most trying manager, and, when he is rehearsing, nearly drives his company crazy. But he is so charming when he is not rehearsing, that his explosions and expletives are soon forgotten and forgiven by his employes. He has been called "the Apostle of Progress on the stage." If he succeeds in teaching "stars" to keep themselves within the "picture," he will not have preached in vain.



(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



KATHERINE FLORENCE.

MISS KATHERINE FLORENCE is one of the fairest of the daughters of Eve. But the fatal looking-glass does not appear to have spoiled her nor the voice of the flatterer made her vain. Ever natural on the stage, she does not carry with her the airs of a beauty, nor does she betray signs of self-consciousness. She is not yet a finished artist, and no actress with her short experience ever became so; but she always plays intelligently, and never fails to present a charming picture. She has but to persevere in her art and eventually she will, as the French say, "arrive."

Miss Florence has theatrical blood in her veins. Her mother, the late Katherine Rogers, was a very finished and charming actress, who came to this country to create the rôle of Galatea, and we recall her delightful performance in "Formosa," in which Henry Irving, whose genius had not yet been recognized, also played. Miss Florence's education was commenced at the Convent of St. Gabriel, Peekskill, N. Y., continued in Paris and completed at Montreal. She appears to have early developed a penchant for the stage, and persuaded her mother, who was starring at the time, to let her take the part of the child Jane in "Miss Multon," while she was still a schoolgirl, but her regular début as an actress was made in Mrs. Langtry's company in "As in a Looking Glass." The following season she was engaged by Mr. Stuart Robson, and then joined the forces of Mr. W. H. Crane. During the season of 1892-93, under the management of Mr. Charles Frohman, she appeared as Fawn Afraid, the Indian maid, in that most successful play, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Miss Florence then became a member of the Lyceum company of New York, making her first appearance as Vivian Gray in Paul Potter's "Country Cousins." She was the acting success of the piece. Charming, too, was she as Lady Wilhelmina Beltrubet in "The Amazons," and with what modesty did she comport herself in male attire! As Lucy Gordon in "A Woman's Silence," Miss Florence made another success. The part was a small one, but she played it so gracefully that her performance became the talk of the town, and confirmed the opinion of amateurs of the stage that Miss Florence has a bright future before her.



(From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago, Ill.)



C. HAYDEN COFFIN.

THE visit of Mr. C. Hayden Coffin to America—his native heath—some two or three years ago, was all too short for those admirers of comic opera—a different thing from buffoon opera—that like to see the part of the hero played by

an artist who acts as a man and not as an apology for one. A romance, which ended in Sir Francis Jeune granting a decree *nisi* to a somewhat aged and celebrated singing master of London, was the cause of Mr. Coffin's visit to this country. When the decree had been made absolute, he

married the heroine of the romance somewhere out West, and a few months later they bade farewell to these shores. Meanwhile, Mr. Coffin's fellow countrymen and country women had heard him as Waldemar in Maurice Barrymore and Charles Purner's "Robber of the Rhine;" as the Chevalier Franz de Bernheim in "La Cigale," and as Alfredo in Gilbert and Cellier's "The Mountebanks." None of these rôles showed him at his best, but still were sufficient to explain his immense success in the English metropolis.

Had he remained longer with us he would doubtless have become as popular in the United States as he is in the United Kingdom. Mr. Coffin's father, who hailed from Maine, was a well-known dentist—or surgeon-dentist, as they style them there—in South Kensington, which is not Mayfair nor even Belgravia, but far above Clapham—in fact a rather superior part of London. There young Coffin began to study at his father's profession, but his passion for music and the unusual richness and *timbre* of his

baritone voice determined him to adopt the stage instead. He made his first appearance in 1885 as Cosmo in "The Lady of the Locket" at the Empire Theater, against which the "Prurient Prudes" recently waged warfare. The music was composed by the late "Billy" Fullerton, son of ex-Judge Fullerton of New York. The piece was not a great success, but the costumes designed by Percy Anderson, now at the head of his profession as a designer, attracted great attention. Mr. Coffin made his first great hit the following year as Harry Sherwood in H. C. Stephenson and Cellier's "Dorothy." The opera fell rather flat at first. Mr. Cellier introduced into it the song "Queen of My Heart," which had been published about twelve years before, but had not attracted particular attention. Mr. Coffin's splendid singing of this song took London by storm, and "Dorothy" stood the extraordinary test of nine hundred and thirty-one consecutive performances, first at the Gaiety, then at the Prince of Wales', and afterwards at the Lyric, which was built out of its profits. In 1889 Mr. Coffin kept up his reputation as an artist by his singing in "Doris," and then as Leighton in "The Red Hussar." Under the Carl Rosa management he appeared as Ralf in "Marjorie," and in "Captain Thérèse" scored both as dancer and singer. He then appeared as Robin Hood in "Maid Marian," as the opera was styled in London, and won further applause by his picturesque acting and finished vocalism as Vincent in "La Cigale." He later succeeded the Chevalier Scovel in the tenor rôle of Franz, which he

played in this country with Lillian Russell's company, but the part lost power by being transferred.



(From a copyright photograph by Sarony, New York.)



ANNE O'NEILL.

MISS ANNE O'NEILL, the "leading lady" of William H. Crane's Comedy Company, is the daughter of an old-time newspaper man, an Irish gentleman, and an American lady. She was born in Glasgow, Scotland, while her parents were on a trip in 1872. Her father and mother resided in Brooklyn, where she developed remarkable talent for the amateur stage, becoming in time "leading lady" of the famous Catholic organization known as the Leonards. With it she played "Hazel Kirke" and kindred rôles with marked success, so marked indeed as to attract the attention of the late Steele Mackaye, who predicted for her a brilliant future, and offered her a scholarship in his dramatic school, then just established. Miss O'Neill's first professional engagement was with Richard Mansfield, in whose company she played in the repertoire, securing the commendation of the star and earning the sincere regard of her associates. She was selected by the younger Salvini, with the approval of Manager A. M. Palmer, to play with the elder Salvini and also to support Alexander Salvini in the juvenile leading parts on the off nights, when the old gentleman did not act. Her youth, beauty and intelligent earnestness received their reward, when, after a long and exacting season, the great tragedian presented her with a photograph of himself on which he wrote: "To the only Neudamia." The Salvini season was of great benefit to Miss O'Neill, as Alexander included in his schedule "Don Caesar De Bazan," "Ruy Blas," "A Night in Rome," and other romanticisms, affording not only him but his company full opportunity for the display of talent along the line of comedy and melodrama. With Mr. Crane's company Miss O'Neill may now be said to be identified, having received a compliment—all too rare in that hard-worked and little understood profession—of an engagement for five successive seasons, with improvement and advancement in the line of work and the continued approval and sincere regard, not alone of her manager, Mr. Brooks, but of Mr. and Mrs. Crane, and their several organizations during that period. While in this connection, Miss O'Neill has played a varied round of characters—Mabel Denman and Mrs. Armstrong in "The Senator," Sophie Hackett in "Brother John," Ida Bruce in "The Pacific Mail," Sweet Anne Page in "The Merry Wives," and again the lead in Miss Martha Morton's new play, "His Wife's Father." Facial and physical beauty count for much, it must be conceded, particularly in the dramatic profession, but simple charm of appearance never yet secured its possessor so substantial recognition in that or any other line of work. To this undeniable factor Miss O'Neill adds a peculiar adaptability to the demands of the stage, developing not only a continuity of intelligent industry, but a conscientious determination to do her best at all times and under all conditions.



(From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago, Ill.)



E. J. RATCLIFFE.

A GOOD many years ago there was produced in London a play called "Babil and Bijou," and written by the late Dion Bouicault. It was widely advertised that with this piece Mr. Bouicault would commence the reformation of the English drama. But "Babil and Bijou" did nothing to aid this scheme of reformation,

for it was merely a spectacular piece gorgeously staged, and it nearly ruined its backers. There were two striking things in it.

One was a body-guard of magnificently-built Amazons, headed by Miss Helen Barry, who then made her first appearance on the stage. Another was a chorus of pretty little boys in Watteau dresses, who sang "Spring, Spring, Gentle Spring" to such a catchy air, that for years afterward the organ-grinders drove two continents crazy with it. Even to-day you may hear it being ground out in remote villages by ancient "hurdy-gurdies." Among these pretty little singers was E. J. Ratcliffe, the subject of our sketch, who has since become one of our leading young actors, whose photographs had a very large sale until the papers announced that he had surreptitiously taken to himself a wife. Young Ratcliffe was, at the time he was singing the spring chorus, an altar-boy at the Jesuit's Church, in Farm street, London, which has long borne a well-earned reputation for its music. He later sang in the choirs of St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey. His voice broke in due time, and the choir-masters needed his services no more. Presently he betook himself to India to try and make his fortune in indigo-planting; but before he could do so, his health broke down, and he had to return to England. He found his native land overcrowded with young men of education and refinement, in the same predicament as himself—waiting for something to turn up; and while he was thus "Micawbering," he met Miss Mary Anderson at the Farm street church, and from her obtained an engagement to take a singing part in "Ingomar." This incident is related in order to point a moral to young men who do not go to church regularly. Mr. Ratcliffe came with Miss Anderson to this country, and played in every one of her pieces. Then he appeared in "Lost in New York," one of the early tank-

dramas, and for the three following seasons was a member of Stuart Robson's "The Henrietta" company. Mr. Daniel Frohman engaged him for the Lyceum, and he took part in "The Junior Partner," "Squire Kate," "Merry Gotham," "The Gray Mare," "Sweet Lavender," "Old Heads and Young Hearts," "American Duchess," etc., etc. His first great hit was made in "Shenandoah," and in "The Fatal Card," at Palmer's Theater, he has recently made an equally strong impression.



From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



GRACE KIMBALL.

WE never had on our stage a more charming picture than that presented by Miss Grace Kimball as "the beautiful Miss Linley" in Paul Potter's comedy, "Sheridan, or the Maid of Bath." How sentimental was she in her powder and patches!—sentimental as became a properly-educated young woman of a hundred years ago who had wept copiously over the adventures of Clarissa Harlowe and sobbed as she read of the difficulties that beset the path of the virtuous Pamela. Sir Joshua, who had painted the fair Sheridan as St. Cecilia, could, he have been at the Lyceum Theater, New York, on the night of September 5, 1893, would, we dare swear, have asked the fair Kimball to pose for a picture of the sainted Betty; and, peradventure, had that wily diplomatist, Lord Dufferin, been present, he might have fallen head over ears in love with his great-grandmother. And Miss Kimball's Betty Linley was not only a pretty bit of form and color; it was also a performance that pictured the period of the play. As the young lady had been but five years on the stage, her acting on this occasion surprised her friends as much as it delighted the general public, and the work she has since done but increases her reputation. Miss Kimball, who is a native of Grand Rapids, Mich., was as sentimental a young woman in her earlier days as was Betty Linley or any other eighteenth century girl. She was given to reciting to her friends long before she took to the stage as a profession, and the more melancholy the subject, the happier was she. She went to New York to prepare for her career, and for some time studied with David Belasco. Her first appearance was in the part of a maid in "Engaged," and then she played in "A Possible Case," under the management of J. M. Hill. She went to Chicago, to take part in some Shakespearean revivals produced by Mr. McVicker in Chicago. As Miranda, in "The Tempest," she made an excellent impression. She then joined one of the Madison Square (New York) Theater road companies and played the rôle of Stella Darbyshire in "Captain Swift." For a short time after this she was with Richard Mansfield's company and played the part of Agnes in "Jekyll and Hyde." With Nat Goodwin she took *ingenue* parts in "The Noninee" and "A Gold Mine," and in 1891 the leading woman's rôle in "Chums." The following season she was engaged by the Theater of Arts and Letters and made a hit as the Schoolmistress in "Squirrel Inn." Then came the engagement as Mr. E. H. Sothern's leading lady, which she still occupies. With Mr. Sothern, she made her first appearance in "Captain Lettrelair,"

and then created the part of Betty Linley. Since then she has also created the rôle of Madge in Jerome K. Jerome's "The Way to Win a Woman," a play that did not catch the public taste, but in which Miss Kimball found a part she prefers to any one she has yet acted. Miss Kimball possesses temperament, without which no player can hope to gain a lasting hold on the public. It is a rare gift which those who have it should cherish.



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WILLIAM TERRISS.

A FINE, dashing-looking man is Mr. William Terriss, whose handsome face and figure have gained him a large female *clientèle*, while his love of sport has made him most popular among men. During the early part of his career he was here, there and everywhere in search of adventure, every now and then trying his hand at acting, but of late years he has stuck steadily to the stage and has brought up his daughter, the fair Ellaline, in the same profession. The son of an English barrister named Lewin, Mr. Terriss was educated at Christ's Hospital, London, familiarly known as the "Blue-Coat School." At the age of fourteen he entered the British navy as a "midly," but three years later came into a little money and retired from the service in order that he might spend it. Having succeeded in doing that, he went to India to learn the secrets of tea-planting, but the life was too monotonous for him, so he threw up his position and started for home. The ship on which he was got wrecked in the Hooghly, and young Lewin, with the rest of the survivors, had to spend a very unpleasant week on the banks of the Ganges under a broiling sun before they were rescued. When he reached England he turned his attention to engineering. He soon wearied of that and took to playacting for a time. But his roving disposition compelled him once more to shake the dust of London from his feet, and he started for the Falkland Islands to see what sort of a sheep-farmer he would make. Six months proved long enough to teach him that that was not his avocation, so he set sail for England in a Swedish whaler. Off the Spanish coast the whaler was wrecked and Mr. Terriss spent two days in a boat before he was picked up, more dead than alive, by a passing steamer. Then he returned to the stage, but soon came to the conclusion that he was a born horsebreeder. With this idea in his head he went to Kentucky, only to discover that once more he had mistaken his avocation. He returned to London and settled down once more to the dramatic profession, which he has not since deserted. He first came into prominence as Young Thornhill, in the original production of "Olivia," with Ellen Terry in the title rôle and Hermann Vezin, an American actor practically unknown in this country, as the Vicar of Wakefield. Then for a time he was Henry Irving's leading man, and in 1889 he paid his first professional visit to the United States and played the dual part in "Roger la Honte." While here he was attracted by "Paul Kauvar," which he produced in London, himself playing the title rôle. But it did not succeed in England, and Mr. Terriss returned to the fold of the Lyceum to play Hayston of Bucklaw in "Ravenswood." He has since then revisited this country as a member of Mr. Irving's company, and took the part of Henry II. in "Becket," played Henry VIII. to Irving's Wolsey, and in "Olivia" acted the rôle of Squire Thornhill, which he had created many years before.





CAMILLE D'ARVILLE.



THE success achieved by Miss Camille D'Arville in "Madeleine; or, The Magic Kiss," is well deserved, for she has reached it by hard work. A foreigner by birth and education, she had to grapple with the difficulties of the English language before she could get a hearing in comic opera, and her career has since been beset with many disappointments that would have balked a less courageous woman. A native of Holland, Cornelia Dykstra—that is Miss D'Arville's true name—made her first appearance in 1877 on the concert platform in Amsterdam, when she was fourteen years old. Having met with some success in Germany and Austria, she determined to try her fortune in England. But she found the realities of London life very different to her anticipations of it, and after having experienced the utter valuelessness of the managerial promise,

had to be satisfied with an engagement at a music hall. After some months of uncongenial toil, she obtained an opening in comic opera, and found favor with the British public in a piece called "Cymba." In "Rip Van Winkle" and "Chilperic" she increased her popularity and at the same time added to her English vocabulary and improved her accent by hard study. She then toured the English provinces with "Falka," and in 1887 returned to London to play in "Mynheer Jan." This was followed by an engagement at the Gaiety Theatre, and Miss D'Arville's position on the London stage appeared to be established, when a quarrel with the management made her throw up her contract and she appeared at another theater in the title rôle of "Babette." She came to this country and appeared in "Lepita," and returned to London to play in "Carina," of which piece her charming archness was the feature. The Carl Rosa company now engaged her to take the part of Yvonne in "Paul Jones," in which Agnes Huntington as the hero had taken the town by storm. From the same company she obtained an engagement to create the title rôle of "Marjorie." Seven years ago, Miss D'Arville returned to the United States and made her réentree with Lillian Russell at the Broadway Theater, New York, in "The Queen's Mate." The entire success of the piece was due to her share in the work. It was an eventful occasion in the singer's career. Miss Lillian Russell was then the accepted queen of comic opera in this country and here was an almost unknown taking the principal part, that of Anita, while Miss Russell was cast for the rôle of Inez. Before the second act was over Miss D'Arville had completely captured her audience. The old triumphs of "Madame Angot" were then resuscitated by her Mlle. Lange. To London she hid herself back once more, and for a time was to be heard at the Trocadero and Pavilion. Back again to the United States, and she made a great hit as Maid Marian in "Robin Hood," with the Bostonians, who foolishly let her go rather than give her a small increase of salary. She has since appeared in a revival of the "Mascot" and in "A Trip to Venus," which was not a success. In "Madeleine," judging from present appearances, Miss D'Arville has found consolation for all the troubles she has gone through. Miss D'Arville has not only a charming voice, but she knows how to use it—which can be said of only a few of our renderers of comic opera—and to give artistic expression to her songs. She is, moreover, a most competent actress and a very delightful woman off as well as on the stage. She is tall and beautifully formed, and altogether very handsome.



(From a photograph by Falk, New York.)



AUGUSTUS COOK.



MR. AUGUSTUS COOK started life in Edinburgh a little over thirty-six years ago as the son of an officer in the Bengal army. Ten years later he ran away from home to join a circus, and now he is showing us in "Madame Sans-Gêne" that the first Napoleon created a hornet's nest in his household when he made princesses of his sisters. It is an excellent presentment of the victor of Austerlitz, but only one among a number of remarkably fine portraits Mr. Cook has given on the American stage during the past ten years. And each one of these pictures has been entirely different from those that preceded it, for Mr. Cook is as free from mannerisms on the stage as he is off. He has one peculiarity, however, in private life. He carries the collar of that estimable old gentleman, Mr. Gladstone. This is a remarkable peculiarity, for Mr. Cook is a small man, and the G. O. M.'s collars are very big. In case any of Mr. Cook's admirers are anxious to make him birthday presents, it were as well to mention that he was born on January 22, 1859. Having served his apprenticeship in the circus, he obtained an engagement from Wilson Barrett and played in "East Lynne" with Miss Heath, who, I imagine, was the original Lady Isabel. Such are the turns of fortune in a provincial actor's life, that Mr. Cook next found himself doing the clown in his native city; then he was playing Pierre in "The Two Orphans" all over the country; settled for a short time in Liverpool to give the inhabitants a taste of his quality as the heroics of Dion Boucicault's Irish dramas; entered into partnership with another man to take the Theatre Royal in that city, and soon found himself "broke." He betook himself to Africa, played in Cape Town, Zanzibar and Kimberley; fought against the Boers, and got severely wounded for his trouble. He then played in London at one or two east end theaters, and Augustus Harris took him to Drury Lane. Miss Minnie Palmer brought him to this country in 1885, and, after having been for a short time Roland Reed's leading man, he scored his first success in the United States as Mark Leppard in "Hoodman Blind." His Lord Sam Shalston in "Fascination," in which he and Miss Cora Tanner, made up as two youths, was another hit. He then joined the Lyceum (New York) company; played Mr. Piffin in "The Maister of Woodbarrow" and David Ives in "The Dancing Girl;" returned to Edinburgh to be reconciled to his old father after a separation of nearly a quarter of a century, and came back to this country to create the American Napoleon. Opposite will be found a portrait of Mr. Cook in the "make-up" of the "little corporal."



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MMF.
NORDICA.

THERE was a time when the critics had a habit of describing

Mme. Nordica as "that useful and experienced artiste." Should a prima donna fall victim to the ruthless grip, Mme. Nordica was always at hand to fill her place and save the desperate management from nervous prostration. She was capable of singing the part of Brunnhilde or that of Lucia; was equally good as Susanna in "The Marriage of Figaro" and Venus in "Tannhauser." In short, she was drifting into the shoes of that

most indefatigable replacer of *prime donne* Mlle. Bauermeister, who has been doing this heroic work for nearly thirty years. But there can be nothing more damning to a singer with high aspirations than to be called a "useful artist." It injures his or her musical reputation with the public as much as being called "a good-natured fellow" destroys the character of a man. Luckily, at the nick of time, Frau Cosima Wagner came to Mme. Nordica's rescue and saved her from the slough into which she was rapidly sinking by engaging her to take the part of Elsa at the Bayreuth festival of 1894. It did not appear to trouble Mme. Nordica's admirers at all that the possibilities were that Bayreuth methods might ruin the singer's voice. It was enough that she would bear the Wagner *cachet*, even if her voice were ruined at the altar of the great Richard. It was true that Cosima had lately been accused of thinking more of "filthy lucre" than of the memory of her husband and true art, and that among musicians the Bayreuth "hall mark" no longer carried with it the value of former years; but with the public it was as good as ever. So Mme. Nordica sang Elsa at Bayreuth with great success, and when she came back to her native land the critics no longer wrote of her usefulness, and treated her Elsa—which to our mind was always excellent and not a bit improved by Frau Wagner's instructions—as if it were inspired. Mme. Nordica, although an American by birth, had gained a reputation in England long before she was heard in this country as a singer of the first rank. Her true name was Lillian Norton. She is a granddaughter of John Allen, of campaigning fame, who reconciled himself to her going on the stage by saying she was "no actress, but a singer." She was born at Farmington, Me., in the early sixties. Both her father and mother's families were celebrated for their voices, but Lillian's voice, even in her youth, proved exceptional, and she was sent to the Boston Conservatory to study music. Her singing attracted the attention of the late Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore. He engaged her for his concerts. She went with him, too, to Europe on that unfortunate tour, which resulted in such financial disaster. Then Miss Norton journeyed with her mother to Italy and commenced seriously to study *il bel canto*. Her first appearance as an opera singer was made in the character of Violetta in "La Traviata." She played soon afterward in "Faust," "Lucia" and "Rigoletto" with marked success. An engagement followed with Colonel Mapleson in 1887 to sing at Covent Garden, London. The good impression she then made has increased each season, and she has since become a great favorite with the London public, but before she appeared in London she had sung both in St. Petersburg and Moscow, and broken her Russian contracts in order to accept an engagement at the Paris Opera House. While there she met Frederick Allen Gower, her second cousin, who, while in the employ of Bell, the telephone man, had taken a good deal of his salary in telephone stock and become a very wealthy man. He brought his wife to this country, having obtained her release from the opera. Matters matrimonial did not move with that smoothness which is always desirable. The Gowers returned to France, and one fine day in 1887 Fred Gower started in a balloon to cross the Straits of Dover, and not a trace of him has since been discovered. Rumors have now and again started that he was still alive, and persons have even claimed to have met and spoken to him. But there appears to be no doubt, whatever, that he is dead, and Mme. Nordica will in a short time take to herself another husband, Zoltan Doeme, the Hungarian tenor. To return to her stage career, Mme. Nordica—she had adopted the name when she first appeared in Italy—made her New York debut at

the Metropolitan Opera House as Leonora in "Trovatore." Signor Tamagno being the Manrico. She has been a prominent member of the Italian opera companies singing in this country since then. The rôles in which she has made an especial hit are: Valentine in "The Huguenots" and Elsa in "Lohengrin," but there is scarcely a leading soprano part on the operatic stage which is not in her repertoire. In none of them has she made a failure. She ranks among the great *prime donne* of the day, even if she has not the voice of a Melba or the fire of a Calvé.





POL PLANÇON.

M. SAINT POL PLANÇON, or "Pol Plançon," as he signs himself, and is generally called, stands high among the leading operatic singers of the day. He has a glorious bass voice, an excellent method, and is an artist "to

the tips of his finger-nails," as his fellow-countrymen would say.

He has, in addition, a very fine stage presence, being almost as tall as M. Edouard de Rêzke, and a handsome face. It may be that he will never succeed in effacing the memory of that other great French basso, Faure, for Faures are very few and far between, but as M. Plançon is still quite a young man, there is no telling what heights he may reach within the next fifteen or twenty years. As it is, he has established his reputation both on the stage and on the concert platform in this country, in France and in England, and has made himself a social favorite in all the cities he has visited. M. Plançon comes of a very musical stock, but he is the first of his family to adopt music as a profession. His grandfather was an amateur whose fame as an organist and violinist spread far beyond the limits of his native city. His brother, who is a *Professeur de Lycée* in Paris, has a voice—also bass—which, were it properly trained, would make his fortune; but he prefers pedagogy to the fascinations of stage life. From his very cradle, M. Plançon was brought up in a musical atmosphere, and commenced humming airs before he could make himself understood in words. As a boy he possessed a very clear and true soprano voice which, the parish priest recognized, would draw neighboring sinners to repentance; and young Plançon's lovely voice soon attracted large congregations to the little church. Recognizing that there was a fortune in their son's voice, his parents, after it had broken and developed into a deep bass, had it carefully trained. M. Plançon made his début in 1879, in the part of St. Bris, at Lyons, and for the following two years remained in that city as a member of the opera company. An engagement to sing Wagner rôles at the concerts of M. Lamoureux, who was educating Paris in the "music of the future," followed, and in 1883 he made his début at the Paris Opera House in the rôle of Mephistopheles. The summer of 1890, he made his first appearance in the same character before a London audience, and has been engaged to sing at Covent Garden every season since then. For ten winter seasons he had sung in Paris, when he received an offer to come to this country, and, as artists make four or five times as much in the United States as they do in Paris, M. Plançon was only too willing to accept the offer. His first appearance in the United States was made at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, on November 29, 1893, in the character of Jupiter in Gounod's "Phœmon and Baucis." On the same night, Madame Calvé made her American début. At once, Plançon was recognized by both the public and the critics as an artist of the first rank, with a splendid voice, "His King in 'Hamlet,' his Capulet, and his Pogner in the 'Meistersinger,' established his position. M. Plançon, like most of his countrymen, finds our language an insurmountable difficulty, and, although he has spent three winters with us, can hardly understand, and much less speak, English.



IN GOLD AND SILVER

The Gorham Manufacturing Comp'y, Silver-smiths, Broadway and Nineteenth St., are enabled to announce that they have completed, after several months of preparation, a choice collection of new and beautiful articles in Sterling Silver, designed with especial reference to Easter-tide, and as gifts for the approaching Spring Weddings. The collection will be placed on exhibition and sale in their art rooms (third floor), Tuesday April Second.



No. 6

GALLERY
OF
PLAYERS

FROM
THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN

(With 22 full-page pictures and over 100 portraits in character.)

EDITED BY
MARWELL HALL

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The publisher begs to acknowledge his appreciation of the excellent work of the following photographers, whose cameras have contributed to the success of this volume:

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All photographs in the GALLERY OF PLAYERS can be secured at Charles Ritzmann's, 945 Broadway, New York.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

THE following note from Mr. Marwell Hall, editor of the GALLERY OF PLAYERS, explains itself:

"I have commenced this, the sixth number, of the GALLERY OF PLAYERS, with sketches of an actor and actress who have retired from the world's stage, but whose memories are still held in affection by the older generation of theater patrons. To these it will be pleasant to recall their former favorites. To the rising generation it will be interesting to learn something about players they never saw, but of whose fame they must have often heard. With your permission I will in each succeeding number give the sketch of an actor and actress who have either joined the majority or are no longer to be seen on the boards they once graced."

LORILLARD SPENCER.



ADELAIDE
NEILSON.

NO English-speaking actress of modern times has created such a sensation in this country as did Adelaide Neilson when she made her debut at Booth's Theater, New York, in the winter of 1872, as Juliet. Her success was immediate; the critics and the public accepted her impersonation of the character with praise and enthusiasm. "Miss Neilson's Juliet," wrote one of the critics, "is a young, beautiful, passionate Italian girl, impetuous in all things, proud but gentle, fiery but tender, capricious but true—to whom mere existence is an ardent joy and to whom first love comes like a revelation from heaven." Her Rosalind was judged to be perfect, and when in later years she added Viola, Isabella and Imogen to her repertoire, the critics could scarcely find words sufficiently strong to express their admiration of the actress. That Adelaide Neilson was an actress of the very first rank I never thought, but there was a personal fascination about her which no other actress I ever saw, unless it were Aimée Desclée, possessed. She was very beautiful, too; slight, with a small and perfectly shaped head. She had lustrous dark eyes and a wealth of dark-brown hair, which, at the time of her death, had become golden. I recall as one of the most charming scenes I ever witnessed, Adelaide Neilson walking down Rotten Row one morning, a few months before she died, between Mrs. Langtry, then in the zenith of her glorious beauty, and Mrs. Cornwallis West. Miss Neilson had just returned from a triumphant tour through the United States, and was playing Juliet to Conway's Romeo to crowded houses. Fashionable London, which had hitherto neglected her, went into raptures over the fair Neilson. A few months later her body lay in the Paris morgue. She had gone to Paris to play the part of Nana in French, for she spoke that language as perfectly as she did English. On a sultry afternoon, while driving through the Bois, she drank a quantity of milk, which produced spasms, and she died in a restaurant in the park. The news of her death in this country created a tremendous sensation at the time, showing how idolized she was by the American theater-going public. William Winter wrote of her in the *New York Tribune*: "For many a long day the stage, which has lost forever her radiant presence, will seem a desolate place; and to those who knew her well and saw the loveliness of her disposition, the gentleness of her spirit, the large generosity of her mind, and the radiance of cheerfulness and grace that she diffused, life will never again seem as bright as once it was." This remarkable woman had arisen from the dregs of the people to a position of wealth and public honors. Her mother was a Yorkshire dressmaker and her father an actor. It is believed that she was born in Saragossa, Spain, somewhere about 1850. It appears that as a child she showed a great talent for mimicry. Lizzie Ann, as she was known in Guiseley, worked as a factory girl, but avoided her fellow hands, whom she treated as inferiors. She became a nurse, and suddenly, owing to some ill-treatment she had received from her stepfather, she disappeared from Guiseley. The next thing her Yorkshire friends heard of her was that she had appeared in London as Juliet, and that the critics had compared her with Rachel. It was in 1872 that she first visited this country.



(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



H. J.
MON-
TAGUE.

THERE was in Harry Montague just that same delightful personality that Adelaide Neilson possessed. Neither was great as a player, but each left a vacant place on the stage that has never been filled. And when the news that Montague had died suddenly of hemorrhage of the lungs at San Francisco was tele-

graphed all over the country, one might have supposed from the feeling displayed that the nation had lost a favorite son instead of an actor who was a foreigner, and who had only been in this country for four years. He was idolized by the women and beloved by those men who knew him. It used to be told how a New York girl had turned her closet into a shrine and burned candles around his picture, but his head was never turned by such adulation. He was modest and gentlemanly off the stage as well as on. He had such a generous, loving, sympathetic disposition, that men and women, children and dogs all took to him by instinct. He loved art as well as sport; would go into raptures over a fine picture, and was in his seventh heaven when on a yacht with a piping breeze. No one enjoyed a joke more than he, and in a romp he was a perfect boy. It was he that organized the Lambs' Club of New York, with the purpose of attracting members of the dramatic profession, artists and other sympathetic natures, and to-day his name is kept there in loving memory. As a boy he was intended for the church, his father being a clergyman of the established Church of England, who had a living in Cheshire. These Montague, whose true name was Henry John

Mann, was born in January, 1843, and as he died in August 1878, he was not thirty-six years old at the time of his death. But the lad did not care to become a clergyman, so he entered a banking house in London. Dion Boucicault seeing him play in some private theatricals advised him to go on the stage, and while awaiting to find him an opportunity to make his debut, appointed him his private secretary. Under the name of H. J. Montague he appeared at Drury Lane as the Minister in "Jennie Deans." He was then twenty years of age, exceedingly good-looking and exhibited a fair amount of talent. He made a slight hit in "For Her," which led to his being engaged at the Prince of Wales Theater, by the Bancrofts. Here he acted in "Play" and "School" and sometimes as George D'Alroy in "Caste." He left the Bancrofts to become a co-partner with James and Thorne at the Vaudeville. His most successful rôle was Jack Wyatt in Abbey's "Two Roses," in which performance Henry Irving made his first London hit as Digby Grauld. Montague made a most delightful lover as Jack Wyatt, and for two seasons he toured the English provinces with the play. Then he became manager of the Globe Theater in London, but his management did not prove a financial success. In 1874 he came to New York to try his luck, but he had procured no engagement in advance. Dion Boucicault introduced him to Lester Wallack, and he made his first appearance in Byron's "Partners for Life." His fresh, easy, unconventional acting was something new to New Yorkers, and he at once established himself as a favorite. Then came "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," which added to his success, and the "Shaughraun," which crowned it. He was paid \$1,000 a week to accompany Boucicault, with the "Shaughraun," to

San Francisco. It was two days before the close of his engagement there that he died. Few actors have enjoyed such popularity as did Harry Montague during the few years he was in this country. His social success was as great as his success before the footlights, and he counted almost as many friends in the drawing-rooms of fashionable New York as he did admirers among the frequenters of Wallack's Theater. There was about him a quiet charm and a gentleness of manner that proved an open sesame in circles where men of his profession seldom penetrated in those days.



(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



BESSIE TYREE.

THERE is no young actress on the American stage to-day who gives better promise of doing good things than Miss Bessie Tyree. It is to be hoped that the success she has met with in her early dramatic career will not make her careless, for nature has endowed her with remarkable talent as a *comédienne*; but it is only by means of cultivation and hard work for many years to come that Miss Tyree can hope to reach such a point of perfection as mortals are permitted to attain. She has one disadvantage—that is an unpleasant voice. If she could only learn to talk *through her nose*—we use the expression advisedly, for the so-called "nasal twang" is the result of not using the nostrils, as anyone can discover for himself by closing his—no American actress would be better equipped than she. We do not understand why actors should not consider it as necessary to cultivate the speaking voice as singers do the singing voice. It was in the "Amazons" as Lady Thoinasin Metturbet, commonly known as "Lord Tommy," and the most lively of Lady Castlejordan's three daughters, that Miss Tyree made her first conspicuous and artistic hit. Not only did she look well and disport herself gracefully in costumes which a year ago, before the bicycle craze had set in, were strange to our eyes, but she played the part with such a saucy air and with so much skill that a rôle which, in the hands of most actresses, would have become exceedingly vulgar, was made by Miss Tyree one of the principal hits of a thoroughly refined performance. It was a rare bit of luck that the young lady, who had had so short a stage experience, should be cast for such a part in so good a play and at so prominent a theater as the Lyceum (New York). She proved herself deserving of it. Miss Tyree, who is of Scotch descent, is a Virginian by birth, and all her early associations were those of the peaceful home-life of the South. Circumstances made it necessary that she should earn her own livelihood, and she adopted the theatrical profession in preference to becoming a governess. She studied for a time at Franklin Sergeant's dramatic school in New York and then obtained an engagement as an understudy in the stock company of the Lyceum, of which she has ever since been a member. Her first part was Phyllis in the "Charity Ball," in which play she also took the rôle of Bess. This part she played for ten months, and it proved her versatility, for the two rôles are diametrically opposed to one another. In "Merry Gotham" she appeared as a girl of thirteen, then she was seen as Lucille in "The Wife." The limit of space will not permit of our mentioning all the parts she has played. Suffice it to say that for the last four years Miss Tyree has appeared in nearly all, if not all, the Lyceum stock company's productions, and has never done but well.



(From a photograph by Falk, New York.)



JOHN LE MOYNE.

THE writers of good plays—plays that will have more than ephemeral existence—do not shape their stories for an individual man or woman.

They are written to develop certain ideas, and one of the ways of developing ideas, is by portraying human thoughts and feelings in their relation to the events of time. That makes the play. The actor who would act the play must understand the thoughts, must understand the feelings, and must not be content with the mere outward signs of them; that is, he must be an actor and not a mimic. In the order of nature, thoughts come first; expression second. So it is in the art of the actor. He must have thoroughly studied what are the thoughts of the character he is playing before he can give proper expression to that character's emotions. Art is so long that few players can attain perfection in this before they have reached the sere and yellow leaf. But the young actors of to-day, with few exceptions, as Richard Mansfield, Robert Taber and Wilton Lackaye, do not even attempt to study the thoughts and feelings of their characters. How then, can they expect to attain such perfection in their art as has been reached by that consummate artist, Mr. John Le Moyne, who has been doing this for over forty years? Of course Mr. Le Moyne had the advantage over the younger player of having to act in one season as many different rôles as the latter may in a whole lifetime; but with all his experience he is to-day as careful a student of what we have already stated to be essential to an actor as he was in the heyday of his youth. During that youth he played with such stars as Forrest and Charlotte Cushman, who managed their own rehearsals, so that the members of stock companies had as their instructors all the great players of the country in turn.

And he will tell you how he has played every part in "Hamlet" except the title rôle and Laertes, for then understudies were unknown, and a member of the company not in the current cast was liable at any moment to be called upon to fill any kind of a rôle. Mr. Le Moyne, as his name implies, is of French descent. He was born in Boston in 1831. He made his first professional appearance at Portland, Me., in 1852 as the First Officer in the "Lady of Lyons." For a short time he was playing old men's parts at the Troy Museum, and then traveled through the country with "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in which he played the rôle of Deacon Perry, a character that was written especially for him. He was a member of the Boston Howard Athenaeum Company when the war broke out. He obtained a commission in the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts Regiment and was a captain at the battles of James Island, Second Bull Run, Chantilly and South Mountain. In the last he was severely wounded, and being incapacitated for further service was honorably discharged. He returned to the stage and in 1871 appeared at the old Fifth Avenue Theater, New York, under the management of Augustin Daly. He returned to Boston for three seasons and then permanently settled in New York, first playing at the Union Square, then with Daly's, for five seasons at the Madison Square, and he has now closed his fifth season at the Lyceum. You will not find in Mr. Le Moyne, as you are liable to find in most of his brother actors,

a man who can talk of nothing else save the mummer's art, and especially his own achievements in it. He avoids "shop," and, like a true man of the world, prefers to discuss the persons who are shaping history; books and the men who write them. He is a charming companion, whose society is much sought after by men and women of cultivated tastes, and still retains the buoyancy of youth in bearing and in thought.





MRS. G. H. GILBERT.

A VERY remarkable old lady is Mrs. Gilbert, who, in spite of the seventy-four years that have passed over her head, is as sprightly as a young girl in conversation, and if of late she has grown bent in figure, moves along the crowded streets easily and without assistance. On the stage she is as rollicking as ever in Daly's farces and shows no sign of her increasing years. In New York she is a personage, for, for thirty-one years she has held sway over the hearts of its people, young and old, and New Yorkers claim her as their own.

She remains to-day what John Brougham called her a long time ago, "a bundle of spasms." She is never at rest on the boards, though she is artistic enough never to spoil the picture by her restlessness nor to attract attention to her performance to the detriment of the other players. She is always very funny, and her fun is never other than intelligent. Even in the most serious subjects she appears bound to place a comic feature, so bubbling is she with spirits. Her sense of humor is the same as Dickens' was, and so great an admiration has she for the author, that she reads right through his works once every twelve months and has done so for many years past. Withal, she is the very essence of naturalness, and, when she makes a quaint remark, one would imagine she had been saying nothing else all her life. Mrs. Gilbert was born in Rochdale, Lancashire, England, in 1821. Her maiden name was Hartley. She made her debut as a dancer, and in 1846 married Mr. Gilbert, who belonged to the same profession. Three years later the Gilberts came to this country and she made her American debut as a fairy in "The Cricket on the Hearth," at Milwaukee. While they were playing at the Cleveland Theater in 1857, Mrs. Gilbert made up her mind that she would cease to become a *dancer* and turn her attention to making herself an actress. One of her first parts was that of Lady Creamley in "A Serious Family." She made her first New York appearance as the Barouess in "Finesse" at the Olympic Theater. She then went to the old Broadway Theater. As the Schoolmarm in Brougham's "Pocahontas" she made a great hit. When "Caste" was first produced in New York she acted the rôle of the Marchioness so effectively as to make it one of the features of the piece. Then Mrs. Gilbert joined Augustin Daly's company and has remained with it ever since. Indeed, Daly's without Mrs. Gilbert would seem as strange as Daly's without Ada Rehan or "Jimmie" Lewis.



(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



WILTON LACKAYE.

WHEN it was announced that Paul Potter would dramatize "Tribby," the critics all over the English-speaking world, including those of New York, Kalamazoo and Oskosh, and Mr. Clement Scott of London town, rose up in their wrath and denounced him as the desecrator of a subject that had become—in this country at least—almost a religious cult. How Mr. Potter recognized a greater dramatic possibility in Svengali than in Tribby, made a play which may bring more to Du Maurier's exchequer than his novel will, and how the critics were turned into modern Balaams, is ancient history. Let me add this anecdote to Tribbyania: I met Mr. Potter just after one of the early rehearsals of his play. He was enthusiastic over the Svengali. "The man does not play it as the majority of stage villains would. There is nothing cringing about his villain. All through the play Svengali shows himself conscious of his superiority over those around him. When he says 'I am Svengali!' he is great." It was Wilton Lackaye who made this impression on the dramatist. That the public should have been surprised at Mr. Lackaye making such a success in the part only proves that the public has a short memory. His Duroc in "Paul Kauvar" was original in that it differed entirely from the old-fashioned stage villain. It was at the time accepted as one of the best bits of stage villainy ever seen in this country. But Mr. Lackaye has won his spurs in other than villains' parts. As Demetrius in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which he played in Chicago during the summer of 1888, as Gilchrist in "Boodle's Baby," he was excellent, while as Jefferson Swanton in "Aristocracy," he made a sympathetic success out of a rôle written with exaggeration. And this records but a few of his hits. Born in Virginia, near Washington, on September 30, 1862, Mr. Lackaye graduated at the Georgetown University. His earliest ambition was to become a priest, but he deserted theology for law, only to find that Blackstone suited him no better than Thomas Aquinas. He had tried his hand at private theatricals in Washington, and when the late Lawrence Barrett offered him an engagement in 1883, he accepted it. His first opportunity in New York came when he played Robert le Diable in Admiral Porter's "Allan Dare." In that rôle he made his first "palpable hit." His next was as Duroc, and then as Savani in "Jocelyn" he made yet another.

He was in Daly's company for a brief period; has been a member of the Lyceum company and had been engaged to "star" when he accepted Mr. A. M. Palmer's offer to play Svengali.



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MARIE BURROUGHS.

MISS LILLIE ARRINGTON, of San Francisco, was yet in her teens when she became stage-struck. Her ambition to become an actress was received with the maternal frown, but it did not prevent Miss Arrington from playing Juliet to an imaginary Romeo and Pauline to a Claude Melnotte composed of air. One day she was practising Juliet's appeal to Tybalt, "Stay, Tybalt, stay!" She repeated the words again and again, and got so excited trying to impress upon a sand-hill the proper force of the lines, that she did not notice that an old carpenter was at work close at hand until he shouted out, "Oh! give Tybalt a rest!" This did not discourage her, for a short time afterward, when the late Lawrence Barrett visited San Francisco, she paid him a visit and told him of her determination to become an actress. She recited the curse scene from "Leah, the Forsaken," and the result was that Mr. Barrett got her an engagement at the Madison Square Theater, New York, then under the management of Dr. Mallory. There she made her debut under the name of Marie Burroughs as Gladys in "The Rajah," and her success was instantaneous—more, however, the result of good looks than of good acting. Her next appearance was as Irene in "Alpine Roses." She was still a raw amateur, earning only ten dollars a week, but Dr. Mallory thought he detected talent in her, and placed her in the charge of Mr. Louis Massan, who first gave her lessons in the art of playing and then married her. When "Elaine" was produced in 1887 at the Madison Square under the management of Mr. A. M. Palmer, Miss Burroughs appeared as Queen Guinevere. She was specially adapted to this part, and with her rich dark beauty, made a striking contrast to the pale, spiritual-looking Annie Russell, who took the rôle of Elaine. When Mr. Palmer assumed the management of the theater he renewed the engagement of Miss Burroughs for leading and juvenile parts. She appeared in "Saints and Sinners" and other plays with some success. But it was not until the arrival in this country of Willard, the English actor, that Miss Burroughs really showed what was in her. As Mary Blenkhorn in "The Middleman" and as Vashli Detrick, the factory girl in "Judah," she astonished her friends with the improvement she had made in her art. She also played with Mr. Willard Kate Norbury in "John Needham's Double," and Lucy White in "The Professor's Love Story." It was unfortunate for Miss Burroughs that those friends were so indiscriminate in their praise, for it determined the young lady to join the army of stars, and a very excellent leading lady was lost to the stage. With Piner's "Profligate" she has met during the past season with considerable success. Some evil genius appears to have inspired her with the idea that she was destined to step into Kate Hateman's shoes, and she played "Leah." It was a dreadful *fiasco*. However, Miss Marie Burroughs is now accepted as one of the leading actresses of the American stage. That she will ever rank among the greatest actresses of the world, not even her most devoted admirers can expect, but she is so painstaking and so devoted to her profession that with each succeeding season she shows some improvement in her art.

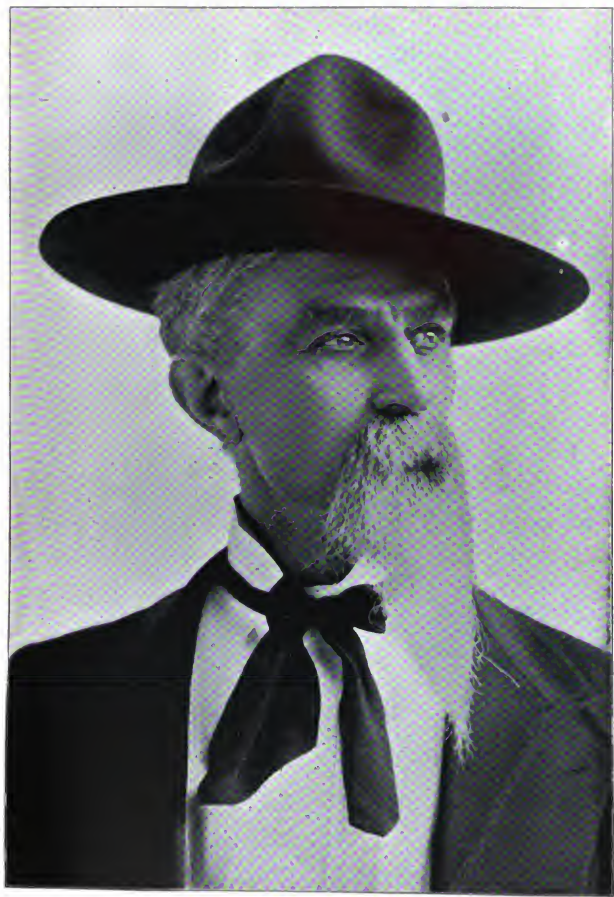




E. M. HOLLAND.

WERE it possible to have in this country a dramatic school on the lines of the Paris Conservatoire, Mr. E. M. Holland would assuredly be one of the leading professors. If aspirants to dramatic laurels would carefully study Mr. Holland's artistic methods, they could receive liberal education in the art of acting; their observations, if intelligent, would go a long way to make up for the want of a public conservatory. It was in stock companies that Mr. Holland learned his art, and a member of a stock company he has always remained. If there were such a thing as a born actor, he would have been one, for he is the son of the late George Holland, the light comedian, whose death in 1870 was felt by all theatergoers in this country as a personal loss. His great grandfather, Charles Holland, was an admired actor in London in the days of David Garrick, and his grandfather was a valuable member of the Drury Lane company during the Elliston sway. Mr. Holland, therefore, inherited the right to become an actor. But Dion Boucicault once very truly said: "No man is a born actor, yet he may be born to be an actor if he studies hard enough and long enough." Mr. Holland was born in New York in 1848, and commenced his theatrical life in 1863 as a call-boy at Mrs. John Wood's Olympic Theater on Broadway, New York. In 1866 he went to Barnum's Museum, where he played small parts, and in the following year was engaged as a member of Lester Wallack's stock company. For thirteen consecutive seasons Mr. Holland was associated with the celebrated artists with whom Lester Wallack surrounded himself. He joined the Madison Square company in 1882, under Daniel Frohman, and continued with it under A. M. Paine, with whom he has remained up to the present time.







ANNIE MYERS.

MISS ANNIE MYERS is, properly, Mrs. Myers; but for some reason managers of comic opera do not like their prima donnas to appear on the bills as married, even if, as in the case of Miss Myers, the lawful husband is a member of the company. Miss Myers was born Jarbeau. Baltimore was her birthplace, and she comes of French descent. While yet in her teens, Miss Annie Jarbeau became the wife of Mr. Henry Myers, a Baltimore lawyer. One day Mr. Myers threw up his law practice to accept a good position in a bank; but, unfortunately, the bank failed to keep its promise. Mr. Myers found himself with a pretty young wife, a baby and no chance of finding anything to do. A good-natured operatic manager hearing of his plight and knowing he had a good voice, offered him a position in the chorus of a traveling company. He had to accept it. Mrs. Myers and the baby came to the depot to see him off, and in the manner of young wives she broke into sobs when the moment for parting came. The kind-hearted opera manager, who was our old friend, "Charlie" Ford, finding the reason of this flow of tears, told Mrs. Myers to dry them up and that he would look after her and the baby if she would only come along. A few hours later the two were in hot pursuit of the opera company; and that is how Annie Myers started to become a prima donna. She had played before in private theatres—and had even played Hebe in "Pinafore." With the Ford company she first played a small part in the "Mascot," and then obtained small parts with other companies. It was not till she met the late Colonel McCaull that she had a chance of doing something. At that time she was playing the rôle of the old nurse, Martha, in "Faust," at Baltimore. The Colonel was so pleased with her voice that he at once engaged her. Miss Myers opened with the McCaull opera company at Pittsburg in 1885, playing Puebla in "Don Caesar."

It was her first hit and placed her among the queens of the American comic opera stage. She afterward joined Miss Lillian Russell's company and made a great hit both in this country and in London in "The Queen of the Brilliants."





W. J. FERGUSON.

ON that fateful night of April 14, 1865, the subject of our

sketch was playing a minor part in "Our American Cousin," at Ford's Theater, Washington. Young Ferguson—he was but a lad at the time, a call-boy who had at the last moment been called upon to fill the place of an absentee—was standing with Laura Keane in the wings, directly opposite the President's box, when Wilkes Booth fired the bullet that killed Abraham Lincoln. The sound of the shot, he will tell you, did not attract his attention much, for he thought that probably the property man was firing off some of the pistols used on the stage in an alley behind the theater. But the crash of the fall of John Wilkes Booth on the stage a second or two later caused him to look round.

Booth, whom Mr. Ferguson knew personally and therefore recognized, was kneeling on the stage. Before anybody could realize what had happened he had rushed past Miss Keane and the young actor and out of the stage door. Mr. Ferguson will tell you, that so far as he can recollect, Booth, as he jumped on the stage did not cry out "*Sic semper tyrannis*." But this fiction of history will probably never die. In 1871, Mr. Ferguson became a member of Conway's stock company at the Park Theater, Brooklyn, and two years later he was engaged by Lester Wallack, with whose famous company he remained for a long time. When "Colonel Sellers" was produced, Mr. Ferguson created the rôle of Clay Hawkins. In "The Mighty Dollar" he played the part of Lord Cairngorm in the original cast. He then introduced a character, now very familiar on the American stage, but in those days altogether unknown—that is the tramp. This

was in Bartley Campbell's "Fairfax." About this time Mr. Henry Abbey established his stock company at the Park Theatre, New York. In the company were Mr. Ferguson and James Lewis, now of Daly's, who shared the comedy parts, and Agnes Booth. In the early days of the Madison Square Theater, Steele Mackaye engaged Mr. Ferguson for comedy rôles, and he played the part of Pittacus Green in "Hazel Kirke." In "Called Back" at the Fifth Avenue Theater he took the rôle of the Italian Macari and made a great hit. He was the original Mortimer in "Beau Brummel." Over a year ago he was engaged by Charles Frohman. In "Charlie's Aunt" he made another "palpable hit" as the amorous lawyer, and in "The Fatal Card" he has been equally successful as a villain.





KATE CLAXTON.

MISS CLAXTON made her first appearance on the stage in Chicago with Lotta's company. In the fall of 1870 she appeared under the management of Augustin Daly at the Fifth Avenue Theater, New York, in the play of "Man and Wife."

She failed to attract much attention, except when playing the part of Sebastian to the Viola of Miss Agnes Ethel in "Twelfth Night." The resemblance of the two was so great that Miss Claxton often received the ovation intended for the other lady. After spending two years and a half with Mr. Daly's company, Miss Claxton went to the Union Square Theater, then under the management of Mr. A. M. Palmer, and the home of a brilliant stock company. The first hit Miss Claxton made was in 1873, when she played the rôle of Mathilde in "Les Atray." But it was in 1874, as Louise, the blind girl, in the "Two Orphans," that Miss Claxton made the great success of her dramatic career. It was her first emotional part. She was playing that rôle in the Brooklyn Theater on the night of December 5, 1876, when the theater was burned down. About three hundred members of the audience lost their lives, and two of the company were also killed.

Miss Claxton showed a great deal of coolness in her efforts to quiet the audience and to prevent the rush to the doors. She barely escaped with her own life, and was terribly bruised in the struggle to get out of the theater. The story of the fire and of Miss Claxton's narrow escape was of course widely discussed all over the country, and the young actress became the popular player of the day. It was an evil day for Miss Claxton's chances as an artiste. The

vogue she gained by this adventurous advertisement of her Louise betrayed her into believing that her forte lay in emotional parts, and she has been playing them ever since, becoming more whimpering and whining with each successive rôle. As a light-comedy actress she showed such promise in her early days that it is a pity she did not stick to her last. As if she had not had enough experience with fire at Brooklyn, she afterward found herself in the Southern Hotel in St. Louis when it was burned down, and again displayed great coolness and energy, saving her brother's as well as her own life and escaping by a burning staircase that fell just after her foot had left the last step. After this, a great many superstitious persons thought her so unlucky that they refused to attend theaters at which she played. Then she took to starring. She had previously been married to Isidor Lym, a New York merchant, but in 1878 she procured a divorce from her

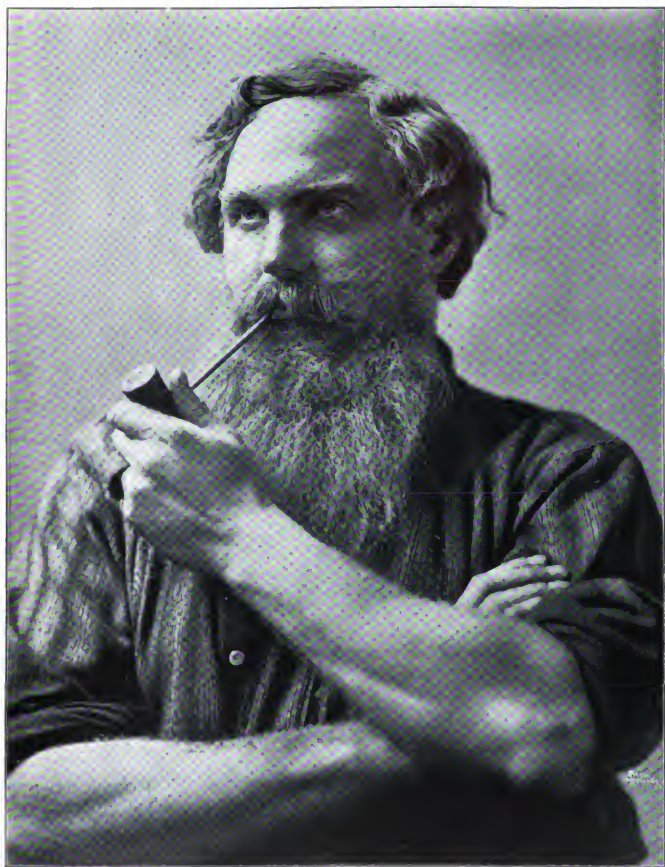
husband and married Charles K. Stevenson, a handsome young Irishman, who had been leading juvenile at Wallack's.





BURR McINTOSH.

BURR WILLIAM McINTOSH was one of the first of the rapidly increasing number of college-bred men to go upon the stage. Mr. McIntosh was born August 21, 1862. His first ten years were passed in Cleveland, Ohio, and from that time until he left Princeton College in 1883, Pittsburg was his home, where for a number of years his father was president of the largest bituminous coal company in the country. In the fall of 1880 Mr. McIntosh entered Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., and while there was the college champion sprinter and hurdler, catcher on the college nine, president of his class and of the college athletic association. Later, at Princeton, he held the offices of vice-president and secretary of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association. After leaving Princeton, neither the allurements of the coal business, nor the attraction of the Pittsburg Club, the smart Tuesday Night Club, as a member of which he did his first acting, were sufficient to keep him there. He was ambitious. Wishing to start slowly but surely, he went to Philadelphia, where Major Moses P. Handy, then editor of the *News*, gave him a start. He made a record within six weeks by exposing, in several columns of daring matter, several of the worst thieves' dives in the city. While there Bartley Campbell offered the young man a position in his "Paquita" company, and a successful debut was made at the Fourteenth Street Theater, New York, August 31, 1885. Since then Mr. McIntosh has left the stage three times to return to journalism, holding good positions on the Philadelphia *Press* and *Times* and Pittsburg *Times*. He has now rolled into a position on the stage which he will hardly forsake. As an actor he has always been connected with the best companies. His greatest successes have been as Tippy Brasher in "Nancy & Co.," with Augustin Daly's company in London, as Col. Calhoun Booker, with E. S. Willard in "John Needham's Double," as Colonel Moberly in "Alabama," as Joe Vernon, the mighty blacksmith, in "In Mizoura," and now as Taffy in the original production of "Trilby." Here he will probably remain for the coming year at least. Mr. McIntosh, although the acknowledged head of Southern dialect comedians and successful as he is, is ambitious for playwriting honors. Already five successful one-act plays have come from his pen. As a card manipulator and raconteur, Mr. McIntosh is well known. He is also a politician. During the reform movement last fall Mr. McIntosh persuaded over two hundred actors and managers, who had not voted before, to vote the Republican ticket. While in Pittsburg in 1888 he was the organizer, president and captain of the "Six Footers" Republican Marching Club, a club of one hundred and twenty men, all six feet tall or over. The twenty-four axemen were six feet four inches tall, and the club was preceded by the "Midget Band," composed of twenty-five boys, whose average age was thirteen. It is one of the best bands in Pittsburg to-day. Mr. McIntosh was the champion pool player of the profession and probably is now. When he organized the Five A's Club—Actor Amateur Athletic Association of America—he was the champion sprinter of the profession, and it is an acknowledged fact that he can defeat any man of his weight sprinting to-day. Mr. McIntosh's greatest pride is in the satisfaction that he is the brother of Miss Nancy McIntosh, the charming American girl who, in less than two years since her debut, is acknowledged to be one of the leading prima donnas of London *opéra comique*.





KATHRYN KIDDER.

THERE has rarely been exhibited on the American stage such a daring piece of work as Miss Kathryn Kidder's announcement that she had bought Sardou and Moreau's play, "Madame Sans-Gêne," and would appear as the washer-woman-duchess. The play had made an enormous hit in Paris; but that was to be hardly wondered at. It was written to suit one of the cleverest of French actresses, who had been born and brought up amid theatrical surroundings and had had an actual stage experience herself of over twenty years. It was written to fit a woman whom Paris accepted as a typical Parisienne and was written to fit her like a glove. Showing Napoleon in an entirely new character, it was produced at the height of the Napoleonic fever when persons were watching with strained eyes to see if there were not some "man on horseback" coming to save France from the mire through which the politicians were dragging her. Of course, it was a success in France, and Madame Sans-Gêne Réjane suddenly gained a world-wide celebrity. But why should it be a success in the United States? Charles Frohman, who has the reputation of being one of the astutest of American managers, refused it. So did Augustin Daly, who was searching for some good play to restore the fortunes of his house. Then came forward Miss Kathryn Kidder, who was hardly known to theatergoers, who had not been on the stage ten years, most of that time in a desultory manner, and announced that she would buy the American rights of the play and act the leading rôle. Mr. Henry Abbey, who was a personal friend of Miss Kidder's, advised her to have nothing to do with it. The Napoleon craze in this country was too slight to help the piece as it had in France. But she had made up her mind to play that particular part, and I imagine that when Miss Kidder once makes up her mind it is no easy task to induce her to alter it. So she played "Madame Sans-Gêne," and all the world was surprised to find how admirably she acted the rôle of the Duchess of Dantzig and how beautifully she had staged the piece. It was a bold piece of work, but Miss Kidder's enormous success throughout the country has proved that she was right and the managers were wrong. It would be a ridiculous piece of flattery to say that Miss Kidder's Madame Sans-Gêne is equal to Madame Réjane's. It is not, but it is a clever copy of it, and gives one reason to hope that Miss Kidder may become an actress of the first class. She has plenty of time before her, since she was born in 1860. Newark, N. J., was her birth-place, but she was brought up in Chicago. It was in that city that she made her first appearance, at the age of sixteen, as Lucy Fairweather in "The Streets of New York." When "Held by the Enemy" was produced at the Madison Square Theater, New York, she played the leading woman's part. Then she went to study in Paris, and on returning to this country appeared as Dearest in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." She afterward gained much experience in playing with Joseph Haworth in his extensive repertoire. Then she made her great coup by the purchase of "Madame Sans-Gêne," thinking she might save herself from falling into the rut that most actresses do, if she could produce a successful play in which she owned an interest. Miss Kidder has undoubted ability. She may yet develop temperament.





WILLIAM FAVERSHAM.

LIKE so many of our young actors, Mr. Faversham is an Englishman by birth. He was educated at Eton's celebrated rival, Harrow, "the school where, loud warned by the bell, we resorted to pore o'er the precepts by pedagogues taught," as Lord Byron, who was also educated at Harrow, wrote. But Mr. Faversham, when he was eighteen, took "French leave" of Harrow, and adopted the boards as a profession. Miss Carlotta Leclercq gave him his first engagement, and with her he played principally in the legitimate drama in the English provinces. A certain Miss Helen Hastings induced him to come over to this country to support her in juvenile parts, but unfortunately the public did not appreciate Miss Hastings' talents, and after two weeks' playing in New York young Faversham found himself "stranded." To his aid came Daniel Frohman, who engaged him for three years as a member of his stock company, and at the Lyceum he appeared in "The Wife" and in "The Highest Bidder." Not playing continuously, and being anxious to improve in his profession, he was at his own solicitation "lent" to Charles Frohman to create the part of Leo in "She." He

then became leading man to Minnie Maddern, playing in such pieces as "Feather Brain," "Spite of All" and "Caprice." He was afterward seen in "The Prince and the Pauper" at the Lyceum, since which time, except for a season with Pitou's stock company, he has been with Charles Frohman. He played in "All the Comforts of Home," made his first appearance as a villain—Prince Von Hallensvald—in "Aristocracy," and did so well that since then he has been generally selected to fill such rôles. Mr. Faversham has appeared as Ned Annesley in "Sowing the Wind," as Reginald Holfiott in "Gudgeons," as Sir Brian Keene in "The Masqueraders," as Sir Herbert Garling in "John-a-Dreams," and as Algernon Moneriff in "The Importance of Being Earnest." Some of the critics find that Mr. Faversham is too self-conscious on the stage. That is probably the fault of youth, and Mr. Faversham may lay this unction to his sou, that that excellent artist, Mr. Kyle Bellew,

was at the same age even more self-conscious. Count D'Orsay used to tell how a very self-conscious friend of his was cured of this besetting sin. He was young and remarkably handsome.

One night he was making a very awkward *entrée* into Almack's, then the favorite resort of fashionable London. An old dowager seated by the door called out to him: "Young man, you are very handsome, indeed; but nobody is looking at you except me!" According to D'Orsay's story, the youthful beau never thereafter made an awkward *entrée*. If the recipe is of any value to Mr. Faversham and will help him to silence the captious critic, we willingly place it at his service.







VIRGINIA HARNED

IT was the ambition of any number of women, young and old, stout and slim, ugly and pretty, to play the rôle of Trilby when public announcement was first made that Paul M. Potter had been commissioned by A. M. Palmer to dramatize Du Maurier's immortal novel. If Mr. Palmer could only publish the letters he received at that particular time—some from women who had never "trod the boards," not even as amateurs—they would make mighty pretty reading. But Mr. Palmer is too discreet to tell the public how he was pestered by would-be Trilbys. From the very earliest he had made up his mind that the part of Trilby should be taken by Miss Virginia Harned, and the stories afloat that other actresses were invited to fill the rôle and refused, are mere fables, probably started by the actresses themselves. Miss Harned had a difficult place to fill. Everyone who had read the book had formed an ideal Trilby in his or her mind, such a Trilby as no woman could represent on or off the stage, and before the play was produced at Boston, the wisecracks wagged their heads and pronounced it must be a failure, for no true Trilby could be found. But it has proved one of the greatest dramatic successes for many years, and Miss Harned's performance of the rôle of the heroine is one of the best things she has done. Trilby does not by any means play the important part on the stage that she does in the book, and Mr. Potter might well have called the piece "Svengali," but the rôle is a charming and pathetic one. In strong contrast to it is another of Miss Harned's successes, the part of "The Dancing Girl." Drusilla had erred as Trilby erred, but she was a cold, selfish woman, a betrayer of men. It is a curious coincidence that in these two plays in which Miss Harned has made her principal reputation, she is in the one a famous dancer, in the other, a noted singer, and that in neither does she dance or sing. In "The Dancing Girl" the audience hears the applause given to a performer supposed to take place behind the scenes in the Duke of Guisebury's drawing-rooms. In "Trilby" it has to be satisfied with hearing the rapturous plaudits that are supposed to greet her unweildy singing behind the scenes in the hall of the Bash-Bazook. When Miss Harned was playing the part of Drusilla she was occupying the position of leading lady to E. H. Sothern, from which she retired two or three years ago. She is a Bostonian by birth, and in Boston she was educated. She became "stage-struck" at the age of sixteen and joined George Clark's company. Her first appearance on the stage was in the part of Lady Despard in "The Corsican Brothers." Mr. Clark's attempts as a "star" did not meet with unbounded success, and in a few weeks Miss Harned left his company. In 1890 she became a member of E. H. Sothern's company.





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JOHN MALONE.

THE first performance by a regular company of players within the limits of the now United States was Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," given at Williamsburg, Va., in the year 1752. One of the principal members of the company, and the Shylock of that notable occasion, was a Mr. Malone. There had been a very intimate association between the old Irish family of Malone and the celebrated Charles Macklin, who was a foster-child of one household thereof, so it is not strange that our American adventurer should have chosen the calling and assumed the greatest character for which his foster-kinsman was famous. Mr. John Malone, a member of the family which gave America one of her first tragedians and which, in the person of Edmond Malone, the celebrated Shakespearean scholar, contributed so magnificently to the lasting preservation of the English drama, is a Yankee Irishman, born in Massachusetts sometime in the early fifties. His parents migrated to California while he was an infant, and he therefore is considered by adoption a Californian. His active life opened with a service of some years as a printer boy in the office of his father, who was a journalist. He was graduated from the College of Santa Clara in 1872 and admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court of California in 1874. He occupied the position of Assistant District-Attorney of Santa Clara county four years, during which time, having attracted much notice as a brilliant amateur actor, he was offered a position in the stock company at the Baldwin Theater, San Francisco. Mr. Malone finally adopted the stage as a member of that company in 1879. After a season of varying experiences, he won the attention and praise of the tragedian, Wm. E. Sheridan, who selected him to play some of the juvenile parts in his repertoire. Acting upon Mr. Sheridan's advice and encouragement, Mr. Malone came East in the year 1881 and was immediately engaged as juvenile leading man by Mr. Frank Mayo for a season's tour, in the latter's support, of Shakespearean and other standard plays. Thenceforward he continued to be very active and prominent in this class of work. He played several engagements with Sheridan in New York and Philadelphia, as well as in western cities, during which he gained generous and unstinted praise for his performances of Iago, Edgar and Nemours to Sheridan's Othello, Lear and Louis XI. In 1886 he became a leading member of the Booth-Barrett company and traveled with Mr. Booth, supporting the latter in all his plays. During this engagement a close and affectionate friendship grew up between Mr. Booth and Mr. Malone, which continued unbroken to the time of the former's death. When the Italian tragedian, Salvini, made his last tour in this country, Mr. Malone was his leading support, playing Iago and other parts with great success. On the occasion of Mrs. Langtry's producing "Macbeth" in this city, Mr. Malone shared with Mr. Charles Coghlan the honors of the support. Since the passing away of Mr. Booth and Mr. Barrett, the Shakespearean drama has not been greatly in vogue, and Mr. Malone has not been so much heard of on the stage as his merits deserve. He has just added a notable accomplishment to his well-won reputation as a fine Shakespearean scholar by his performance of Marc Antony in a production of "Julius Caesar" at the Grand Avenue Theater, Philadelphia, where he went under special engagement to Mr. George Holland, to superintend and direct the production as well as to play. In addition to his reputation as an actor, Mr. Malone holds a notable place in literature and is a contributor to *The Century*, *Harper's*, *North American Review*, *Forum* and other magazines. His pen contributed a brilliant memoir of Edwin Booth to the *Annual Encyclopædia* for 1893, and an affectionate and interesting tribute to the memory of that great actor which appeared in the *Forum* magazine for July, 1893. He justly claims distinction as a poet by many verse contributions to periodical literature. Like the elder Malone, he is a recognized authority in all matters of Shakespearean study, and his various papers on Shakespeare published both in this country and England have attracted much admiration. He contributes with much zeal and energy to the revival of interest in the Shakespearean drama by the delivery of lectures, for which work his legal as well as his dramatic training have peculiarly adapted him. This it becomes clear that Mr. Malone is really a remarkable man in his calling, for few who devote their lives to the study of special character for impersonation can manage to find time for those profounder studies whose fruit is literature. To men of this rare temperament, supplemented by indomitable industry, the world owes that kind of debt on which only the interest can ever be paid. They conserve the best traditions of the stage and stimulate its highest tendencies. They fan the flame of love for the historic and poetic drama, when it shows an inclination to die out in the breasts of those literary craftsmen who are tempted to write for the mere applause and ducat of the moment.

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(From a photograph by Phillips, Philadelphia.)



MAY IRWIN.

BEST with a temper whose unclouded ray can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day." This is the temper with which it has pleased Providence to endow May Irwin. She never fails to carry it about with her, on the stage as well as off. She has not, so tradition says, been known ever to say an ill-natured thing about anyone except May Irwin. That she does not often do, for unlike the majority of players, she rarely talks about herself, and then only when driven into a corner by some inquisitive friend. She bubbles over with good humor, a good humor that is catching and puts everyone in her company on pleasant terms with himself and the rest of the world. Miss Irwin has, although there are some malicious members of the inferior sex, notably Mr. William S. Walsh, who say no woman can possess it, a very keen sense of humor. In that Bohemia where men of wit congregate, Miss Irwin holds her own with bright sallies, and there is no more popular citizen of that land of unconventionality, good comradeship and mental brightness than May Irwin. Of Scotch descent, born in Canada, she is practically a citizeness of the United States, who, when she is not playing, delights to fish and boat among the Thousand Islands, where she owns a farm. She made her first appearance in a variety show at Buffalo, where she sang duets with her sister Flo. Later she joined Tony Pastor's, and for seven years she was considered one of the brightest stars of the variety stage. Then she felt a yearning for the "legitimate" and joined Augustin Daly's company. She will tell you how difficult she found it at first not to introduce "gags," as she had been accustomed to at Tony Pastor's. Her first appearance at Daly's was in Dinko's "Boys and Girls." She created the parts of Susan in "A Night Off" and of Lucy in "The Recruiting Officer." She remained with Daly's for four years, during which period she twice visited London, where she made a great hit as Susie. Miss Irwin afterward joined the Howard Atheneum company. For a season she was engaged by Charles Frohman, played Helen Stockton in "The Junior Partner" and was a great success in her burlesque of *Pygmalion* in "Prets and Puppets." For two seasons she has been playing Elizabeth in "The Country Sport," and next season will play the star part in "The Widow Jones."



(From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.)



J. H. BARNES.

JOSEPH H. BARNES was once considered the handsomest actor on the English boards, and was known in that country, as well as in this, as "handsome Jack." He was formerly engaged in business, but deserted it for the stage, and made his debut in 1871 in a small part in the "Beils" when it was first produced at the London Lyceum. Then he was engaged by H. J. Montagne, who was trying his hand at that time as a manager, and had not yet come to this country, where he was to become so popular. For the next two or three years Mr. Barnes was gaining experience in various London theaters and in the English provinces. He gained the reputation of being one of the most promising leading men of the day, and in 1874 he came over to this country to support the beautiful and gifted Adelaide Neilson. His first appearance in New York was made as Benedick to the Beatrice of Miss Neilson. During the same season he traveled all over the United States with Miss Neilson, acting with her in such roles as Romeo, Claude Melnotte, Orlando and Joseph Surface. His first laurels may, therefore, be said to have been won in this country. On his return to England he played with Dion Boucicault, with Irving and others, and then made a great hit as Captain Crostree in "William and Susan," Miss's adaptation of "Black Eyed Susan." At the Fourteenth Street Theater, New York, he produced the same play on the night of September 19, 1881, the night on which President Garfield died. He afterward made a tour through the United States in "The World." About this time we find him in London playing Appius Claudius to the Virginus of the late John McCullough, and Marcellus and Essex to the Lady Macbeth and Queen Elizabeth of Madeline Rostor. During Miss Mary Anderson's first season in London, in 1883, he was her leading man, and he accompanied her in her first tour through the English provinces. He returned to us once more in 1884 to take the place of the late Charles K. Thorne, as leading man at the Union Square Theater. Two years later he made another great hit in London in "Antoinette Rigaud," which he played with the Kendalls. As Rigaud he was considered the success of the piece. The same year he joined Miss Fanny Davenport as her leading man for a tour in the United States, playing with her Boris Ipanoff, Charles Surface, Claude Melnotte, Dazzle, Benedick, etc. Again he was engaged to support Miss Anderson in an English tour, and came back with her to the United States. Since that time Mr. Barnes has spent a good deal of his time in this country, playing with the Kendalls, with the Jefferson-Florence combination, in "The Prodigal Daughter," etc. Only the principal features of Mr. Barnes' career have been mentioned. They will, however, give the reader an idea how varied and extensive it has been. It is an instructive record, for it shows how much hard work has to be gone through before one can occupy such a position on the English-speaking stage as Mr. Barnes does to-day. Mr. Barnes joined the dramatic profession at a time when a reaction was taking place both on the English and American stage. A French company, including Got and Coquelin, had visited London during L'Amie Terrible, and the undoubted merits of the comedians, their educated feeling for unity and harmony of effect, their reticence in expression, and the care they bestowed upon the smallest matters of detail, appealed to the young English aspirants for dramatic laurels and received considerable attention from many actors of the English school. The way had been prepared by the grace and charm of Fechter's style, which had successfully invaded the very strongholds of tradition and had shaken some of the most cherished convictions of the English-speaking actor's art. As a revolutionary force, Fechter's influence upon the American and English stage was perhaps the greatest that appeared at the time. His daring endeavor to modernize the characters of poetical tragedy served, even in his failure, to strengthen an already growing conviction that Shakespeare was intended for the closet and not for the stage, and to rest of the young actors of the day this was a welcome conclusion. The idea that the poetical drama was dead gave a new dignity and importance to the careful and accurate study of contemporary life and manners. And as the intellectual limitations of Fechter's art tended to discourage the belief in any ideals that he was unable to present, so also, in a purely technical sense, his foreign cadence, which so charmed the ears of his audience, had the effect of discrediting the principles of elocution and of thus preparing English and American audiences for a faithful imitation on the stage of the broken sentences and careless enunciation of the actual world. This revolution in dramatic art, begun by Fechter, was carried a step further in London by the Blancrofts with Robertson's dreadfully nabby-panby comedies—comedies over which, I own, I raved in other days. But *autres jours, autres mœurs*. Then the best players of the House of Mohire came to the rescue of English dramatic art, and Mr. Barnes had the good fortune to adopt the stage just as this reaction for the better took place in London.



(From a photograph by Falk, New York.)



MATHILDE COTTRELLY.

THERE was a time when Mathilde Cottrelly was the reigning toast among the German *jeunesse dorée* of New York. She was then manager of the old Thalia Theater, in the Bowery, where in musical and comedy parts she was her own leading lady. She

had brought with her from the old country both experience and reputation, and for two years she made a brilliant success of the German theater. Born in Hamburg, she was, so to speak, a stage-child, for her father was leader of the orchestra at the leading theater. She drifted naturally into comic opera, and, when she was fourteen, played the leading rôle in Offenbach's "La Belle Hélène." She had become a star and was playing in Berlin when she married George Cottrelly, an Englishman, who belonged to a famous family of circus performers. She was on a starring tour in Russia when he died. Then she came to this country to play soubrette and musical comedy parts under the management of Adolph Neuendorff, at the Germania Theater, now Tony Pastor's. Three seasons later she made her début in English at San Francisco and remained there a year. This brings us to 1879, when she leased the Thalia. Madame Cottrelly made a success of her management, during which she brought Geistering to this country and reaped a goodly harvest out of the engagement. About this time she became the wife of a Mr. Weste, from whom she was afterward divorced, and became a leading member of Colonel McCaull's opera company. Her former managerial experience came in most usefully, and she practically managed that company during its palmiest days. I recall the Colonel telling me how she not only would rehearse the plays, but would design the costumes and set to work with an army of seamstresses to cut out and make them up. But in due time there came the downfall of the McCaull opera and with it Madame Cottrelly's Waterloo. She found herself heavily in debt—debts which she had not incurred herself, but for which the law held her responsible—and she pluckily set to work and paid them. She joined the Germania Theater in Philadelphia and there played the title rôle in "Magda," in which she made a big hit. And then we heard of her playing on the road in "Adonis." Madame Cottrelly is now acting the rôle of Madame Vinard in Paul Potter's "Trilby" at the Garden Theater, New York, and her performance is one of the best in an excellent cast. Mathilde Cottrelly is probably the most versatile actress on the American stage to-day. She has played in high comedy and low comedy and made her mark in tragic parts. She has sung in comic opera, in that bastard comic opera so popular in this country to-day, and in burlesque, and in all she has gained in laurels. One day she is acting in German; the next, she is performing to less artistically in English. We do not know of any other actress of whom this can be said. And Cottrelly is the most good natured of women, who, in days of prosperity, is not puffed up, and, when times are hard, never loses her good spirits. Two years ago she took to herself a third husband, Mr. Thomas J. Wilson, the son of a Philadelphia clergyman.



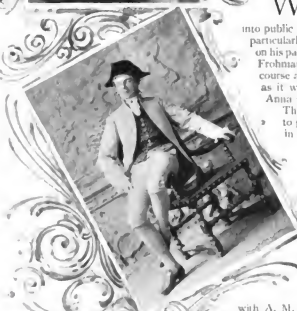
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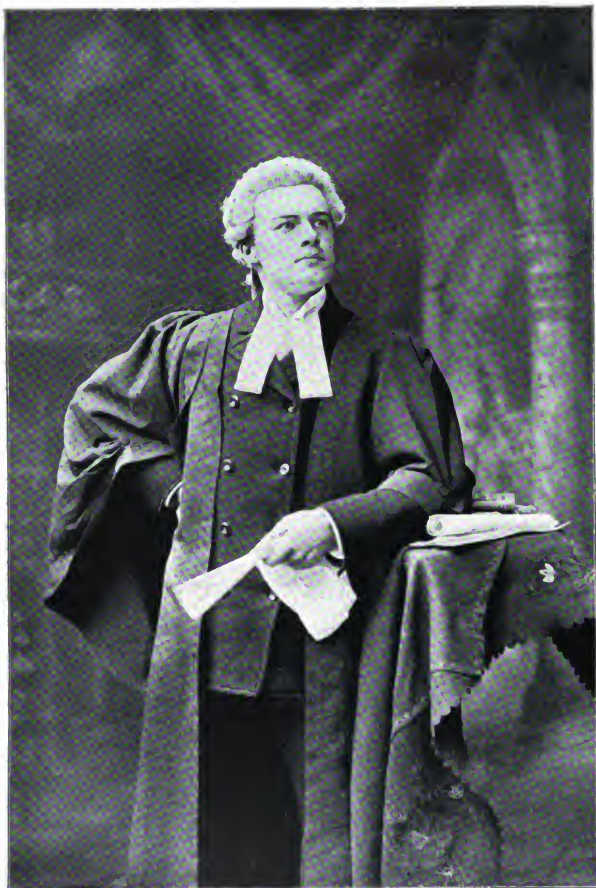


HARRY WOOD- RUFF.

WHAT first brought Mr. Harry Woodruff into public prominence was not any particularly brilliant piece of acting on his part, but his resignation from Charles Frohman's comedy, in order to take a law course at Yale, with the intention of ultimately, as it was reported, becoming the husband of Miss Anna Gould, now Madame la Comtesse de Castellane.

This was announced in November, 1893, when Henry Ingott Woodruff, to give him his full name, was twenty-four years of age. He was born in Hartford, Conn., on June 1, 1869. His father, Samuel V. Woodruff, then of the firm of Woodruff & Beach, is now in business in Boston. Harry Woodruff was only nine years old when he made his first appearance on the stage as a member of a juvenile "Pinafore" company chorus at the Fourteenth Street Theater, New York. In 1879 Daniel Handmann engaged him to play the part of a page in "Narusso." With Booth, in 1880, he took the rôle of the Duke of York in "Richard III." and acted pages' parts in "The Fool's Revenge" and "Richelieu." Then for a short time he was a member of the Boston Theater company. At Wood's Museum, Philadelphia, he starred as Stumps, a backwoods boy, in "Carrots," and succeeded Eliza Weathersby as Ned, the cabin boy, in "The Black Flag," which Nat Goodwin was producing in 1883. In four seasons young Woodruff played the part nearly one thousand two hundred times. In 1887 he was with A. M. Palmer's company; then he made a tour of the world, returned to New York and played Anthony in "Ye Earle Trouble" at the Twenty-third Street Theater. Soon afterward he joined Charles Frohman's company, played Dr. Penwick in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and was acting in "Charley's Aunt" when he decided to desert the stage. In "Charley's Aunt" he had no great part to play, but principally attracted attention among the female portion of the audience on account of his golden, wavy hair, which recalled a mass of daffodils rippled by a gentle western breeze. But to return to his engagement to Miss Gould, Jay Gould objected to his daughter allying herself to an actor, although his eldest son had married an actress. Thomas Byrnes, at that time Superintendent of Police and Czar of New York, had taken the Gould family under his wing—we have since learned how much it was to his advantage—and sent for young Woodruff. What exactly happened history does not relate, but Harry Woodruff no longer wooed Miss Anna Gould. A fashionable Abbe of Paris has since then preached against the alliance of the "blue blood" of France with the daughter of a man who made his fortune by wrecking railroads and bringing misery to the widow and orphan. On dit the effect of that Abbe's sermon has been such that the Faubourg St. Germain—the noble Faubourg—refuses to recognize the American heress, which must be some consolation to the wooer warned off by Superintendent Byrnes. It may be that he will in the near future obtain still further consolation, when, having pleaded to a jury of "new women" the cause of a pitted male, he will procure heavy damages for breach of promise against a member of the overriding sex and teach the downtrodden man has a heart which, though broken, can be mended by the mighty dollar.





(From a photograph by Falk, New York.)



ROSA SUCHER.

THE operatic prima donnas formerly formed a class absolutely unique in special character, as well as special genius. There was nothing in the least analogous to it in any other art or profession, and if the "queen of song" rose apparently without an effort, often in a single bound, to the utmost height of fame, fortune and rank,

there were inherent dangers and drawbacks in her career which a study of the class shows that she but too rarely escaped. Rising, as a general rule, from the humbler ranks of society, after a childhood of severe training, with vanity stimulated on one hand by the admiration of friends, and on the other by the criticisms of rivals, she suddenly found herself in the receipt of enormous sums, courted by the highest and talked of by all. With an almost unvarying fatality, she was dazzled by her success; her vanity developed into the wildest caprice; and often profusely generous, she nearly always became extravagant to the last degree; with suitors of the highest classes, and yet constantly brought in contact with all the strange characters who crowd the outskirts of operatic life, she rarely contracted a marriage in which disparity of social position, or her own caprice in one case or the brutality or avarice of her husband in the other, did not prove a fatal bar to happiness. Seldom, too, did good judgment attend her brilliant talents, and rarely retiring from the scene in the full tide of popularity and fortune, her career of brilliant success was and is to-day too often closed amidst the bitter mortification of finding her failing powers unable to prevent all her empire passing away to a younger rival. Such was, as a rule, the melancholy tale of the prima donna's life of half a century ago. Within the limits of the present generation many things have changed and lessened the dangers as well as the excessive brilliancy of the "queen of song's" dominion. Professional culture has increased in extent, at least in *pari passu*, with popular taste in music. The tendency of Wagner and his school is not in favor of undue exaltation of one brilliant star to the exclusion of all others, and there seems slight probability of again witnessing a musical firestorm such as were matters of common occurrence up to comparatively a few years ago. It is not likely that the sensation that Jenny Lind made will ever be repeated in this country or Europe; nor is it probable that any prima donna will ever again be able to command the prices that Patti once did. In proportion as this tendency is developed, the position of the "queen of song" of the day is relatively lowered, and we find now brilliant gifts of nature less frequently associated with wild and romantic careers ending in misery and obscurity. We do not hear to-day of a Cuzzoni receiving the homage of the rulers of the earth and then passing her closing years in such poverty that button-making alone saves her from starvation; nor do we see the fashionable society of large cities divided into two hostile camps over the respective merits of rival "queens of song," as London was over Cuzzoni and Fanfani. Rosa Hasselbeck Sucher was in her prime at the very head of her profession, at least in Germany. She was acknowledged to be the best *Isolde* that had ever appeared on any stage, and ranked with Materna and Lillie Lehmann as one of the best interpreters of Wagner's heroines. But hers has been a quiet, humdrum life, compared with the lives of the prima donnas of old days. She has been through years of study, temptation and success, and in those handsome eyes of hers you will see shining the gentle light of contentment that shows her heart is as stainless, as simple, and as pure as when a little girl she listened enchanted to the singing of those who afterward in admiration listened to her. Her voice is no longer what it was. It has become shrill in the upper register and somewhat worn in the medium tones, but ten years ago Rosa Sucher's voice could fill the listener with the power of a divine gift that, touching the better part of one's nature, lifted it up to her high conception. When her voice had ceased one felt she had, for the time, removed one from this sordid earth. She still acts as she ever did, with the worship of her art in her soul. Music she inherited. Her father was a poor music teacher of the Palatinate, who devoted what little time he could spare to her musical education. But she did not like the drudgery of learning the groundwork, and was lazy. The old man took her with him one day to Leipzig. In the evening she went to the opera for the first time. Those who sang that night never had so appreciative a listener as that little girl. From that night she worked hard, but she was not completely happy until, at the age of nineteen, she stood on that same stage, a prima donna, holding the audience spellbound by the wonders of her voice. It is a sad pity that she did not visit the United States when she was in her prime, for those who heard her last season for the first time cannot appreciate what a glorious voice she had before the strain of Wagner's operas had worn it.



(From a photograph by Hoffert, Berlin.)



MAX ALVARY.

MAX ALVARY was born with artistic blood in his veins, for he is the son of Andreas Achenbach, who, with

Adolph Schroedter and others, laughed the

old idealists out of fashion and helped to found the modern realistic school of painting in Germany. He was born, too, in a city—Dusseldorf—that teems with artistic sentiment, and, being the son of his father, he dwelt from his childhood among artists of all kinds—musicians, painters, sculptors, architects, singers and actors. A youth with temperament cannot spend his early days in one of these German cities, be it Dusseldorf or Weimar, Munich or Karlsruhe, or even in Hanover and Stuttgart, without having his artistic taste discovered. In his birthplace young Max Achenbach found an atmosphere which developed in his nature that high conception and true standard of art which has elevated him to his present position as one of the greatest tenors of the day and one of the most intelligent of operatic actors. As a boy he had a very sweet voice, and when he was at school in Paris he often sang in its churches, but took no instructions in singing. Later, he studied under that wonderful producer of the human voice, Lamperti. But the era of the Bonizettes, the Bellinis and the Kossius was passing away. German art had arisen, and Max Achenbach was attracted to Wagner and his school. He fore-saw greater success on the German stage than as an Italian singer. He returned to his fatherland, put himself in charge of Julius Stockhausen, of Frankfurt, and commenced his public career as a singer in concerts and oratorios. He met with immediate success and eventually, against his father's wish, adopted the operatic stage. Under the name of Max Alvary, he made his debut at the Court Theater at Weimar. The late Emperor William took a great interest in the young tenor and frequently summoned him to Berlin to sing at state receptions. On November 9, 1887, Max Alvary made his first American appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, in the part of Siegfried, and in the same house, rebuilt, he made his hundredth appearance in that rôle on the occasion of a benefit given to him last season. Siegfried he has played in most of the large German and American cities and in London. It is as the greatest Siegfried of his day that future

generations will mostly hear of him.



(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)

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No. 7

GALLERY
OF
PLAYERS

FROM
THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN

(With 22 full-page pictures and over 100 portraits in character)

EDITED BY
HENRY AUSTIN

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The publisher begs to acknowledge his appreciation of the excellent work of the following photographers, whose cameras have contributed to the success of this volume :

Falk, New York.	Wynn & Burridge, Detroit.
Thors, San Francisco.	G. W. Smith, Boston.
Alfred Ellis, London.	Sarony, New York.
Place, Chicago.	W. M. Morrison, Chicago.
Dupont, New York.	Elmer Chickering, Boston.
Baker, Columbus, O.	Schloss, New York.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

IN putting forth Number Seven of *THE GALLERY OF PLAYERS*, which has become not only such a favorite with the public, but a standard work with all special students of the stage, the publisher has full confidence that it will be fully appreciated. As to the text and the method employed by the editor, Henry Austin, the publisher takes pleasure in presenting a brief extract from a personal letter.

"The limitation of a page," Mr. Austin says, "for treating a player worthy to be set in this charming picture-gallery of your invention renders vain any attempt at minute or complete criticism. I could easily write several pages concerning several of my subjects in one rôle alone. Hence I have simply sought to make a blend of my general critical impressions with the leading points in the lives of these players and with an occasional apt anecdote here and there which, I believe, will be found fresh and pleasant by the public and by the ladies and gentlemen thus epitomized.

"Appreciating thoroughly the charmingly brilliant work done by my editorial predecessors, Messrs. Austin Brereton, Charles Fée, Nirdlinger and Maxwell Hall, I have nevertheless adopted a somewhat different editorial attitude and style of presentation, partly because I believe the public likes novelty and partly because my training has been colored by personal experience on the stage as well as in the sanctum.

"Knowing the difficulties of the histrionic art, which looks so easy, and having a warm readiness to believe in the younger men and women of this important, though sometimes too self-important, profession, possibly I have erred a little in some cases by prodigality of praise. But I am a firm believer in praise as the best incentive to better and still better deeds, and this must be my excuse, if excuse be needed.

"Wherever I have not seen a player in a special rôle, I have frankly admitted my lack and simply chronicled what I have heard from sources I regard as reliable.

"In spite of the many trumpery pretenders to the noble name of 'Artist' now parading over the country, my view of the future of American theatrie art in all its branches is entirely optimistic. I also regard the stage as a potent factor in extending civilization and the player as a delightful missionary of the sweet creed, summed up in that large phrase, 'The Everlasting Brotherhood of Man.'"

These remarks, it seems to the publisher, clearly indicate the aim and method of Mr. Austin's editing.

LORILLARD SPENCER.



CLARA MORRIS.

THE American actress! That was the popular title of Clara Morris when Sara Bernhardt went with a smile to see her play "Camille," and exclaimed at the end of the second act in a tribute of genius to

genius: "This woman is not acting; she is suffering." It was like the divine Sara to recognize so generously a histrionic power and method so different from her own, so different from all, so unique and phenomenal. Clara Morris is now

long past youth—having been born at Cleveland, Ohio, though some accounts give Montreal, Canada, as the place honored by her birth, in the year 1850. Yet she continues to draw as large houses as ever, for all who have once beheld this glorious bundle of nerves attuned to somber, harplike, melancholy music, always go to see her again and still again in the very same old pieces. She is not beautiful. She never was. She is not even always graceful, and she was very awkward and angular, when she began to take by storm the hearts of men and women. She has none of the myriad cunning devices and carefully planned simulations of the fascinating Bernhardt—none of the legerdemains of art. She goes straight ahead by sheer force of profound personality right into the heart and stays there like a queen in her natural realm. The mystery of misery! I remember no actor or actress with any nearness to her power of impressing that occult spell on an audience. It seems almost a proof of the doctrine of reincarnation, when one considers that this woman, springing from the humblest origin, with little education, save what she has acquired on the stage, should possess this marvelous overpowering gift of psychic knowledge and of psychic force. Her first appearance was in the ballet at Cleveland. Gradually she rose to a trust of small speaking parts. Finally she forced her way into Daly's company, and by accident of illness got a chance as understudy to play Anne Sylvester in Wilkie Collins' "Man and Wife." That was in 1871. When the curtain fell that night, Daly, who had watched with amazed delight the flashing eyes, the quivering lips, the throbbing throat, and heard the sobbing notes of that free Western voice, knew that a woman of genius had arrived. Each new part she took confirmed this. Her Cora, in "Article 47," next year was a revelation that roused New York to enthusiasm. Her Miss Moulton, her Alix, her Mercy Merrick, in "The New Magdalen," each added a new ray to her halo. Her Lady Macbeth, though not so satisfying, did not jar, and her Emilia, in "Otello," was also an astonishing performance. Grief, sense of wrong, mad devotion, supreme sacrificial love, raging jealousy, physical agony, death in many forms—her power of expressing these has never been surpassed, and Time, that cynical alchemist, who often turns gold to lead, seems to have no power over her powers.





(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



WILLIAM WARREN.

MY first visit to a theater was at the wise age of seven, for my father considered a moderate attendance on theaters that produced good old plays a necessary part of a liberal education. That kind of theater was, and still is, I believe, the Boston Museum, which a good many pious Bostonians did not scruple to attend, because it was a museum, not a theater. I remember the smile with which my father used to point out several deacons whom he knew, sprinkled among the audience. It was in this theater—so long his home—that I saw William Warren, and enjoyed him from early boyhood, my matured judgment confirming the impression on the childish mind. Warren was the beau ideal of what an actor should be, and his history is an ornament of the profession. He was born November 17, 1812, his father having emigrated from England in 1796, and having married the sister of Joseph Jefferson's grandfather. Thus, these two men of rare distinction had a double kind of kinship. Warren's first appearance was as young Norval, October 27, 1832, at the Arch Street Theater in Philadelphia, on the occasion of his father's benefit. Fourteen years later he was playing Sir Lucius O'Trigger at the Boston Athenaeum, and in three years more began his remarkable career at the Museum, where he played for thirty-four years. His Sir Lucius O'Trigger always seemed to me—I think I saw him play it at least a dozen times—the finest on the stage. Instead of the duellistic desperado, the wild roystering Irishman, as has been the general conception of this part, Warren made him rather a fine gentleman, with weaknesses and eccentricities, to be sure, but quite sound and sweet at core. In 1844, Warren visited London and scored a success as Con Cromley in a play whose name escapes me, unless it was "The Vermont Dealer." Three years before that, Warren made his only appearance in New York. During the season of 1864 he toured the country in the Warren-Norton combination, not very successfully, I believe, and after this he elected to stay in Boston, where he was beginning to rank with the elect. He retired in 1883, having been fifty years behind the footlights, and having played 13,345 times in 577 different roles. His range was very great and the evenness of his acting such that I find it impossible to say whether his Sir Peter Teazle, his Member from Cranberry Center, his Herr Wigel in "My Sot," or his Sir Lucius O'Trigger stands out as his highest achievement. He belonged to the best French school of acting. There was no sketch work. Every detail was carefully presented. Every word of the author was made to render up its exact value. Personal dignity, unflinching sweetness of temper, wide knowledge, pride in his profession, but no tendency to exploit it in all his converse, like most of the delightful tribe, and a grace of almost feminine modesty marked this charming man. At a party, in his old age, when a lady said to him, "Mr. Warren, you are the lion of the evening," quick as a flash he rejoined: "I never knew of but one man who wasn't hurt by lionizing." "Ah, who was that?" "Daniel," he said quietly, and under cover of his quip stole away from the fair flatterer. Mr. Warren left about \$100,000, half to his wife for life and the rest to charitable and religious institutions. Warren's acting was so wonderfully close to nature in some parts that it affected his co-actors. The first time Mrs. Winslow played Lady Teazle she was so overcome by the pathetic way Sir Peter makes provision for her possible widowhood, overheard by her behind the screen, that she completely lost her self-possession and dissolved in tears; and, as often afterwards as Warren played this part, the primal thrill of the old man's dignified emotion came back to her in the rôle of the young wife. Such was William Warren, content to be a stock actor, not a star!



(From a photograph by Conly, Boston, Mass.)



GLADYS WALLIS.

WHAT is lovelier than a pretty girl in love? The answer to this conundrum is very simple: a prettier girl in the same interesting condition. I fancy it would take a long search over the American stage and a much longer one over the French and English to find a prettier girl than Gladys Wallis, and to see her play the kind of part indicated in the opening question is an experience exquisite in its daintiness, deep in its deliciousness, like a fountain in the desert, radiant and refreshing to eyes and ears and taste. One might easily be pardoned, indeed, for gushing over this actress on the score of her limpid looks alone, for hers is the kind of countenance that appeals to what may be termed the general sentiment of woman in man. It is not the sensational magnetism that upsets the fragmentary brains of dudes, no love-at-first-sight fantasy—no snap-shot sentimentalism—but the soft, gentle and pure delight of the eye which the father of a lovely little girl is apt to feel, when he sees other charming children at play. As an actress, Gladys Wallis has not yet given evidence of large ability—of any command in the expression of a varied range of emotions; but she has the elixir of a sprite, the self-poise and floating grace of a sylph and a voice of sympathetic sweetness, of inherent charm, with just the shadow of strange, foreign intonation. This latter is doubtless due to her derivation, for she is the daughter of Bohemian emigrants, I believe, and I have heard that an unhappy homelife drove her like a true gypsy into the glad embrace of art. She won her first laurels as Violet Bell in "For Money" a few years ago—I have forgotten the date—and since then she has pursued her chosen path with studious perseverance. She achieved a sound success in "New Blood," and when Crane revived Martha Morton's comedy, "Brother John," Gladys Wallis, in the part of Maggie Rolan, appeared to rare advantage. Emboldened by her rapid rise in popular favor, she tried herself as a star—a modest little twilight twinkler, so to speak—on the crude, but cordial, West, making her debut in the Grand Opera House at Oshkosh, Wisconsin, November 6, 1894. The play was "A Girl's Way," by Blanche Marsden, written originally for poor Patti Rosa, whose untimely end was a wide loss. Though the night chosen by Miss Wallis to dare and do was election night, her audience was large, and her success was clear almost from the start. In the comedy-scenes her acting was more than good: it was capital. Congratulations by wire poured in, for Miss Wallis is a favorite with the profession almost as much as with the public. She has very few female rivals actresses even, as a rule, feeling her gentle charm and forgetting for the nonce how to be jealous. The outcome of her last year's hit was the signing of a five years' contract with Manager John W. Dunn, Patti Rosa's husband, to tour this country and probably Australia and England. My impression is that she will need, however, several new plays, and it will be much better for her future to have a varied repertory. Whether she is capable of power and pathos, in any deep degree, I am not prepared to say. I can only hope so, in the interests of art. But at any rate she has a distinct delicate charm all her own, which I doubt if the fugacious years can ever steal away. There is, however, it has always appeared to me, a very considerable danger lurking in the fascinating opportunity of becoming a star, when one is very young. Not only is an actress apt to lose that variety of schooling which would develop her in a round way; but, if she plays one successful rôle a long time—say a season of touring through the country—its essential qualities and their correspondences in attitude, gesture and facial expression are exceedingly apt to cling to her afterward like burrs and intrude themselves on other parts of a different kind that she may essay. Given them as differently as possible, yet many of her first admirers feel compelled to admit to themselves: "Well, So-and-So is mighty pretty and fetching, but she's almost always the same in every part." Then comes, at last, the day when fresher beauties—new planets of superbly milliwheel youth—swim into the ken "of the fickle public eye, and the star who hasn't the innate staying and ever-expanding power of genius or the almost equal advantage of carefully trained and widely cultivated talent, he-moves that saddest sight on the stage—a star of the past, feebly glimmering on the present and sinking year by year to inferior positivism, filling gaps or even, perhaps, causing them finally. 'Tis for this reason that I rather hate to see a girl like Gladys Wallis become a star so young.





(From a copyright photograph by Falk, New York.)



ROBERT DOWNING.

ONE of the younger men who has made a fine mark in the theatrical profession is Robert Downing. He was born at Washington, D. C., October 28, 1857, and at the age of nineteen, having had a good education, he went on the stage to play utility parts under the management of John T. Ford, who then had theaters in Baltimore, Philadelphia and Washington. It was in this stock company, two years later, when Tom Keene was leading man and Henrietta Vaders leading lady, that I first met Downing and noted his industry, intelligence and absolute devotion to his profession. While other young men in that company were idling along under the pleasing superstition that a young man of some brains, good looks and aptness, once he gets a footing on the stage, gradually grows, by copying what he sees others do, night after night, into a fine player through some fortuitous concurrence of played atoms, without his taking any special pains to speed the event—Downing, on the other hand, was a hard, conscientious student, not content to be a mere happy-go-lucky appropriator of other men's theatrical tricks, business, or personal mannerisms.

His own especial parts were not merely learned like a human phonograph, but he had clearly made a point of studying the whole play every time, and it soon became evident to me that he had a future before him and that he was bound to make himself a success and a successor of Barrett and McCullough in popular esteem. That was seventeen years ago, when I saw him doing small parts well. I see him doing great parts now in such a way that as a faithful lover of legitimate drama I take a special almost personal satisfaction in his work. I may offend some old-time critics and criticsasters by saying that I consider him a far better actor than Lawrence Barrett or John McCullough, but why should I not say firmly what I firmly believe? His King Lear alone lifts him to a plane that commands a wide prospect of future dominion in the domain of art. Who else among the actors of this time has given signs of being able to sustain this wonderful conception of barbaric brusqueness in temper, antique energy of temperament triumphing over age and wretchedness, pathetic dignity of outraged paternal affections, and a passion—using this word in its older, more correct sense—almost elemental in its workings like the tornado that is only silent in the rim it has wrought? Downing's Gladiator and his Ingomar display an equal intensity and splendor of barbaric fervor. In the subtle, self-conscious and semi-histrionic passion of Marc Antony Downing also exhibits the credentials of the skilled workman and, as I note his fresh range of distinct achievement, I hazard little in predicting for my old friend and associate a still larger measure of success and popularity. Shakespeare never dies; never palls on the divine average of taste among sensible men, and there will never be a lack of worthy players to present his works; for it is one of their chief characteristics that they create good actors. At the same time I am so patriotic, to the point of chauvinism, that I wish to see our arriving men like Downing add to their repertory a range of American historical plays. I maintain that there are men in this country—women, too, I doubt not—capable of writing plays which, interpreted by Downing, Hamford and others whom I might mention, would stimulate patriotism and crown author and actor with civic laurels, as well as "put money in the purse." I look, anyway, in the next century for a wonderful renaissance and intensification of the national spirit, and that the stage will play its part in this "consummation, so devoutly to be wished," is likewise my confident expectation.



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CAROLINE MISKEL-HOYT.

A BLUE-GRASS Diana—tall, as the daughters of Kentucky, God's garden, are apt to be—with eyes of turquoise blue and a cloud of unilant auburn hair—the kind called Titian-red—which lights up the head like an aureole and storms the stage with beauty. Nose irregular, but then, with all due deference to the Greek goddesses, a straight nose on a woman is rarely beautiful. Sir Peter Lely, England's best face painter, knew this and preferred to paint the upward, hopeful, piquant nose—the kind which Tennyson was the first to exalt in rhyme, "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower." Her figure is as fetching as her face. Svelte—I hate this word that seems the especial property of lady and ladyfied novelists, yet no other fits as well her form with its cunning curves of a fullness that may be styled nicely the fullness of refinement. Voice and brain are here, likewise, in proper proportion to insure a just success. Her family name was Scales, and she was born September 18, 1873, at Covington, Ky., but her parents removed to Toronto, Canada, where her father resides. Her grandfather, C. J. Mendiez, was a man of note in his day, and died Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Kentucky. Thus this girl had advantages of breeding and station to start with which many actresses have to acquire—sometimes in the face of heavy odds. She was educated in a convent and no shadow of scandal ever sullied her reputation. Her first engagement was with Robert Mantell, playing a small part in "The Face in the Moonlight." I did not see her in this and have no information as to whether she gave any earnest of her present force and finish. Very likely not. One of the best actors I ever knew was a frightful stick at his debut and his stickiness stuck to him like glue for some time. Miss Scales's next appearance was at Daly's, and there she did show somewhat of the wild colt fervor of Mary Anderson, and a hint of the subtle liquid, lispish charm of Ada Rehan, before Ada acquired the monochrome of mannerism and lost her hold on most of the critics, except faithful Willie and Augustin the magnificent. In 1893, confident of her abilities, and, of course, not blind to her own beauty, the Kentucky girl resolved on a coup de theatre, and she laid siege to Hoyt's. The practiced eye of this brilliant author and manager saw, and not a moment doubted, the vision that had floated like a summer cloud into his office. He engaged her at once to play the leading part of Ruth, the minister's daughter, in "A Temperance Town." He tried her and his play on New England and the provinces first, for he was man of business as well as poet, and had the caution of his courage, the commonsense of great talent—a faculty very rare in combination with genius, though Shakespeare had it as well as Goethe, Hugo and Dickens. Miss Scales, or Caroline Miskel, according to her stage name, came out under advantages, like Mark Tapley under difficulties—strong, very strong. The world knows the rest of her romance. The playwright fell in love with his star and the star with her poet. In their present combination they continue to give delight to vast audiences—clean, sweet merriement, set to the tune of excellent acting. May the music always continue and increase in variety and volume! It is to be hoped, however, that the wonderful, swift success of Miss Scales will not inspire too many girls with the idea that they can come to New York and do likewise. Almost all women of intelligence plus a vivacious temperament can act quite a little off the stage in daily life or in private theatricals, but not enough to make an attempt at more worth while. Nor is beauty, however great, a sufficient excuse for the venture. Nor are there enough unmarried managers to welcome every young girl of blossoming brains and beauty, give her a chance, marry her, compose plays for her, and make her, at last, that rare combination—a theatric artist and "A Contented Woman," which later, by-the-bye, is the felicitous title of the latest play written for Mrs. Caroline Miskel-Hoyt by her unusually clever husband.





(From a copyright photograph by W. M. Morrison, Chicago, Ill.)



CHARLES B. HANFORD.

IF memory serves me rightly, it was in the spring preceding the assassination of President Garfield that I witnessed in Washington at the old National Theater the debut of a promising young man in that most extraordinary product of Shakespeare's glorious genius, that never-fading and almost flawless drama which he built around the historical fact of the assassination of Julius Caesar. I was writing dramatic criticism at that time for two papers, I think, and I wish I had kept the prophecy I made in regard to the amateur who played Cassius, because it would fit in so well with what I have to say of him here. There were a certain crudity and awkwardness, of course, in the rendition, but it was quite clear to me that Charles B. Hanford, born in Amador County, California, thirty-five years ago, was no stage-struck blockhead, but a man whose proper place in life was behind the footlights. The years have amply proved my prophecy. Mr. Hanford had the good sense to join a regular company, take eagerly the smallest parts offered and work hard and slowly up the ladder. Two seasons later he was playing rôles of considerable importance in Tom Keene's company, and while acting Ægeon in "The Comedy of Errors" at the Dramatic Festival in Cincinnati he attracted the attention of Robson and Crane, so that two seasons later they invited him to join them especially to present that character. This piece of appreciation led at once to another. Lawrence Barrett saw Hanford playing Ægeon at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, and leaned out of his box to applaud him. The next day Hanford received an invitation to join the Booth-Barrett company for the following season. After several seasons with them, in which he gave keen satisfaction to the public, especially with his Marc Antony, Hanford joined Julia Marlowe to play heavy leads or light comedy parts. In 1893 those excellent dramatic organizers, the Rosenfelds, of New York, engaged him for the part of King Marbo in Feis' picturesque play, "Olaf," at Niblo's Garden. His performance was very fine. In the following year he toured the country, supporting Mrs. Drew and playing Captain Absolute in "The Rivals" and Harry Dornon in "The Road to Ruin." This season he has gone on the road with Elibu R. Spencer and Miss Nora O'Brien as joint stars, and he will play Shylock, Othello, Mercutio, Damon, Master Walter and Marc Antony. I trust he will meet the success he deserves. He has a fine voice, well managed, his readings evince conscientious study in addition to natural intelligence, and he has earned by long service the right to be seriously considered as a star.





THE CUTTINGS.

MRS. ROBERT LIVINGSTON CUTTING, Jr., who is better known to the public as Minnie Seligman, under which maiden name she made her maiden bow before the footlights in October, 1887, at Hoyt's Madison Square Theater, is an actress of rare force and more than ordinary finish. Her first part was Llandy, in "Elaine," which ran four weeks, but gave her small chance to display her brilliancy. The next season found her playing at McVicker's Theater, in Chicago, and it is no exaggeration to say that she captivated the West by her acting, her beauty, and the iridescence of her dressing. She next attracted attention as Herminia in Albaugh's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and then as Thora, in "Olaf," she made her first hit for the home-plate in her native city, New York. The critics, primarily, were a little sly of Miss Seligman, and sister actresses rather inclined to regard her as a rude, unscheduled invader of the stage. But she never seemed to mind this kind of thing, and went right along, demonstrating her divine right of brains to be in the full sunlight of histrionic publicity. Her every performance from that time on has been marked by improvement. Early crudities have been carefully smoothed away without any impairment of original force. She is rather a militant lady, as a few managers have found to their cost. She had a hard fight for the right to produce her recent play, "Lady Gladys," by Robert H. Lullman, author of several successful dramas, mostly uncouth and unsatisfactory, but a man of talent in his way. Last spring, however, Miss Seligman succeeded in bringing the play before the public and her cleverness rescued it from failure. Her marriage, after a divorce from Dr. Kaufman, to a scion of one of the oldest New York families, caused a great sensation, and the disinheritance of her husband followed. He has, however, obtained his share of the estate, some \$400,000, which is not a bad sum to act on. His clever wife before that had made him take to the stage and he has become a very acceptable and praiseworthy player. Their future, as popular and social favorites, appears therefore doubly well assured. The career of Minnie Seligman illustrates again the strange force of that ancient race which, after passing through a centuries' crucible of suffering, and persecuted even to-day by certain fat-witted nations, produces with prodigal ease poets like Heine, actresses like Rachel and Bernhardt, musicians like Mozart and Mendelssohn, financiers like Rothschild, statesmen like Disraeli and philanthropists like Baron Hirsch.



(From a photograph by Thors, San Francisco.)



WALKER WHITESIDE.

"A HOOSIER HAM-
LET!" The exclamation seems to contain a

wealth of derision. Yet why should not a man born in Indiana, or anywhere else, play Hamlet, or anything else, if he pleases? Ay, there's the rub, the touchstone of success and the seal of authority. Place of birth has no standing in the highest court of criticism. We must clear our minds of the cant of any narrow localism and be ready to welcome a torchbearer, whether he comes from Chicago, Timbuctoo or Kalamazoo. We must escape, for our own sakes as well as for that of American art, from the trammels of tradition and the shadows of superstition. There were kings before Agamemnon. There will be other Hamlets to take the place of Booth. For my part I have always maintained that Booth, though a good Hamlet, was not a great one. I think his conception was conventional and his execution artful rather than artistic. Booth's Shylock and his Iago, to my taste, were performances in which his family genius had full scope. They left nothing to be desired. The personality, all the winsome personality of Booth, the man, was mystically merged in those parts, and the effect was transcendent. But as Hamlet, Charles Fechter, when sober, albeit the melodramatic tint that would flush out on the surface now and then, always seemed to me incomparably superior. So I would say to any young American actor who dares to essay this rôle so famous for failure! "Be not afraid!" There are some failures so close on successes that they are well worth while. Besides, just because an actor does not score an instant triumph, when very young, in a most difficult part, that is no reason and no proof that he may not, when his powers are matured, secure the approval of those who erst condemned him. I am moved to this utterance with Walker Whiteside under special consideration. Here is a man born twenty-seven years ago at Logansport, Ind., where his father, T. C. Whiteside, was a Judge—a young man whose ambition is a serious thing and whose performances enforce respect. He has played all over the West and in Canada with companies of barnstormers, and three years ago he made a Hamlet venture in New York. It was not a great success, but then it was far from a fiasco. There was distinct promise. Such promises are not always kept, but this man seems so eminently in earnest that surely the omens are with him. He has a rather high, long-reaching voice, which he modulates well, and he does not evince much tendency to rant—in old stage parlance—"to chew soap." On the contrary, he shows considerable restraint and reserve. He is slender and handsome in figure, though not tall, and his head reminds one of the poet, Shelley's. His hair is dark and his eyes are blue. He has considerable of that gift of unanalyzable attraction called personal magnetism. I have never seen him play Richelieu and other tragic specialties, but his Hamlet makes one willing to see more of him and to believe that he has a future. My own idea is that some of our ambitious young tragedians like Whiteside and Downing and Hanford would make a quicker stride forward in popular favor as successors of Booth, Barrett and McCullough, if they did not confine themselves to the old line of plays, fine as these be, but tried to get American playwrights to compose a few historical dramas for them. I think the time is near when Aaron Burr, Hamilton, Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson, James Bowie, Dave Crockett, and a host of other characteristic men could be well interwoven in dramas that would draw, bringing fame and fortune to player and playwright, and a new era to American literary art.



(From a photograph by Baker, Columbus, O.)



EFFOLLIOTT PAGET.

MISS EFFOLLIOTT
PAGET is of
English birth and

parentage, having been born at Margate, Kent.

near the house once famous as the residence of the Rev.

Mr. Barham, author of the "Ingoldsby Legends." Miss Paget is related

to the Kemble family of whom Mrs. Siddons was the recognized genius. It is said that

her histrionic talent is not hereditary, and, although there are notable examples to the contrary, as in-

stanced by the Kemble, Booth and Wallack families, the exceptions tend to prove the rule. But ancestral traits,

after disappearing for a time, are often found in the second or third generation; and it was the opinion of Mrs.

Dallas Glyn, the celebrated Shakespearean reader, that her pupil, Miss Paget, would have made a great tragedienne.

Chance and the tastes of modern audiences, however, decided that she was to be identified with comedy, and her first

speaking part was with the Vokes family (Fred, Fawdon, Jessie and Victoria) at the Theatre Royal, Portsmouth. Subse-

quently Miss Paget played several seasons with Charles Wyndham at the Criterion Theatre, London, and was a member

of his company during his last visit to this country, playing Lady Osterley in the "Candidate" and Mrs. Sternhold in

"Still Waters." The following season Miss Paget made a tour of the States, impersonating the title rôle in "Aunt Jack," a character

whose strongly marked individuality was rendered the more attractive by the artistic methods and agreeable personality of the actress.

The next season Miss Paget was starred as the Harounessa Vera in Augustin Daly's adaptation of Von Schonthau's "Last Word." In

this play Miss Paget achieved an undoubted artistic triumph, but the territory reserved by Mr. Daly for his own company made financial

success in one season almost an impossibility. Had Miss Paget's impersonation of Vera been seen in New York, I am inclined

to say that her reputation as an emotional actress would have become firmly established and in all probability she never would have

been allowed to darken by desertion the ranks of stars. A comedienne with a complete and facile command of pathos is truly a rare

bird and such Miss Paget may justly be styled. With clear and incisive methods susceptible of the most delicate shading, her mag-

netic presence and attractive personality lift her audience imperceptibly into a very rich realm of rarefied theatrical air and any over-

sense of art melts away in the charm of her musical voice and the purity of her enunciation. To these qualifications of a successful

star two most important ones may be added—the capacity and willingness to do hard work. Her versatility manifested itself during

the last tour of Rosina Vokes, when Miss Paget on several occasions played with entire success characters which, till then, were

thought to be out of her grasp. Miss Paget's recent engagement with William H. Crane is pleasantly remembered by theatergoers of

New York, more especially her vivacious performance of Mrs. Ford in the production of the "Merry Wives" at the Star Theater,

and of Mrs. Canary in "His Wife's Father" at the Fifth Avenue Theater. If I were suddenly summoned to say what was Miss

Paget's most striking peculiarity, I should say that vivacity, or perhaps, vitality, expressed it. She makes one feel that she is im-

mensely alive. It is this intensity that enables her to take what might be called an utterly impossible character, and invest it with

persuasive naturalness. This "tropic drop of fantastic fire" in her comedy suggests that she might reach a very unusual place. The

English stage has long lacked a woman who might be, what Charles Fechter was, a magician of melodrama, investing fantastic situa-

tions and exhibitions of highly colored character with such a natural charm that, if he had essayed the part of a Unicorn with a

human voice, one would speedily learn to believe that such an animal was not a freak of fancy, but entirely probable and proper. It

is easy to see that this woman loves her calling—not the glitter and excitement of the stage, nor the intoxication of success and the

plaudits so very dear to players—not the smooth lines of daily living into which a successful player easily falls. These things,

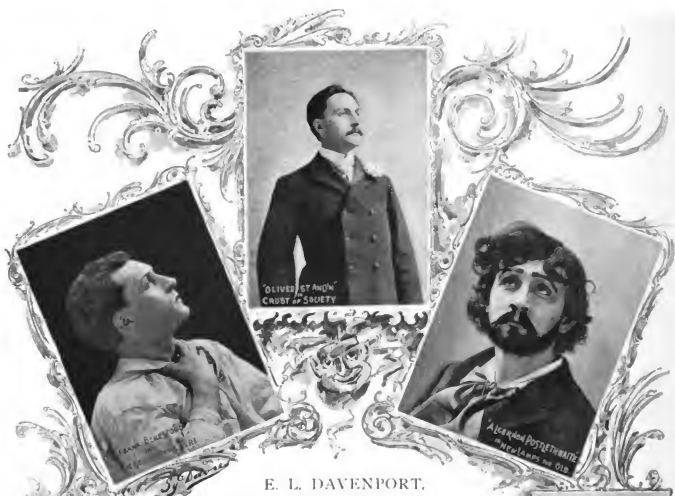
doubtless, she measures at their true value; but what she most enjoys is the free exercise of her gifts—the serene quietude power to

communicate delicate emotional or moral pleasure as an artist plus a woman. That Heaven gave her a largess of beauty, as well

as brains, is another point for public as well as private satisfaction.



(From a photograph by Tally, New York)



E. L. DAVENPORT.

EDGAR LOOMIS DAVENPORT, though a comparatively young man, is an excellent example of the old-school actor, instead of the man who is pitchforked into success by some accidental hit in a part that just fits him. Coming from a well-established theatrical family, he has improved whatever hereditary talent he may have possessed by conscientious study and that kind of industry which the Romans admired so much that they ranked it almost equal to genius. His first regular appearance was made as the Surgeon-Major in "Exiles" at the Walnut Street Theater, Philadelphia, in the season '78-'79, after which he played in the company of his sister, Fanny, and then with M. B. Curtis, as leading man, in '81 and '82. The following season he made an impression of distinction as an actor in the rôle of Lord Travers with the Madison Square "Hazel Kirke" Company. Four years later, "still unknown to fame," he joined the Boston Museum Stock Company, in which, after playing juveniles for several years, he finally became leading man. During five years in Boston, Davenport played over fifty parts and made some very marked successes. I remember with keen pleasure his Julian Beauclerc in "Diplomacy," his Clement Hall in "Sweet Lavender," his Charles Courtly in "London Assurance." His Jacob McClosky in "The Octoroon" struck me as an exceedingly clever villain, and in contrast with this Mr. Toots in "Dombey & Son" evidenced Davenport's variety of range. His Captain Molineaux in "The Shaugraun" was another notable impersonation. After leaving the Museum, he went to the Pacific coast and won fresh laurels in Lederer's

Company of Comedians. He has played since with Carrie Turner and with Frank Mayo.

One of his latest successes has been the part of Chambers in Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson" at the Herald Square Theater in New York, and this season he is engaged for leading business in Neil Burgess' new production. Davenport has the reputation of having played more parts than any actor of his years, and it is only fair to say that the value of the family name seems to be quite safe in his keeping. His artistic preferences are clearly for "character" work and light comedy, but the superb schooling he has had has made him such a round actor—*lotus, levee, etque rotundus*—that he possesses at all times what, for lack of a better phrase, one might call the audacity of sagacity. Lacking, perhaps, considerably in that all-conquering and all-conquering gift, magnetism, his attainment is, nevertheless, complete of its kind. Genius? Nay, of this he has given no sign, but he is that very admirable and satisfactory personage, a skilled workman, an artist who never jags. Nor does it need a derrick to raise one to the belief that the agreeableness of this actor extends into his private life: that he has an extensive acquaintance with good literature and that he is worth knowing apart from his art. Altogether he is a quiet ornament to his profession, and his will, some day, be the reward of patient merit.





(From a photograph by F. Walden Smith, Boston, Mass.)

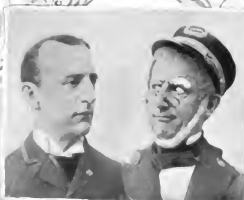


EDITH KINGDON.

IN Brooklyn, City of Churches, Edith Kingdon saw the light during the sixties. As an amateur in that place she evinced enough talent to convince her mother that the stage was her daughter's vocation. The girl was a brunette, with a sweet voice, and a manner in which vivacity and shyness blended. She first appeared at Newark, N. J., in the "Two Orphans," and the next year, 1883, she was doing Eve in a play called "Youth," if I remember rightly, under the management of Fred Stinson. In 1884 she was struggling with the thankless rôle of the Princess in "Palma." But Augustin Daly happened to drop in one night at a theatre where she was playing. He wrote, offering a place in a new company he was forming. And thus it came about that pretty Edith, on October 16, 1884, made her debut, whose wings led to an altar, and her New York debut was as Mysia Jessamy in the "Wooden Spoon." As a widow it was, however, namely, Mrs. Margery Gwynn, in "Love on Crutches," that Edith Kingdon made the hit of her life, and perhaps her modesty did it just as much as her acting. There had been a call which all the other players had taken, while she had gone to her dressing-room. It became evident, however, that she was the one the house wanted, and she was imperatively summoned. Throwing a shawl over her half undress, she hurried to the side, just put her charming dark head and bright eyes between the curtain, nodded and ran back to her dressing-room. But the bright arrow had flown. George Gould was in his box, close by. The world knows the rest. As an actress on the larger stage of the world's society Edith Kingdon has been the same modest, graceful and winning personality, full of talent and fine touch.



(From a photograph by Plare, Chicago.)



ROLAND REED

THE histrionic career of Roland Reed began at the Walnut Street Theater, Philadelphia, when he was "an interesting infant," at the ripe age of six weeks. Tom Placide, the delightful, was playing the farce of "Peter White" and little Roland was carried on the stage to play the baby. He continued to be the stage baby until he grew responsible enough to take children's speaking parts. Omgrowing these he attended a day school and at night took charge of the stage door. His next advance was from the rear to the front of the theater. He became an usher with a salary of \$3 50 per week. His rise to call boy and to prompter followed, and finally small parts were entrusted to him, in which he proved himself so worthy that in the following season he was reengaged as an acknowledged actor in a company which contained a galaxy of stars and embryos such as Mrs. John Drew, the leading comedy actress; Barton Hill; Lizzie Price, afterward wife of Fechter; Fanny Davenport, leading soubrette; Louis James, walking gentleman; Stuart Robson, first low comedian; Clara Maeder and others. It is clear from such an early environment that his schooling was of the best, and when Mr. Reed began as a star in 1882 his friends entertained no fears about the outcome or his income. His play "Cheek," first produced in Chicago, for five seasons kept him in clover and then he added "Humbly," which was his second success. In 1885 he swerved from his own beaten track a little, under the temptation of a very high salary, to play Koko in the "Mikado," which he did with great satisfaction to the audiences in Chicago and New York. He was the original of the part in America, and in the opinion of the majority far the best.

After this interlude he returned with renewed vigor to his own repertory, to which he now added "The Woman Hater." In this play Mr. Reed first established his right to a high rank among legitimate comedians, a rank which has been further elevated by

his acting in "Lend Me Your Wife," "The Club Friend," "Innocent As a Lamb," "Dakota," and "The Politician." His rendition of Western Senator parts recalls John T. Raymond to many minds, but Reed is no plagiarist. The resemblance is purely accidental or necessary from the nature of things, because the art of both these men is founded on a close copying of living originals. Having made his studies from "the altogether," so to speak, Mr. Reed knows how to draw, and he informs lines of rare fidelity in their shading with that color and life which emanate from individual intensity. He evidently enjoys hugely the characters he impersonates, and he has thus the secret of sharing that huge enjoyment with an audience. While it would be flattering to class Reed with such a man as Joseph Jefferson, since he lacks the subtlety of intelligence and the almost magical magnetism that mark the artist of "Bob Acres," "Rip Van Winkle" and "Lend Me Five Shillings," yet it must be admitted that in certain characters where the lights and shadows are strongly set Reed rarely fails to achieve a strong success, and from year to year the improvement in his methods makes itself manifest. He does not stand still, and while he does not seem to me to possess any touch of that profound sympathy or wide sense of life, which constitutes the fundamentally necessary qualification for a great artist in any line of art work, nevertheless he has his own peculiar place on the American stage—a place which belongs to him by conquest and the divine right of brains, and which time increases rather than impairs. Not being impervious to criticism, he is always bent on improvement, and another point highly in Mr. Reed's favor that should especially commend him to the public is his disdain of the old superstition that a star shines the better for surrounding darkness, or that an actor, in order to knock all the persimmons from the tree of popular favor, should surround himself with sticks. Mr. Reed is not afraid to have striking talent in the same company with himself. He has worked hard to become a capital actor and his reward has been rolling itself up rapidly these last few years.



(From a photograph by Wynn & Burridge, Detroit, Mich.)



MAY YOHE.

MAY YOHE! How the very name seems to sing "Yoho, lads, ho!" Ay, merry May, now Lady Hope.

has a very good chance of becoming the Countess of Hopetoun and, later on, Her Grace, the Duchess of Newcastle. Well, well, how our American beauties capture the effete aristocrats of Europe either with their golden dollars or the golden notes in their throats! May Yohe belongs in the latter category. "A mad world, my masters," remarked Sweet Will, and doubtless Miss Yohe, or Lady Hope, would echo, "Shakespeare, you're O. K." or "You knew a thing or two in your day, Billy," for May has no reverence for dignities. She was even seen once eating peanuts on the steps of Daly's Theater and casting the shells about her. She said, when asked what she was doing, "Oh, relieving my mind." I have not been able to satisfy myself where Lady May was first born. According to the accounts I have read, she must have been born and married about half-a-dozen times; but perhaps Bethlehem, Pa., not Palestine, has the best testimony in its favor on this important historical point. Her mother is said to have been a pure American Indian. Be that as it may, the daughter has inherited a very striking color, a rich and radiant darkness that has something weird about it. Her raven hair, her small form, the very incarnation of grace, her big

black eyes "that flash at one a volley of rays that ray a thousand things," her extraordinary volume of voice, irreverently called in England a "fog-horn or steam calliope contralto," combine to make her one of the wonders of the stage. She has, in fact, three notes in her lower register that are

simply marvels. Where they come from is a physiological conundrum. May Yohe, or May Augusta Yohe, really dawned one night in 1887 in the Chicago Opera House in a burlesque of "The Crystal Slipper," but her first appearance, I believe, was in the Temple Theater, Philadelphia. Then she appeared in Grattan Donnelly's "Natural Gas," and then in "1 & 1" under George Lederer. After touring this country and breaking many hearts of "chappies," May suddenly fell upon Melbourne and Australasia yielded to her spell. She returned to this country and played in "Cinderella" at the Star Theater, New York, making a marked hit. She next opened her vocal batteries in London and there, as the star in "The Lady Slavey," she enslaved a Lord. As a singer she is singular, as an actress unique. She has plenty of glow and go, a serene depth of confidence in herself or in the public, or else a supreme height of insouciance, considerable real talent, considerably more affectation and brilliant bravado. But will the English aristocracy receive her? Better, perhaps, it would be to put the question just the other way. If May becomes Duchess of Newcastle, will she receive them? Only, I fancy, as long as they do not become bores to her Grace. An amusing rumor lately crossed the Atlantic that May and Belle Hilton intend to snub the aristocracy from the start and set up a little court of their own. Be that as it may, a just historian of England would find little incongruity in the spectacle of this wild child of lavish nature—this pert Pocahontas of lyric art—becoming the feminine head of one of the proudest dual families of England. Surely she is as good for a contemporary society queen, or for an actress, as the orange girl who won the favor of Charles II., that capital actor accidentally spoiled by a crown. But will aristocracy's gain by May Yohe's accession compensate, in the eternal misfitness of things, for the loss to the stage, if she leaves it?





(From a photograph by Alfred Ellis, London, England.)



MILTON NOBLES.

MILTON NOBLES is one of the youngest, freshest-looking men on the stage. Yet he has been an actor for nearly thirty years. He made his debut in his teens on April 13, 1867, at the Fourth Street Theater, Cincinnati, on a benefit occasion. He played the third act of "Hamlet," and though the boys who came to scoff were not forced by his genius to remain as applauders, nevertheless, the manager discerned enough merit in the tyro to induce the offer of a small position in the company. This kindness was declined, as the young man preferred to make any further temptation of fate among strangers. The fall of that year, therefore, found him a "utility man" with Susan Dennin in Leavenworth and Kansas City. This company contained some actors that have since made bright, if not star, marks on the stage, and among others was the Hon. Charles F. Buck, recently elected to Congress from New Orleans. The following year Milton Nobles became the "juvenile" at the Academy of Music in Omaha. The variety of characters which he had to play in these early days was astonishing. In one week he learned and played Sir Richard Vaughan in "Willow Coppe," Tristan in "Lous XI.," John Probit in "The Chimney Corner," the King in "Richelieu," and Prince Hal in "Henry IV." Add to these the singing light comedy part in a different after-piece every night, and one may readily understand that to play in those unpalmy days of the profession meant to work—like a dray-horse. Nobles was a singular combination. He had all the ploddingness and industry of a dray-horse in study, but in action all the brightness and brightness of an Arab mare. He needed this rare temperamental blend for his next experiences in the far West, playing among the mining towns of Colorado and taking one of the earliest overland journeys to Frisco, where he arrived in June, 1869. Here he struck bad luck at first, but, finally securing a small part in a production of "Othello," one evening, when the Brabantio was off on an alcoholic frolic, Nobles had a chance to play that part and in the comic scene made a hit. Three weeks later he was playing Laertes and establishing himself as an actor of legitimate. From company to company he now went, always in request as a reliable man, brimming with intelligence, graceful and vivid, until in 1875, at Colonel Wood's Museum, Philadelphia, his opportunity came. He produced a dramatization by himself of a detective story, and in the rôle of a seely Bohemian, writing for a trashy weekly, he introduced a keen satire on cheap novels. His fun was fresh and wholesome. It caught on so strongly that his tag "And the villain still pursued her" became everywhere a reportorial sublimity, echoed even in drawing-rooms. Then Mr. Nobles began writing plays and giving himself a variety of characters in disguise to impersonate. These plays are intensely melodramatic. His acting is more so, being very mellow and very dramatic.





LULU TABER.

JUST what elements go to the making of a popular favorite with playgoers is a point almost as hard to discover as the North Pole. In the case of a woman, beauty is believed by many to be the prime essential, but the absurdity of this position only needs to be stated in order to be self-evident. The vast majority of women who have made the successes that remain, on the stage and in society and over the whole range of life, have been those whose facial and figural comeliness has but little exceeded, if at all, the general divine average of femininity. Charm? Ah, there one begins to get a deeper sounding. But charm has been known to companion a very small quantity of intelligence, let alone intellect, and charm, as one witty fellow has phrased it, is a mysterious electricity not always on tap. Intelligence? Intellectual power? Hardly. Your woman of intellect, like your man of the same ilk, is quite apt to be a bore of large caliber, the very kind Rev. Sydney Smith meant when he remarked that a certain person possessed a forty-parson power of talking. I remember discussing this question of what catches the public with a dramatic critic of large experience whose only sin was that he could not write of players as keenly, as incisively, as he talked, and he remarked of Lotta: "She kicked herself into popularity. It was the way she could sit on a tible and flourish her heels that fetched the crowd. She had plenty of talent, yes, but her feet were her fortune." But, in writing of Lulu Taber, let me not be misunderstood as implying that she has no more sufficient cause for success than a pedal nimbleness or kind of mercurial, winged grace might give her. The athletic or gymnastic part of her performances as Madge in "In Old Kentucky," albeit that which makes her a picture in the popular imagination, is by no means the best of her. Her performance of Arabella in "A Temperance Town" and other minor rôles have convinced me that she is capable of far better things. Born on a California farm, she evinces a breeziness which 'Tintie may change into chic or into emotional intensity—¿Quién sabe? I think that "character" work should be her stronghold in the future, and, while she has much to learn, and perhaps to unlearn, that she will be an ornament of our stage before many years appears a fair hazard. Grace is hers, intelligence, ambition, industry, a dash of something dashing, akin to magnetism or charm—and youth, ever enviable youth! Yes, the odds are decidedly in her favor. It is also decidedly in her favor that she appears in no tearing, flaring hurry to be a star. We have had so many forced stars on the stage, just as we have had in literature during the last decade or so, that sometimes one is painfully tempted to feel as if our American or English drama and literature were hastening to emptiness; as if, in sooth, that brilliant, cynical Hebrew, Herr Max Nordau, were more than half right in his theory of "Degeneration" and his ponderous charge against this epoch that all its brilliance—except, of course, his own—all its alleged and much-advertised stardiness, is but the playful phosphorescence of decay. Miss Taber, I doubt not, could have done already just as well as some girls who are sky-rocketing about under the celestial delusion that they are stellar summaries of the stage, when they are really naught but gilded and fire-spitting sticks that must come down when public taste goes up a little in its demands. But Miss Taber has done better. She has put herself to school with a will—and where there's a will, the proverb gives assurance, there's a way.



(From a photograph by Falk, New York.)



JOSEPH HAWORTH.

THIS brilliant, versatile actor was born in 1858 at Providence, R. I., his parents having come to that town from Lancashire, England. As a boy he attracted attention by his reciting and singing, nature having gifted him with a sonorous and flexible voice, which, however, he does not always use to the best advantage. His debut was made at seventeen in Ellsler's Theater at Cleveland in the spectacular play of "Aladdin, or The Wonderful Lamp." His part was that of a silent old genius gazing through a hole in a huge (property) bouquet. His ability, however, soon had a better opening, and he gained the attention of Lawrence Barrett, who was always generously

on the watch for ability and had no mean fear of rivalry in his moral make-up. Other players of high standing took an interest in the dashing young fellow, with his black eyes, clear-cut features and strong voice. The Boston Museum was then a kind of Mecca for youngsters, and Haworth joined that company, with whom he remained three years, playing in every piece produced and nearly always giving a good performance. He then joined John McCullough to play leads, and as Iago, Iphigenia and Phalaris achieved success. He stayed with poor John till the last, and caught him in his arms on the night of the final collapse at McVickar's Theater, Chicago. After this Mr. Haworth made notable hits in "A Moral Crime," "Hoodman Blaw" and "Paul Kavan," with which last he toured for three seasons. More recently he has scored successes in "Ruy Blas," "The Leavenworth Case," "Richard III," and almost a success in "Hamlet." At least, Boston liked his Hamlet, and this in a town, always Booth-mad, counts for much. His Richelieu has also been pronounced by tolerably trustworthy critics a fine performance, and I should be glad to give an opinion of him in these two rôles, but have not yet happened to have a chance of seeing how he carried them. In the parts in which I have studied him, I must frankly confess that he has exasperated me somewhat. Strikingly good in the main, he is disappointing at times in just those spots where one expects—and rightfully from his manifestations—that he will shine out especially vivid and commanding. Knowing nothing of his personal character or temperament, I should fancy that he is extremely nervous and that his temper gets the mastery of him at times during a performance to the impairment, at least, of his pose and grip on the scene. But his versatility is remarkable and to see him play a classic part and then right after a modern man of the world is a very delightful experience. His faults are chiefly those which his maturity can easily correct, if he chooses—an unevenness, due, I suspect, to temper, possibly to indigestion from living too long in Boston, and an occasional lack of skill in the use of a naturally fine voice. His virtues are a willingness to learn, an earnestness that often rises to intensity, a clearness of conception as to the relative values in different sections of the part he is playing, and a sagacity in shunning the temptations to rant that certain "stacy" plays present so profusely to an actor—temptations that few actors can withstand. I have strong hopes for Joseph Haworth. Indeed, my hopes are very strong for all the younger generation of players. I have no patience with the senile rant which professes to believe that no sufficient successors to the stellar lights and comets of the stage can arrive; that the day of great players *par excellence* is over, and so forth, and so on, *ad nauseam*. In spite of the combination system, the average of histrionic excellence has steadily advanced.





(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



MADE LEINE BOUTON.

A VERY young woman—she cannot be much more than twenty-one, if she is that—and yet Madeleine Bouton has exhibited such evidence of genuine ability on the boards as entitles her to a place in this collection. She was born on

a Western ranch of Irish and French parents, which blend, perhaps, accounts for the delicate volatility and warm exuberance of temperament that are the especial notes of her acting. Miss Bouton's first aspirations appear to have been towards emotional rôles, in which kind she first appeared playing with Rhea in Sardou's "Dangerous Game" and in "Josephine." I have been told that Miss Bouton nursed the infant fancy that she was destined to eclipse Clara Morris, and studied late at night such rôles as Lady Macbeth, Juliet, and others in which Clara Morris never made any special mark. Still under the impression that she was born for emotion pure and simple, Miss Bouton signed with the late W. J. Florence for leads of this kind two weeks before his lamented end. Then she transferred to Stuart Robson, who wanted an emotional actress. After one or two rehearsals Robson said authoritatively: "My dear child, you can't play emotional parts; you are a comedienne." So he cast her for comedy rôles. Her strongest hit was her Kate Hardcastle, but she was very effective as The Widow in "Henrietta," as Mrs. Lynx in "Married Life," and as Clara in "Our Bachelors." Miss Bouton next went into the Palmer company, beginning with a one-line part. Before the week was over she had been cast for the lead in "Captain Swift." Other rôles of comedy entrusted to her in "Mahana," "Lady Windermere's Fan," "Jim the Penman," "The Breeze of Silence," and "A Pair of Spectacles." Miss Bouton handled with ease and satisfaction to the audience, as Lottie in "Woman's Revenge," she made a decided hit in San Francisco, and on Julia Arthur's resignation from the company she was advanced to leads. The emotional part of Letty Fletcher, in "Saints and Sinners," and the comedy rôle of Constance Belmar, in "One Touch of Nature," were her next successes, and then she "created" the part of Myra Brimstone in Louis de Lange's gay farce-comedy, "The Globe Trotter." The last time I saw her was in the rôle of the fashionable siren in Mr. Hilliard's amusing new play, constructed out of old situations, "Lost Twenty-four Hours." I went on purpose to see whether she was improving or standing still on her past, and I came away well satisfied that my hope for her could continue. She has gifts and she is a quick learner. Intensely effective and magnetic is her face, with its radiant variety of expression. Her voice is clear and liquid, with a caressing, insinuating quality about it, a real Irish voice without brogue, if the bull may be permitted. Her eyes are like stars that scintillate at light in tropic skies.



(From a photograph by Schlöss, New York.)



JAMES O'NEIL

FIFTY years ago, James O'Neill, probably the finest melodramatic actor on the American stage to-day, was born in Ireland of an humble but highly respectable family. His parents emigrated when he was very young, and he received his education in this country. It was the fond hope of his family that the bright, earnest, ambitious lad would become a priest, but the nearest he has come to fulfilling this expectation has been his remarkable rendition of the Abbe Busoni in "Monte Cristo." Nearly every time he plays this magnificent melodrama a goodly gathering of priests, and of Protestant ministers, too, may be noticed watching with keen satisfaction his noble, dignified presentation of clerical character. O'Neill began his theatrical career in Cincinnati at the National Theater during the war as the Sentinel in "Mazeppa." He had been a super for some time previous, but his grace of bearing and look of keen intelligence had not escaped the managerial eye.

His first opportunity to show his power was as George Acorn in "Toodles." It is gossip that at this time he had a brogue as rich and sweet as the cream of a Kerry cow, but despite that—perhaps partly because of it—he made a hit, and thenceforward his rise was rapid. In Chicago, whether he next remained, he became a great favorite, and wherever he went through the West he made his way like sunshine. Great actors and actresses liked to have him in their companies. Adelaide Neilson said of him that he was the best Romeo she ever had. Charlotte Cushman engaged him to play Macbeth and Wolsey, and Edwin Booth took him for leading man. When Fechter gave melodrama a fresh impetus in this country, O'Neill fell under the spell of that wonder-worker, and was quick to realize, when Fechter took leave of life, that he had the best chance of any to become Fechter's rightful successor. He bought at once Fechter's version of Monte Cristo, and since then has been continuing the triumphs of the master. I suppose I am too much of a Fechterite to be able to admit that O'Neill is or ever could be his equal, especially in those minute shadings of "business" and in the subtle manual and facial eloquence with which Fechter used to achieve his victories of charm reduced to art, or art raised into charm. But O'Neill has much of the same easy convincings in his acting, much of the same curious felicity in the apparently careless production of effect. He possesses, too, almost as beautiful and readily varying a voice, and his stage presence is always fine and impressive. I never saw him play Shakespearean parts, but I have always felt in witnessing his melodrama that he could be safely trusted with Shakespeare. In "The Celebrated Case" and "An American King," he added riches to his wealth of favor as Monte Cristo. Last year he appeared in a curious, by no means weak, five-act drama entitled "The O'Neill or the Prince of Ulster," written in blank verse by William Greer Harrison, of San Francisco. The star's performance was marked by a sustenance of dignity and a forceful finish which, in the good old phrase of moderate praise, "left little to be desired." Mr. O'Neill lives at New London, Connecticut, is a man of family, interested in public affairs, and a very valuable citizen, as well as a capital actor. One of the peculiarities of his career is the amount of melodramatic advertisement which he gets gratis. Melodramatic he probably considers it, for it is not the harmless kind like an imaginary theft of jewels or the theft of imaginary jewels such as happens to many a fair actress. Mr. O'Neill's mishaps are very real, such as breaking an arm or ankle, or still worse, being sued by a woman who believed him her long-lost husband.





(From a photograph by Falk, New York.)



ANNIE YEAMANS.

THE simply irresistible way

Annie Yeamans has of personating an Irishwoman has led many to suppose that she was a daughter of the beautiful Emerald Isle, and thus had the sense of wit, humor, and pathos almost by birth-right. The fact is, however, that she was born, not on the Island of Sorrow, but next door to it, on the Isle of Man. Her father, William Griffiths, was Welsh, and while she was a child he emigrated to Australia with his family, all of whom became members of the stage at Sydney. Dancing was the first specialty of Annie Griffiths. Then she became an all-round actress before she was sixteen, and at that ripe age was apprenticed to John Malcolm, owner of the first Australian circus. It seems very strange to us of this generation who only know Mrs. Yeamans as a comedienne of unique histrionic ability and wide achievement to think of her in girlhood as an equestrienne, doing the double-horse act, and hopping through many-colored hoops of paper to an accompaniment of whoops on the part of her husband, the well-known American clown, Edward Yeamans, while the ringmaster, like Destiny personified, snaps the remorseless, but inspiring whip. In 1865 Mrs. Yeamans came to America, and joined Charles Wheatleigh's company in San Francisco. While playing with Wheatleigh in Boucicault's "Arrah-na-Pogue," she made a hit as Katy Walsh. The next season she came to New York, played Sam Willoughby in "The Ticket of Leave Man," Madge Wildfire in "Heart of Mid Lothian," and many other parts, almost with equal excellence. Two seasons at Mrs. F. B. Conway's theater in Brooklyn established Annie Yeamans still more firmly in popular favor. She played in everything from legitimate to burlesque, and I not only never saw her give a poor performance, but I have never met any one who ever did. Leaving Brooklyn, where a host of humor-loving people who never exchanged a word with her, nevertheless regarded her almost in the light of a personal friend, she next appeared with George Fox's company in "Humpty Dumpty" and other plays at the Olympic Theater, New York. She and her daughter, Jennie, almost her mother's equal, then went with Daly to fill special rôles in "Under the Gaslight" and "Round the Clock" at the Grand Opera House and also at the Fifth Avenue in a revival of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." The Theater Comique was her next professional home, to which, after a season on the road, she returned, when it was changed to Harrigan and Hart's. Here it was that Mrs. Yeamans became so identified in the public mind with Irish characters. I don't know any actress who can be more deliciously droll in this line. Mrs. Yeamans has that gift, rare in man and especially rare in woman, of conveying the sense of humor in sheer character apart from mere comicality of situation. One has always a laugh on tap when she enters. She is funny, besides saying and doing convincingly ludicrous things. She acts as if she couldn't help it, and complete mergence of actress in the part and in the whole play results. Among the multifarious delightful Irish rôles written for her by Mr. Harrigan (who, some day, will be seriously accounted a man of genius despite the fact that Mr. Howells has praised him), it is hard to select one and say decisively that therein Mrs. Yeamans is at her top notch. Mrs. Mulligan and Cordelia, in "Cordelia's Aspirations," are immense favorites with the public, and are favorite rôles with Mrs. Yeamans herself. But her Mrs. Grogan, in "Waddy Grogan," her Miss Mary Ann Dowley, in "Rally and the Four Hundred," and her Bedalia McNierny, in "The O'Reagans," are, to my mind, exactly as fine in conception of character and in richness of presentation. One can always be sure, when one sees Mrs. Yeamans' name on a bill, of getting the full worth of one's outlay of time or money, if even the play itself is not up to the average, and the rest of the cast are staggering about in a bog of difficulties. She has an immense fund of spontaneity and radiant exuberance,





JOSEPH HOLLAND.

THE divinity that is shaping Joseph Holland's ends has made of him a comedian, while he cherishes a more serious dream. He says he is a comedian by circumstances and a tragedian by ambition. Circumstances, then, deserve thanks from the public, since they have served to make him a highly satisfactory player. He was an actor almost from infancy, and appeared at the age of six as a page with Mrs. John Ward in "Cinderella" at the Olympia Theater, Philadelphia. That was in 1866, and the young lad was from that moment an actor, although he did many turns in trade for a livelihood, and did not regularly engage for parts before the footlights until his eighteenth year. His first engagement was with George Rigould in "Henry V.," and in this historic drama he at different times played three parts, commencing in Wilmington, Delaware. The young actor passed hurriedly through the hands of some lamias managers—among them Wallack—and for the two following years played but short seasons. Then he went successively and successfully with John T. Raymond, McKee Rankin, Clara Morris, and other well-known artists, but he did not really show the full possibility of his talent until he appeared under Rankin, Haskins and Morgant in the stock company at the California Theater, in San Francisco. Here he gained his best experience, and received an engagement for three years at Daly's.

In the production of "Reckless Temple" he played the heavy part, but this play was a failure, not on account of Mr. Holland being in a wrong rôle, but from intrinsic reasons. In the first production of that kind melodrama, "The Great Metropolis," Holland made quite a powerful impression, and then went to Charles Frohman's to act in "Wilkinson's Walkers," "The Sportsman," "Settled Out of Court," "The Other Man," "The Arabian Knights," etc. He stayed four years with Frohman, which is, in itself, a fairly good proof that Mr. Holland is a notable actor. Like many another excellent player, the disastrous season of last year found him without a part, and he made the best of it by accepting a short engagement with his brother in the latter's Guard Avenue Theater, in Philadelphia. Mr. Holland is a hard student and gets at the meaning of his character before he charges his memory with the words of the lines. Then, he says, the words come to him almost without effort. His memory is good, and he is never at a loss how to carry a scene through, when another has made a slip. One of the singular things about this man, and a point that entitles him to special credit as an actor, is the congenital infirmity under which he labors. Vivid, brilliant, and full of responsive expression as his face is, when another player is talking and quick as he is with his reply, Joseph Holland does not hear a title of what is going on around him. He has to learn the speeches that precede his cues, watch the other players' faces, and count just the time it takes at rehearsals to deliver certain speeches. Then, when the pause comes, comes his answer just as naturally as if he heard every word. This is very remarkable, and he rarely makes a blunder.

Sometimes, where he knows a hell should ring, he has been known to say: "Ah! there goes that confounded bell," and then the bell, which ought to have rung, follows this remark, but the fault is not his in such cases. Recently I saw him at Mansfield's delightful theater, the Garrick, in the Paulsons' play, "A Man with a Past." This play is a grotesque absurdity, with many clever lines and good character-etching in it; and it was excellently performed throughout, but Mr. Holland had in it no scope for the ripeness of his powers. He is a very tall man, with brown eyes, dark hair, and a large American nose, a wholesome countenance, not handsome, but dignified in repose, and effective from an artistic point of view. Unlike most over-tall men, he is alert and graceful in his carriage, and never seems to be in his own way, except, of course, when the exigencies of a character demand bodily awkwardness as an emphasis of mental maladroitness. I cannot help sympathizing with his desire not to be ranked as a comedian alone, and I am not sure but that in an earnest rôle, with some comic sidelights interspersed, he might make the hit of his life.



(From a photograph by Thorne, San Francisco.)



ODETTE TYLER.

THE late lamented, or at least most lamentable American.

Jay Gould, had certainly one touch of nature that made him kin with the whole world outside of his own family, in whose home-circle, I am told and can believe, this universally execrated being was an exceedingly charming person. So was Aaron Burr. So, very likely, was Catiline, whom I shrewdly suspect, Messrs. Cicero and Sallust lied about very magnificently. There were good points, too, about

Gould's partner in law-protected roguery, Col. Jim Fisk. He was, at least, quite liberal with the money he collected from the public, and no man and no bought newspaper have yet had the hardihood to risk that assertion concerning Russell Sage. But what has the stage to do with Jay Gould and his ilk? Very much, for he was very fond of it. He owned an interest in New York's Opera House for a long time, he let his son George marry an estimable actress and his son Howard came within an ace—hearts being trumps—of following suit.

The whole story of Howard's attachment to, and detachment from, Odette Tyler is exceedingly curious and instructive, but, as it will be given to the public before long in its completeness, I refrain from introducing it here, with its \$9,500 pigeon-blood ruby (which I always thought might have been made a round \$10,000), its *Tommye Byrnes* and valiant Pinkertons as the Hawkshaws of the plot, and its general dime-novel atmosphere of "Old Sleuth" playing Old Nick. Miss Tyler, as an actress, must be considered on her merits, apart from her romance. These merits are considerable, though it has been authoritatively affirmed that this lady got her first engagement from Daniel Frohman solely on the strength of her beauty, which I venture to doubt very strongly. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Lee Kirkland, and her father, a General in the Confederacy, is at present filling a responsible and honorable position in New York. She married, when quite young, Edgar Narcissus P. Crissman and secured a divorce from him on the ground of desertion. As her discarded husband

always speaks highly of her, even among his closest intimates, one may infer that it was merely one of those frequent cases where no blame attaches to either; simply a marital mistake in youth wisely rectified before bitterness supervened. Miss Tyler made her debut as Eurydice Mole in "Featherbrain," produced by Mummy Maddern, and pleased the public from the first. As the Yankee girl in "The Lost Paradise"

she made a marked impression, and in "The Younger Son," at the Empire, she acted so finely as to elicit very cordial commendation. By a quaint coincidence it was as Lucy Hawkesworth in "The Girl I Left Behind Me" that she was first beheld by Howard Gould, who tossed his heart at her feet in a bouquet the next night. But her best success has been the difficult role of Gertrude Ellingham in Bronson Howard's fine play, "Shenandoah."

Miss Tyler, who was born in Savannah, Ga., plays the part of the winsome rebel with real feeling, besides historic sentiment, and yet with due restraint or artistic economy. She is an excellent, painstaking actress, and is deservedly as popular in the North as in the South. She needs no sympathy on account of her adventure with the Gould family. She can get along far better without young Howard than he can without her. She has more internal resources—a larger intellectual and moral bank account to draw upon.

In due time, when the right kind of play has been found, probably she will join the army of stars, but she very sensibly seems in no hurry.



(From a photograph by Dupont, New York.)



CHARLES WYNDHAM.

THE American stage has been adorned by many excellent English actors who have found here a quicker appreciation than at home, and so have naturally been led to make themselves more at home here than in the land of their birth. In another sense, too, perhaps, the American stage has an especial right to claim Charles Wyndham, since it was in this country that he made his debut and received his first training. Mr. Wyndham was educated for a surgeon, and in the American Civil War he served a short time with credit in this capacity on the Northern side. He had made his debut just before the war as Osric, the fop, in "Hamlet," which the madman, John Wilkes Booth, was playing in Washington. Wyndham also played at that time the part of Captain Dudley Smooth in Bulwer's delightful comedy "Money;" but the young Englishman did not make much of an impression on his public or his manager. In the painful parlance of that crude slang, which contains always a germ of poetry, Mr. Wyndham was then considered "such a dire, bad actor" that he was incessantly "fired" after a few weeks' trial. He got another engagement quite soon, but it ended almost as quickly for quite the same reasons, and then he returned for awhile to his original profession. The charm of the stage, however, was too potent, and he made other essays, without much satisfaction. Finally he resolved on a piece of sublime anarchy. He returned to England, and on handsome note-paper wrote to every manager of any standing: "Sir, I have just arrived from America. Can you give me a date?" One manager took the bait, and the daring youngster got his chance and made an impression as a possibility. About this time Wyndham furnished the acquaintance of Henry Irving, then a struggler for recognition—and their meeting ripened into a lifelong friendship. Since those early days Wyndham has played a vast number of comic rôles, of sentimental ones, and of parts where feeling and fun are finely blended, and in nearly everything which he has essayed during recent years his success has been instantaneous and unequivocal. His own company of comedians which he brought over for a tour captured this country all around

the compass, and a more delightful collection of players, as I remember them ten years ago, it would be very difficult, well-nigh impossible, to duplicate. Not long after his rise as an actor to the front rank, Mr. Wyndham began to evince rare managerial ability, and, as manager of the Playwrights' Guild in England, he has rendered fine service to the drama. Just as Booth identified himself in the public mind with the especial rôle of Hamlet, although he played so many others just as well—and far better, in my judgment—so Wyndham has played David Garrick so often and to such profound popular satisfaction that this is, doubtless, the first part which occurs to the memory as markedly his, when his name is mentioned. But, though I have always liked him in "David Garrick," notably in the softer scenes, and in the first act with Ingot, where the dignity of the man behind the actor is portrayed, in which presentation Mr. Wyndham is very noble and convincing, still I must admit that he pleases me more roundly in other parts. His Lord Oldarres in "The Candidate" as a rare and yet refined exhibit of wide art is a better whole, it seems to me. To be able to express a personality laboring under the confusion of a coil of absurd dilemmas without letting comedy sink into farce or trip on the brink of burlesque, demands exquisite skill—a tact and grace not given to many. Charles Wyndham has acquired this art, and this it is which has made many like him and his methods to Charles Matthews and his. Wyndham is also known very favorably in Germany, the language of which land he speaks like a native and in which he played a successful tour several years ago. Altogether, he is one of the most unique, as well as charming, personalities on the stage.



(From a photograph by Barraud, London.)

WHAT LILLIAN RUSSELL SAYS ABOUT

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318 WEST 77TH STREET.
New York, Aug. 14th, 1895.

Messrs. Redfern, 210 Fifth Ave.

Gentlemen:—Kindly make up for me the gown I selected yesterday, using, as you suggested, the Fibre Chamois in the waist for warmth, and in the skirt and sleeves to give them that very stylish and bouffant effect. I find that the moreen petticoat does not give half the style that the genuine Fibre Chamois does; so, naturally use nothing but the genuine goods. The imitation of this particular article I have found to be worse than useless. Truly yours,

(Signed) LILLIAN RUSSELL.

REDFERN,
Ladies' Tailor and Habit Maker,
210 FIFTH AVENUE, MADISON SQUARE,
New York.

New York, August 17, 1895.

American Fibre Chamois Co., Times Building, New York.

Gentlemen:—We enclose a letter received a few days ago from Miss Lillian Russell, which we think may be of service to you

Yours truly,

(Signed) REDFERN.

No. 8

GALLERY
OF
PLAYERS

FROM
THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN

(With 22 full-page pictures and over 100 portraits in character)

EDITED BY
HENRY AUSTIN

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LESLIE CARTER.

HALF a decade ago theatre-goers flocked to see the new stage beauty, Mrs. Leslie Carter, play at, or around, or in the vicinity of, a rôle entitled Miss Helyett, at the Star Theatre. The performance, according to my memory, was not supernaturally bad. On the contrary, though the chief impression was of a strikingly handsome and effective society dame masquerading as an actress, there was an impression on the side, so to speak, that this luminous lady with voluminous red hair might be schooled in time, if she found the right teacher, into a very competent, if not entirely convincing, actress. Mrs. Carter, after storming the metropolis with her magnificent cloud of hair, went on the road with "Miss Helyett," and played the leading rôle up to March, 1893, closing in Kansas City. Then she sank out of sight. The Rialto ceased to gossip about her, and even the newspapers finally turned their attentions and their critical cranks on other quarry. The woman made no sign of existence in a popular way until last fall she appeared as Beatrice in David Belasco's "Heart of Maryland" at the Herald Square Theatre, New York. This military melodrama with Mrs. Carter as the heroine was an instant success. I confess to a sense of amazement, for, while I admire much of Mr. Belasco's work, "The Heart of Maryland" seems to me, from a critical point of view, a thing of shreds and patches—of "sound and fury, signifying nothing." But it had the advantage of excellent actors to make the most of its best lines and its effective, though antique, situations, and if Mrs. Carter, as I understand, has been trained and developed to her present roundness and smoothness of fervid acting under Mr. Belasco as a teacher, then surely the public owe him thanks for the addition of another attractive actress to the stage. Mrs. Carter in this part makes it impossible for a critic to consider her any longer as merely a promising amateur. In the delivery of exciting lines, in attitudes of intense emotion, in facial expression, in ability to seize a scene and hold it steadily along the true line of tension without overstraining and snapping, she has come right to the front amid the ranks of players who merit respectful attention for ambition, honest effort and clear achievement. She has earned a right to be noted in this picture-gallery of the stage and critical record of the drama. I am not loosely predicting that she will ever be distinctly great, but that she may become distinctive to a high degree and commensurately popular with the judicious as well as the many appears to me quite likely. Personally, Mrs. Carter, whose maiden name was Dudley and who was born in Maryland not many years ago, would attract admiration anywhere. If the Scriptural saying that "The glory of a woman is her hair" be taken as authority in this age of ultra-science, verily Mrs. Carter should be accounted one of the most glorious women in the world, for the mass of red splendor that she carries is a web of amazing beauty, and if Lady Godiva should ever be transplanted from Tennyson's poem to the stage, Mrs. Carter could play that noble creature without much trouble or shock even to Comstockian sensitivities, for her hair, apparently, could be spun into an envelope inclusive of her fine figure from crown to feet. On the stage, as one writer has aptly remarked, this tawny mane looks "one shade hotter than Titian." Off the stage it lights up the street for a block and provokes the stares of men and the glares of women. Eyes of a fine, soft, turquoise blue, and that exquisite complexion which often goes with auburn hair, a form well curved and supple, long hands, and a voice of long reach that has lost no ripple of its original southern melody, are other aids to her ambition,



(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



BENOÎT CONSTANT COQUELIN.

THE greatest of French comedians, Benoît Constant Coquelin, is quite well known in this country, since he has visited it twice, and it is quite likely that he will come again, for his art is highly appreciated by metropolitan audiences. He was born in Boulogne-sur-Mer, a town especially adored by spoilers of good canvas, fifty-six years ago. His father was a rich baker, who gave his son an excellent education, but wished him to follow the paternal business. The boy, however, had made up his mind, after reading Corneille's tragedies and Molière's comedies, that Nature had designed him for an actor. Finally the latter con-

sented that the boy should go to Paris and enter a dramatic school, on condition that, if he did not become as great an actor as his father was a baker, he should return and devote himself to the manufacture of rolls. But Coquelin had a soul above dough, and he never returned to the trade for which he had been bred, though he said to Régnier, of the Théâtre Français, and a professor at the Conservatoire, to whom he came with a letter of introduction: "I have come to Paris in the hope of becoming a great actor. If not the first, one of the first in your profession. If I cannot be, I will return to Boulogne, where, being a baker by trade, I can at least earn my daily bread." Struck with his earnestness, Régnier bade him stay; but when Coquelin applied as pupil for admission to the Conservatoire, the wonderful comic mask which Dame Nature had given him for a face was actually used as an argument against him. The famous actress Augustine Brohan, a member of the jury, turning to Director Aulier, exclaimed: "This yokel is much too ugly. Why, his nose looks like a penny trumpet." "He uses it, too, like a trumpet," said Auber, referring to Coquelin's originally strong nasal twang. All the judges but Régnier thereupon voted against Coquelin's entrance, but he said: "I don't find him so very ugly. True, his nose is against him, but he has the intelligent eyes and large mouth which fit him for valet parts." (The valet, it may be remarked, is a frequent standby in French comedy.) "Let me take him into my class and I'll make him an actor," "Take him, then," said Auber, "at your own risk." Régnier had a hard time in curing Coquelin's natural defects—exuberance of gesture and a voice that was all head tones. Yet less than a year after he had entered the school the jury wished to give him the first prize for his acting of Crispin in "Les Folies Amoureuses," but his master would not permit him to take it, since, according to custom, it would have compelled him to leave the school, and Régnier thought he needed another year of work. But Coquelin was so impatient to appear on the stage that he at length persuaded Régnier to consent to his debut on condition that he would continue his lessons outside of school. Hence his first appearance took place December 7, 1860, as Gros René in "Dépit Amoureux." His second and third debuts, according to French custom in such cases, were made as Petit Jean in Racine's "Plaideurs" and Scapin in the "Fourberies." These passed off without eliciting much critical comment, though one critic did refer to the bold eyes, singular, expressive countenance and admirable voice of the neophyte; the last of which equipments he gratefully owes to his teacher. Two years later, in 1861, Coquelin had the chance that brought him to the front, but he almost let it go by default through stage-fright. The manager of the Théâtre Français permitted him to try his luck with Beaumarchais' "Figaro." Up to the fifth act he was dreadfully dull, till Augustine Brohan, who was playing Susanne, said to him: "Why don't you laugh, you little donkey?" This was the fillip his nerves needed, and, recovering his self-possession, he delivered his long monologue in such a fresh and impressive way that the astonished theatre rang with plaudits, and the next morning Coquelin was famous in Paris. The next rôle he essayed was Figaro in "The Barber of Seville," and his powerful interpretation of this won for him the reward he coveted, position of Sociétaire of the Théâtre Français, January 1, 1864, just before his twenty-third birthday. The struggle was over: the son of the provincial baker had conquered Paris, and success now followed success, Coquelin taking every classic rôle and imprinting it afresh with his peculiar individuality. A very hard worker, like Mounet-Sully, and, like Mounet-Sully, very fond of the quiet of home, Coquelin has been an ornament to his profession. He married at twenty-four the leading lady of a little troupe with which he had been playing the provinces, Mlle. Antoinette Maney, and their son, Jean, now twenty-seven years old, sometimes plays with his father. Coquelin first came to this country in October, 1888, with Jane Hading, but the two stars quarreled. Coquelin returned to France and rejoined the Comédie Française under a fresh contract, which ended two years ago, when he again visited the United States. He is not only a brilliant actor, but a clever writer and lecturer on all topics connected with the stage. With whom of our living comedians shall we compare him? He seems a little subtler in his essence, and yet easier in the output of his *vis comica*, than any American actor in pure comedy, except Jefferson; and yet, while he reminds one of John E. Owens, he does not establish, as Owens always did, and Jefferson often does, a special *rapport* of genial inclination to risibility with an audience. Coquelin's is a pure intellect, disporting with humorous impersonations, almost always artistically with a due sense of proportion, but lacking occasionally in that finest illusion of art—an apparent heaving spontaneity.



(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



ADRIENNE DAIRROLLES.

INTELLIGENCE of so keen a kind as to make one almost suspect her of intellectuality—finesse like a wind-woven fringe over a wavy, willowy grace—voice of insinuating sweetness, yet hinting of passionate power—face nondescript, irregular, vivid even in reverie, like a gypsy queen's who tells fortunes and half believes in her own art—the type of face a painter loves to paint, because in its contrast and its color the expression is elusive and leads him on and on—figure slender, and still suggestive of strength—movement frank and free, like an Arab mare tossing the sands of life behind her in a race against the west wind—this is a faint outline of Adrienne Dairrolles, an actress young in years, but already old in accomplishment. Stay—one more touch to the picture! Over all hangs a faint mental shadow, a cloud of perfumed sadness, a presentiment of some yet undiscovered country sweeter than Bohemia, some land whose placid beauty surpasses all the illusions of the stage. Perhaps it is this last that renders Adrienne Dairrolles most original in her effects and most permanent in memory. Her life can be told in small compass. Born in France, twenty-five years ago, she received a very careful education in a convent, and came out equipped with literary and artistic knowledge in unusual degree. Gravitating to England, that center of gravity, as a governess, the girl was so soon and so constantly told of her resemblance to Madame Celeste, and afterward even to Modjeska, that she was naturally tempted to try her hand at private theatricals. Her debut was made as Adrienne Lecouvreur—Heaven save the mark!—and amid such a tempest of polite applause that Miss Dairrolles concluded she must be a genius. She had, at least, the element of audacity, for her first appearance on the real stage was with some members of La Comédie Française as Gabrielle Darcey in "Les Brebis de Panurges" after only two rehearsals. Her nervousness reaped quick reward. She soon had offers for the English stage, and engagements followed at all the principal theatres in London, such as the St. James, the Haymarket, Adelphi, and Drury Lane, for vaudeville and adventures rôles. Then she joined the Kendals, and remained in their company two years. While visiting America under their management, Miss Dairrolles attracted the attention of Charles Frohman, who at once engaged her. She is now playing with marked success Mercedes in "The Fatal Card."



(From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.)



MASON MITCHELL.

CHARLES MASON MITCHELL was born at Hamilton, N. Y., 1859. His father, David J. Mitchell, who afterward resided in Syracuse, N. Y., was one of the most eminent lawyers of New York State. Young Mitchell early imbibed a fondness for the stage, and while a schoolboy, under the tuition of Locke Richardson, the famous public reader, developed and displayed marked ability in amateur theatricals. At the age of seventeen Mitchell made his debut at the old Broadway Theatre—what is now Daly's—in the original production of "The Danites," which was in August, 1877. During the next two years he was in the company of John McCullough, playing with that tragedian in his extended repertoire and receiving the benefit of a legitimate school. He next entered the company of Edwin Booth, and remained with that master of technique for two years. Other engagements followed with Robson and Crane, Mary Anderson, Madame Modjeska, until 1884, when Mr. Mitchell accompanied Mary Anderson to England, where he staid a year. Being dissatisfied with the parts he was cast for in Miss Anderson's company, he resigned and entered the stock company at Drury Lane Theatre, where he played until the close of the season, taking the place of Sir Augustus Harris in the company, who was then playing the juvenile parts. After his return to America the year following, Mitchell happened to be in Canada when the Riel rebellion broke out, and the spirit of adventure taking hold of him, he left the company and entered the rebellion as a scout, serving throughout the war with distinction and being twice promoted for his gallantry and service. On his return from all this Canadian "pomp and circumstance" he once more entered the professional ranks, and during the past ten years has supported most of the leading stars of America. For the past two seasons he has been leading man with Mrs. Potter and Mr. Belieu, and initiated, while in that company, such parts as Camille in "Therese Raquin," Henri in "Fancillon," and David in "Charlotte Corday." Mitchell has been a great traveler and has made several long tours in foreign savage lands. One of his recent trips to the South Sea Islands has been the subject of a series of articles written by him for THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, and which attracted much attention. During the present season he was engaged by Richard Mansfield as manager of the Garrick Theatre, in which difficult rôle his tact, judgment, and urbanity made many friends for the house. As a player Mitchell has clear distinction, a manly, mobile face, an active, well-knit figure, a flexible, sonorous voice, and that kind of intelligence which may be called the literary sense. Why he has not made more out of his undeniable gifts is a mystery to me. There are men staring to-day, and emitting considerable light, who do not possess a tithe of his capacity. Possibly he is timid or too modest. There are such men even in this American era of blazon and self-advertisement. His friends, while recognizing the executive ability which he has displayed on divers occasions, are inclined to hope that his evident desire to keep off the boards will not be crowned with constant success.



(From a photograph by Falk, New York.)



LISLE LEIGH.

THIS dainty, refined, reposeful little actress was born in Utah, and from infancy was brought up by her aunt, Sara Alexander, who for some years was the leading comedienne, danseuse, and all-round attraction of Brigham Young's Salt Lake Theatre. The professional career of Lisle Leigh began at four in the rôle of Allie with F. S. Chanfrau in "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler," at McCauley's Theatre, Louisville, Ky. Following this engagement Miss Leigh played child parts with several noted players—John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett, John E. Owens, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Genevieve Ward, and others. When Col. W. E. Sinn organized his Park Theatre Stock Company, she was secured for the child parts, and during the "Pinafore" craze this clever little player made a high hit as the Admiral under the management of the American Lecture Bureau, at Chickering Hall, New York. I was fortunate enough to see this charming performance just before Commodore Gerry, in the interests of humanity, rung down the curtain on what promised to be a most brilliant season of the finest juvenile opera company ever organized. I cannot help remarking, *par parenthèse*, that, while I am just as much opposed—and perhaps more—to child-labor as the courteous, courtly old Commodore and his wideawake society, I nevertheless incline to the opinion that playing on the stage is far better for the health, morals, and education of young children than working in shops or factories, and I wish he and his society would try and modify great evils instead of tinkering with little. We need in this country a constant and sleepless crusade against all child-labor. No one should be allowed to work before the age of eighteen, and before receiving from the state a sound and well-rounded education. As it is, we are a nation of gilt barbarians whose Christianity is only lip-deep and whose gilt and brass increase every day. It is refreshing to turn from a contemplation of our alleged civilization to Miss Leigh and her gentle career. At ten this pretty prodigy played Sam Willoughby in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," and then her aunt kept her at school four years, where she gave especial heed to vocal and instrumental music, and succeeded in developing a soprano voice of rare quality and considerable reach. Miss Leigh has played over a hundred parts in her brief experience, in nearly all thanks to the careful schooling of her aunt—she has achieved excellence. As Bessie in "Woman against Woman," as Sara in "Siberia," as Ruth in "The Wages of Sin," as Cinderella in "The Lost Paradise," the public have found her acting replete with delicate fascination and redolent of that ease which one to the manner born generally possesses and impresses on an audience. In "Northern Lights," the last play in which I saw her act, Miss Leigh did not have much of a chance, but she made the most of it—and that is all that all of us can ever reasonably expect to do.



(From a photograph by Elmer Chickering, Boston.)



WILLIAM COURTLEIGH.

THIS capable, capital actor is a Canadian, having been born at Guelph, Ontario, June 28, 1867, but his parents moved to St. Louis when he was three, and there he attended school and became a member of an amateur society. His first professional engagement was in a play called "Brother and Sister," and his part was not the romantic lover, but an old New York banker. The season of 1888 and 1889 he passed with Chas. L. Andrew's "Michael Strogoff" company, playing the villain, "Ivan Ogareff," and, if I remember aright, he made a distinct mark in this part. The following season he was with the "Ivy Leaf," and then had a six weeks' engagement with Kate Claxton to enact Pierre in "The Two Orphans," and the Captain in "Sea of Ice." After this he joined Fanny Davenport, and remained in her company two very fruitful years. In the original cast of Sardou's "Cleopatra" Courtleigh played Demetrius, and also took in "La Tosca" and "Fedora" the leading juvenile parts. At the termination of that season J. H. McVicker engaged him for his summer stock company, supporting James A. Herne in productions of his plays. Thus, as many will pleasantly recollect, he was the original Sam Warren in "Shore Acres," and also the enactor of the leading part in "My Colleen," another of Mr. Herne's plays. Augustin Daly saw Courtleigh's Jean De Serieux in "Fedora" at the Broadway Theatre, and engaged him for four years, but Courtleigh chafed under Daly's strict regime, and after a year left to play Percy Blacomb in "Blue Jeans," a rôle which he sustained for twenty weeks. The next season he was invited to play the leading part in "Old Kentucky," and was with that roaring melodrama during its long run at the Academy of Music. During the summer of that year he took the leading juvenile part in "Sam'l of Posen" with M. B. Curtis at the Standard Theatre, and opened the following year with Helen Dauvray as her leading man in a play that was a failure. A special engagement of eight weeks with "On the Mississippi" followed, and then T. Henry French of the American and Brooklyn Theatres—a manager of keen judgment—engaged Courtleigh to succeed Wilton Lackaye in "The District Attorney." At present Courtleigh is playing John Switwind in "Northern Lights," a singular character—quite new on the stage—a fine Indian, educated at Yale, and serving as a surgeon in the United States Army on the frontier during Indian troubles. I have rarely seen a novel rôle handled with more acuteness of insight, moderation, and sense of relation to the whole play amid constant temptation to over-color.



(From a photograph by Elmer Chickering, Boston.)



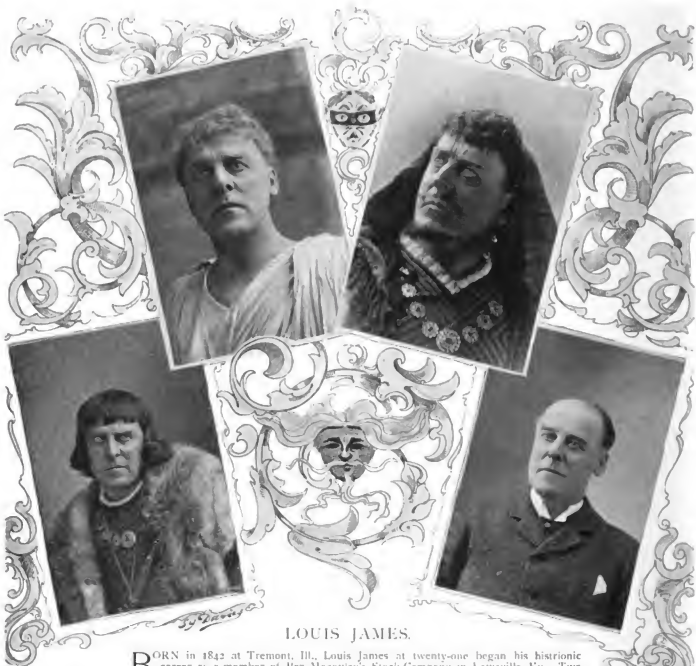
ANNA O'KEEFE.

ONE of the most promising artists on the American comic opera stage, Miss Anna O'Keefe, was born in New York twenty-seven years ago. Her father, a gallant Irishman, served through the Civil War, and came out Lieutenant-Colonel of the 15th New York Volunteers. Miss O'Keefe attended the day branch of the Mount St. Vincent convent school from seven to sixteen, and was the prize pupil, always put forward by the nuns, when members of the Board of Education were invited to examine the school, until one day a brother of the brother school connected with the convent happened to voice an opinion that the girl had a future on the stage. The good nuns were so shocked at this that ever after they kept their star pupil in the background. Soon after her school-girl days Miss O'Keefe joined the Greenwich Amateur Opera Company, and one night when she appeared as Phyllis in "Iolanthe," Mr. Duff, the theatrical manager, who happened to be there, was impressed so favorably with her performance that he wrote her a letter offering the part of the Queen in the same to Miss Lillian Russell's Phyllis, at a very fair salary. That was eleven years ago. This compliment, however, failed to tempt Miss O'Keefe, and she continued with the Greenwich Opera Company, appearing in "The Mikado," and being the first amateur to essay the part of Yum Yum. A year after, when her father's death made it necessary for her to be the family breadwinner, she wrote to Mr. Duff, reminding him of his offer. He replied that he would gladly engage her if she did not object to traveling. But she did. Then she applied to the Aronsons, and after a while a proposition was offered in the chorus of one of their traveling companies, and the understudy of Cerise in "Ermine." So she had to join the chorus and to travel besides. For four months she remained a chorus girl, finally getting a small part in "The Beggars" at the Casino. When Miss Russell, the Fiorella, broke down, Miss O'Keefe, after four hours' study, took her place and held it very creditably for ten days, taking it again when Miss Russell went on a summer vacation. De Wolf Hopper soon after offered her the rôle of Victorine in "Castles in the Air," and when Marion Manola left the company in a huff, or to get married, Miss O'Keefe became, for the nonce, a prima donna. Gilette in "Wang" is another part in which she has pleased the public. Although Miss O'Keefe has played several prima donna parts, she apparently does not aspire to pose as one of these costly curiosities. She is a painstaking, clever, conscientious artist.





(From a photograph by Elmer Chickering, Boston.)



LOUIS JAMES.

BORN in 1842 at Tremont, Ill., Louis James at twenty-one began his histrionic career as a member of Ben Macaulay's Stock Company in Louisville, Ky. Two years of faithful toil in subordinate parts made him a fairly good player, good enough, at least, to get an engagement from Mrs. John Drew, then managing the Arch Street Theatre at Philadelphia. Six years under the training of this accomplished lady made Louis James a solid, substantial, reliable stock—not stick—actor—the kind of stand-by from whom one always expects a clear, even, harmonious performance. In the following year, 1871, Augustin Daly, who had watched his work, engaged him to play the rôle of Captain Lynde in "Divorce" at the old Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, and James made a modest hit with critics and public. This New York success gave him further openings, such as Joseph Surface, which he did not fail in, though he hardly can be said to have played it convincingly. He also played at Daly's the hero of "Yorick's Love," a play afterward considered almost sacred to the late Lawrence Barrett—not an over-bright play, if memory serves me right. Following his metropolitan experience, for a short time in 1875 James was leading man at McVicker's Theatre in Chicago, and then joined Mr. Maguire at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco. My old friend John Ford, of gentle memory, had James for two seasons in his Stock Company at Baltimore, and then came a call to the Boston Theatre. Following this, James joined a first-rate company at the Union Square Theatre, New York. When he left this position, it was to spend five years with Lawrence Barrett as leading man. During this engagement he espoused Miss Marie Wainwright, the leading lady, and a clever actress. She, by the bye, came of rare old stock, being the grand-daughter of Bishop Wainwright, of Virginia, and the daughter of Commodore Wainwright, of the United States Navy, killed in the Civil War while commanding the vessel *Harriet Lane* during the bombardment of Galveston. When Louis James severed his connection with Barrett, his wife remained for a short time, during which James played at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, with Helen Dauray, in "One of Our Girls," and then decided to be a star. His wife now rejoined him, finding her position in Lawrence Barrett's company without her husband rather a thorny one. The well-mated pair began starring at the Windsor Theatre, New York, on December 6, 1886. A still more satisfactory engagement ensued in the following spring, when they appeared together at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, in "Virginius," "Othello," and "Much Ado About Nothing," and again in "Othello" and "Ingomar" at the Academy of Music. Since then James has played Hamlet, Richard III., Captain Temple in the English military melodrama of "The Soudan," Spartacus, and King Lear. His Hamlet I have not seen, but I have heard it said that it is rather Fetherism and romantic, easy, graceful, and colorful. The same might be said of his Othello. Eyes and ears are well filled by the attitudes and the sounds of Louis James, for he is very graceful, and the owner of a rich, vibrant voice, which at times he has a temptation to exploit, but which chimes in quite happily with the organ-notes of Othello, as the mind naturally conceives that part. His Richard III. is less intelligent than his Hamlet, less picturesque and sonorous than his Othello, but still effective and attractive.



(From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.)



FRANCESCA JANAUSCHEK.

DAUGHTER of a Bohemian dry-goods merchant in Prague, born July 20, 1837, Francesca Romana Magdalena Janauscek was forced by the failure of her father to seek a living on the stage before her teens. A typical Bohemian, wandering about with strolling players for several years, the girl attracted attention by her intelligence, her industry, and her moral integrity. Not beautiful, yet marked by nature to take rank in the van by the charm of a magnetic presence and a voice of deep sweetness, Francesca Janauscek made her first metropolitan debut, when sixteen, in her native city. Her salary at this time was fourteen dollars a month, and she spent her spare moments in acquiring French, German, and Italian. Her German became so perfect that she soon got an engagement in Cologne, and two years later was leading lady at the Stadt Theatre in Frankfurt. Ten years of immense industry and intense devotion brought her the first great reward. Before thirty she became the fixed star at the Royal Theatre, Dresden, the friend of Carus, the famous critic, and of King John, the most learned and amiable monarch in Europe. About this time she committed the only indiscretion of her life: she married a gentleman named Pillot, who caused her much unrest. In 1867 she came to America and made her American debut in Medea. Her power was at once acknowledged, but her inability to speak the American language limited her popularity. In less than two years this defect was eliminated, and though a trace of accent, or rather of foreign intonation, has clung to her, especially in passionate passages, it mars not her acting from a critical point of view, but on the contrary rather adds to its effectiveness. Still, in recent years

Janauscek has not been the drawing card that she once was. Not hers the fault, but the public's, that this very remarkable woman should be forced in her old age to descend into the acceptance of melodramatic rôles such as she played last autumn in "The Great Diamond Robbery" at the American Theatre.

She played, nevertheless, with the same astonishing vraisemblance and vivacity which lent lustre to her earlier successes in legitimate. The bold, broad style of this woman, so impassioned that one only realizes afterward how every little detail was woven also into the fine fabric of the total effect; the easy, sonorous voice, the unusual eyes, gray-green in dusky setting, the vigor that suggests reserve, the repose that radiates intensity, the solid art that satisfies the mind while exciting the heart—these are the memories a critic treasures up about her and which make one lose no chance of seeing her again, when her name is announced, however unworthy the play. As Mary Queen of Scots, as Elizabeth, in the double rôle of Horatense and Lady Dedlock in "Bleak House," as Meg Merrilies, indeed, in all rôles demanding power, dignity, classicity, finesse, she is at home. It can rarely be said that a player is truly creative. To be illuminative of the author's meaning is enough. But Janauscek comes near being a creator, a woman of genius—genius, a terribly abused word!



(From a photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.)



MOUNET-SULLY.

PROBABLY the most picturesque personality on the Parisian stage next to Sara with *la voix d'or* is Mounet-Sully. His début, when he was twenty-five, took place at the Odéon in Paris, and was instantly hailed with good omens by some sagacious critics who recognized his merit under the double disguise of timidity and mannerism. He became, in due course, a Sociétaire of La Comédie Française, and climbed slowly the ladder of a lasting popularity. During the Franco-Prussian War Mounet-Sully joined the army of defense and fought bravely, adding new lustre to his laurel wreath in the eyes of the French people. In 1872 he played in the old Greek drama, "Antigone," in the old Roman theatre at Orange, and charmed the audience by his marvelous classicity. On July 4 of the same year he made his début at the Théâtre Français, and was acclaimed the legitimate successor of Talma. As *Œdipus*, as *Didier* in "Marion Delorme," as *Troïlus* in "Zaire," a blend of fierce monarch and passionate lover, with *Bernhardt* in the opposite rôle, as *Gerald* in "La Fille du Roland," and in all the Hugo dramas of romanticism, the talents of Mounet-Sully shone richly, superbly, gorgeously. His irregular, almost savage features, his wild, sombre, gray-green eyes, his voluminous, vibrant voice, the cloud of dark hair in which his ever-changing, fermenting face was framed, made him markedly fit for such rôles as the bandit-lover of Hugo's masterpiece, and his very mannerisms counted for him in these. Only one excursion into modern comedy, I believe, did he venture: *Fabrice* in Augier's "L'Aventurière," and this, though respectable, was not delectable. In 1878 he took his first plunge into Shakspeare—an abyss for the French mind, and a risk for any French actor—by presenting Acts IV. and V. of "Othello." Taking his cue from the warm reception of his fragment of "Othello," he presented "Hamlet"—a very peculiar "Hamlet," with more omitted, I think, than any except Charles Fechter's. To our American ears, when he came to this country, where he was not successful financially, it sounded very strange at first, almost bizarre, in fact, to hear the famous soliloquy thus rhythmical and rhymed. I quote a few lines for the interest of American stage-students who may not have heard it:

Etre ou n'être pas, c'est là la question.
Que faut-il admirer? La résignation
Sulissant les assauts, l'fortune, et les outrages,
Ou la force luttant contre une mer d'orages,
Et demandant le calme aux tempêtes?—Mourir,
Dormir, et rien de plus? et puis, ne plus souffrir!
Pour ces mille tourmens pour lesquels il faut naître!
Mourir! dormir! qui sait? rêver peut-être?
—Peut-être—tout est là. Quels rêves peupleront
Le sommeil de la mort, lorsque sous notre front
Ne s'agitait plus l'inquiète pensée?
Ce mystère nous rive à la terre glacée:—
Eh! qui supporterait tant de honte et de deuil,
L'injure des puissans, les mepris de l'orgueil,
Les lenteurs de la loi, la profonde souffrance
Que creuse dans le cœur l'amour sans espérance,
La lutte du génie et du vulgaire épais?
Quand trois pouces de fer donnent si bien la paix!

Not so tinged with melodramatic tendency as Fechter in this rôle, yet more vivid and plastic than Booth, Mounet-Sully's *Dave* seemed to me the best in the most persuasive passages, and weakest in the hours of action. His delivery of the soliloquy, for example, I liked far better than any I ever heard. Unfamiliar as it was to me in French, I quite forgot there was any such person as Mounet-Sully or Shakspeare, and was entirely at sea with Hamlet and his troubles. I was in his dressing-room right after the play, and noted how used-up he appeared. Emotion plus the physical exertion demanded by this part had given his face a hunted, haunted look, and the perspiration was pouring from him. This actor has occasionally given lectures to fashionable Paris on literature.



(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



EDITH ATHELSTON.

A SLENDER, graceful girl with dreamy dark eyes placed rather widely apart, a long Greek profile, glossy brown locks, and a languid, liquid voice, in its general effect suggesting songs in a minor key, made her debut at the Garden Theatre, New York, in 1891, where Mr. Mansfield was producing "Don Juan." Miss Athelston did not electrify audiences, but she pleased exceedingly, and the next year she got an engagement with Miss Sadie Martinot, then starring in Charles Fide, Nirdlinger's dainty historical drama, "Pompadour." The following season she began with James O'Neill in "Fontenelle," but later transferred to Hanlon's "Superba" company, playing the title rôle of the Fairy Queen very charmingly. Her next season began the ensuing August in the first production of "In Old Kentucky," where Miss Athelston took the heavy part, the villain's daughter, Harlara, scoring another success. In December she joined Hilliard and Arthur, who were producing "The Nominee," and since then has been playing in "The Fatal Card." I have not seen her in this, but a critic whose pronouncements are rarely far afiel says that Miss Athelston in the somewhat tragic rôle of Margaret showed "notable qualities of fervor and finesse that made her performance one of those frequent surprises that are the delight of the practised theatre-goer." Miss Athelston, though



born in Georgia, is of Knickerbocker blood, being a daughter of the famous yacht builder J. B. Van Dussen.



(From a photograph by Kellie & Co., Boston.)



CHAUNCEY OLCOTT.

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT, in my judgment the best singing actor on the boards to-day, is a native of Buffalo, N. Y. His professional career began in 1880, when "Uncle Dick" Hooley heard of his voice, heard it, and at once engaged him as the tenor soloist of Emerson's and Hooley's Minstrels. Olcott then became a member of Haverly's Minstrels, visited Europe, and on his return went to San Francisco to fit up the Standard Theatre for Billy Emerson. When the house was opened, Olcott was made the treasurer and sang a ballad in the first part. For two seasons he remained with Emerson, and then joined the Carncius Minstrels in Philadelphia. During this engagement Denman Thompson heard him and engaged him for the "Old Homestead." He next became the tenor of the Duff Opera Company, and then joined the McCaull forces as leading tenor. He appeared with great success in several operas, and in the production of the "Seven Swabians" his excellent singing of the part of Othmar made him a popular favorite. Then he decided to go abroad to study for grand opera. Shortly after his arrival in London, however, Charles Wyndham offered him the part of the Irish Toreador in "Miss Decima." An Irish rôle was a new character to the young tenor, and though he possessed a sure command of the true Irish accent—a rare thing on the stage, by the bye—he accepted the part rather dubiously. After a week's rehearsal he concluded to resign, and went to Mr. Wyndham with that intention. The famous manager, who had been watching his work with a keen satis-

faction, was utterly surprised and begged him to remain in the part. On the presentation of the opera Chevalier O'Flanagan took the house by storm, and here Olcott made the hit of his life. About this time Augustus Pitou, the clever American manager, was on the watch for a successor to W. J. Scanlan, who had broken down. Hearing of this high success in "Miss Decima," Mr. Pitou persuaded Olcott to cancel his three years' contract at the Lyric Theatre and return at once to America. "Mavourneen," the play in which the unfortunate Scanlan had last appeared, was selected for the debut of Olcott as an Irish star. With the consciousness that he was following the footsteps of one of the greatest stage-favorites of the day, he naturally entered upon his new career with nervousness. But on the opening night the audience were roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by his rare singing and earnest acting. For two years he continued playing "Mavourneen." Then he added to his repertoire "The Irish Artist," a piece especially written for him by Messrs. Pitou and Jesson. One of the best traits of Chauncey Olcott, as of Coquelin, Depew, is his modest estimate of himself. Good fortune has not spoiled him as it has many who have succeeded early in life. As he is a very young man yet a brilliant future may be safely predicted for him. J. I. C. Clarke, the well-known journalist is now writing a comedy for this rising star.





(From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.)



LOLA
"SEVERE PAIN"



ELLEN LANGLEY
"GRAND MOTHER"



LILY
"SCOTT"



LILY
"SCOTT"



Alice Fischer.

IN taking up for consideration the stage career of Miss Alice Fischer one is led into speculation as to how far knowledge of character is better than dramatic instinct. Her most successful impersonations, so far, have been of those types that we call "adventuresses," and yet, when Alice Fischer made New York talk about Minna in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," she probably had not the faintest actual knowledge of the thoughts, the feelings, or even the outward life of such a person. Born in the quiet Indiana town of Terre Haute, a town that did not boast of a single "adventuress" among all its best people—surely she could not find in her surroundings the elements of an education for her later profession; and yet no one, seeing the insolent smoke-rings rising from her lips in the river scene of "The Sporting Duchess," would picture the dashing "Mrs. Bluebeard" as struggling, half in tears, in her own apartments, over the uncomfortable mysteries attending the management of a theatre, yet realistic, cigarette! Her first appearance on the stage was made as an assistant to Miss Clara Louise Kellogg in "The Bohemian Girl," when the opera was to be sung in Terre Haute, and a little girl was needed to impersonate the child carried off by the gypsies, her mother rather reluctantly lending her for this occasion. Later, several successful appearances in amateur theatricals, her first part, as in the case of Mrs. Kendal, being Little Eva, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," strengthened her desire to be a professional, and she came to New York, entered Mr. Franklin Sargent's Lyceum School of Acting, and on graduation was engaged by another excellent dramatic instructor, Mr. Frank Mayo, under whose management and training she remained for two seasons. Miss Fischer has that definite, indefinite quality which compels attention; call it magnetism if you will. Her Minna in "Lord Fauntleroy" was her first New York achievement, and her latest is her remarkably realistic rendering of Mrs. D'Arville, in "The Sporting Duchess," her twenty-second part in eight seasons of stage experience. As the founder of "The Twelfth Night Club," and its president for many terms, she has proved herself a mistress of executive arts. Her effectiveness has in it, I think four elements, plus the magnetism before mentioned, which may, indeed, result from these four: abounding vitality, which lends the scene of life and reality to each part she assumes; determination to make the most of every opportunity; intelligence, or instinct, that lets her into the mind of the person that she, for the time, is to present; and in an astonishing degree a firm grasp on those minute details which make up the totality of a purely dramatic effect. Finesse and the ultimate fineness of light and shade are not as yet thoroughly hers, but she has given evidence of distinct advance in each new part, and I shall not be much surprised if something high and unique, something strongly sweet, shows out in her acting, when her powers mellow in the sunshine of her life's summer or early autumn. She and her husband, William Harcourt, a handsome young actor of promise, are also great favorites socially.



(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



JAMES K.
HACKETT.

JAMES K. HACKETT is the son of James H. Hackett, the most famous Falstaff of modern times, and a half-brother of the late Recorder Hackett of New York City. The elder Hackett died in 1871, when James K. was two years old, but, because of the memories clustering about his father's name, young Hackett turned early to the stage, making his debut, when seven, by reciting Shakspeare's "Seven Ages." While at school and college he devoted most of his leisure to amateur theatricals, yet, after taking his degree as Bachelor of Arts from the College of the City of New York, Mr. Hackett studied law at the New York Law School. But he presently abandoned Blackstone, Chitty *et al*, and yielded to his first love, the stage, on which, though only twenty-six years of age, he has gained a thorough training through varied experience, having been a member of A. M. Palmer's Stock Company, Augustin Daly's Stock Company, and Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Company. During the season of '93-'94 he shot up into the stellar firmament with a repertoire which included "The Arabian Nights," "Mixed Pickles," "The Private Secretary," and Charles Matthews' farces. These he presented through the South and West and met with considerable success, especially as Spaulding in "The Private Secretary." Tempted by his previous good fortune, he organized and operated a stock company at the Queen's Theatre, Montreal, but soon found that city unsuited for the maintenance of such an organization, and abandoned the attempt. Realizing that the making of a lasting reputation depends on prominent success in New York City, Mr. Hackett during the past year has lived in America's metropolis—or cosmopolis—beautiful, vital, appreciative New York, and has had the good fortune to be the initial player of the rôles of The Rev. Jack Harland in "Lady Gladys" at the Madison Square Theatre, De Neipperg in "Madame Sans-Gêne" at the Broadway Theatre, Count de Charny in "Le Collier de la Reine" at Daly's Theatre, and Morris Lecalle or Dangerfield in "The Home Secretary" at the Lyceum Theatre. Actors, by the bye, have a superlatively amusing way of saying that they "create" a part, if they happen to be the first presenter of the same. This nonsensical, misleading phrase ought to be banished from critical vocabulary. I offer the term "initiator" as far fitter. At other times Mr. Hackett has been leading man for Ada Rehan, Minnie Seligman, Emily Rigi, and Lotta Crabtree. Among his important rôles under different management have been Cheviot Hill in "Engaged," Carroway Bones in "Turned Up," Othello in "Othello," Touchstone in "As You Like It," Orlando in "As You Like It," Orsino in "Twelfth Night," Jack Pogatz in "School," Hugh Chalcat in "Ours," Mr. Barnes in "Barnes of New York," and parts originally played by Charles Matthews, John Drew, and Oliver Dowd in "The Home Secretary." Mr. Hackett is soon to take the leading title rôle in "The Prisoner of Zenda" in the revival of that play by Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Company, and will undoubtedly do it well. His stagecraft and attention to detail are uniformly excellent, and the result is a performance rarely over-accentuated and generally marked by dignified discretion and a fine reserve of force. I liked him especially as Dangerfield.



(From a photograph by Pach, New York.)



MAUD SALVINI.

MAUD DIXON SALVINI, the wife of Salvini the younger, is one of those intensely pleasing players who never disturb one's nerves with pyrotechnic effort. She was born in London, but her parents brought her when a baby in arms to this country, and thus she feels and is more an American in all her ways. Her childhood was passed in New Hampshire, and her early girlhood in Boston, whose musical atmosphere attracted her. A shy child, loving to wander in the New Hampshire woods, listening to bird songs and the plashing of brooks over the pebbles, Maud Dixon astonished her parents before she was seven by a voice of singular power and penitential sweetness. On several occasions she was taken to the Annual Musical Conventions at Concord, to sing in succession with the most celebrated soloists, and by the admiring people she was called "the little Patti." Naturally her parents placed her in Boston with the purpose of giving her the best possible education in music. But destiny had other designs. Her mother's illness called her back to the New Hampshire home, the serious study of music had to be abandoned, and while in the sweet service of household duty she took her initial step in the direction of the drama by assisting in amateur theatricals. Later on she returned to Boston to resume her musical studies, but an offer of a part in the "Lights of London" having been made to her, and the consent of her mother having been gained after much coaxing, Miss Dixon became "at one fell swoop" a stock actress instead of a possible prima donna. Her next engagement was with Salvini the elder, to play "Emma" in "The Outlaw" and similar parts for which her youth and size especially indicated physical fitness. While playing in his father's company, she first met Salvini the younger, and her next engagement in more senses than one was with him, when he first ventured forth as a star. She has played with her husband ever since, except this year, when her health has been too delicate. The parts in which heberto she has appeared to most advantage have been Lazarillo in "Don Cesar," Constance in "The Three Guardsmen," Annetta in "The Child of Naples," Lola in "Cavalleria Rusticana," Zillah in "The Duke's Motto," Donna Cusilda in "Ruy Blas," and Hinda the gypsy maid in "Zamora," a rôle of which clearly she is very fond. Her dramatic talents may be said, musically speaking, to be light in the middle register. Strong, wild, romantic rôles and just the reverse, dainty, delicate, idealistic or classic parts, receive equally good interpretation at her hands; but the wide range lying between these extremes appears to be not hers by grace of original gift, however it may be conquered in the future by industry. Personally she is reported to care much for her home and little for society, the shyness of her girlhood being still the dominant note of her nature. Three months of every year the Salvins pass abroad, half of which is generally spent at Florence with her father-in-law, for whom she entertains an affection as warm as her admiration for his genius is high. She has been such a favorite with the public that, when her intention of appearing this year in two new rôles, Ophelia and Juliet, was announced, much keen expectancy was felt, and keener disappointment when her health made postponement necessary. But next year, doubtless, American theatre-lovers may enjoy a compensating surprise from the way Maud Salvini and her husband Alexander present Hamlet and Ophelia and Juliet and Romeo. The interpretations will not be hackneyed ones, certainly.





JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS.

THE subject of this sketch first saw the light of day in San Francisco in 1859.

Mr. De Angelis started in on his professional career very early, as his parents, who were professional people, introduced him in one of their plays at the tender age of fourteen months. His real professional career, however, commenced at what was then known as Maguire's Opera House in San Francisco, as a madrigal singer with a minstrel troupe. He afterward toured the coast with this burnt-cork company. In 1871, with his family, which was headed by his father, who was a famous comedian in his time (John De Angelis), he made the tour of the United States for four seasons, playing sketches, farces, etc. They afterward made a trip from St. Louis to San Francisco with a wagon train, playing at towns *en route*. After this, Jefferson De Angelis became a great favorite in San Francisco, playing in theatres there with his sister, Sally De Angelis. They left San Francisco for Australia in 1880, starting in the Antipodes for about a year in a drama that was written for them. Here Mr. De Angelis organized an opera company, with which he made a tour of the English-speaking countries of the far East, playing in Japan, China, Australia, India, South Africa, etc. The company played a repertoire of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, as well as "La Mascotte," "The Grand Duchess," "The Bells of Corneville," and others—he, of course, taking the principal comedy parts. Returning to America, Mr. De Angelis joined the McCaull Opera Company, opening in Philadelphia in 1886 as Sir Despard in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Ruddigore." He at once became a great favorite of the McCaull patrons, and during the three years he was with Colonel McCaull was the initiator of such parts as the Powder Merchant in "The Bellman," Puffow in "The Black Hussar," Tancréd in "Falka," the Court Jester in "The Begum," Menander, the false prophet, in "The Lady or the Tiger," and the Italian in "Clover." In 1889 he became the prin-



cipal comedian at the Casino, New York, where he was the first portrayor of the title rôle of "Poor Jonathan," the High Priest in "Apollo," Baron Pontoignac in "Uncle Celestin," Florian in "The Child of Fortune," Puntio in "The Vice Admiral," and the Miser in "The Jolly Students." In 1894 he became the principal comedian of the Della Fox Opera Company, and as the old Lieutenant Gibbard in "The Little Trooper" made a marked hit. Another success was recently made by him in the character of the Count Des Escarbilles in Della Fox's latest opera, "Fleur-de-Lis." Mr. De Angelis, following in the footsteps of Francis Wilson and De Wolf Hopper, having met with as much artistic success as these two favorites, will head his own company, opening in a new opera at the Broadway Theatre in 1896. He will be under the management of Nat. Roth, who is also the manager of the Della Fox Opera Company. Mr. De Angelis by many is thought to be the best comic opera comedian that America has. His mirth-provoking qualities, funny dancing and rich baritone voice have amused and delighted American audiences for many years now, and it is only fair to suppose that he will meet with similar success as a star to that of those players for whom he has been such a capable support.

As for comic opera in general, public taste for such is not likely to decrease. On the contrary, since the musical sensibilities of the people are being constantly augmented—so that now the joking cry has gone forth, "What is home without a piano for your mother-in-law?"—and since the prices for grand opera are so high, the increasing army of music-lovers must demand more and more of light opera. This points not only to a continuance of the reign of light opera, but likewise to an improvement in its literary and artistic character. I refrain from citing cases to prove that only a deep, popular hunger for this form of amusement would enable the bright-minded American public to tolerate temporarily some of the wretched librettos and catch-as-catch-can music now served up successfully by clever companies.



(From a photograph by Falk, New York.)



HELEN DAUVRAY.

LITTLE NELL, the California Diamond, Miss Dauvray was called thirty odd years ago, when she made her debut at San Francisco in the famous rôle of Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She was five years old at that time, and in that company were such excellent actors as Junius Brutus Booth, Charles Thorne and Frank Mayo. Her next part was the Duke of York in "Richard III.," and following that the very difficult child-part in "The Scarlet Letter," in which Matilda Heron was playing Hester Prynne. At twelve Helen Dauvray was starring in this country and Australia, and about this time a friend persuaded her to invest some of her savings in Comstock Mine shares. Shortly after this the shares rose to a fabulous figure, Little Nell sold out and found herself all at once very rich. Then she did another clever thing. She disappeared from public notice and proceeded to invest in a thorough education. She studied music at Milan, both vocal and instrumental. Her next move was to Paris, where she made herself such a mistress of the French language that the audacious idea of becoming a French actress presented itself. She confided her ambition to Halévy, then the leading French playwright, and he told her bluntly that she was crazy; that Paris would laugh her down the wind of scorn. She persisted, and after many rebuffs got a young dramatist, Paul Ferrier, to write a play for her, and a manager, Gautier, to produce it and her at the Folies Dramatiques. On the night of September 1, 1884, all critical Paris went to scoff at the American goose; but in a few minutes a hush of respect pervaded the audience, followed by a burst of applause. The goose was a swan. The critics treated her handsomely the next morning, even Sarcey, who rarely praised anybody, giving her a kindly pat, and the author of the play, Paul Ferrier, chivalrously wrote her a public letter of thanks for making his play a success. For eight weeks she continued to perform to crowded houses, and received an offer from the manager of the Ambigu to initiate the leading part in a play by Decourcelle. But the fragility of her health compelled her to leave the stage and return to her native air. In the following April she attempted to produce "Mona" at the Star in New York. It was a failure. Then in Bronson Howard's "One of Our Girls" she made another trial, and took the town by storm in the part of Kate Shipley. In other pieces she has met success and failure in about equal ratio, but she has demonstrated her power intellectually to a remarkable degree. She married October 12, 1887, John M. Warl, once a famous ball-player, now a lawyer, and recently was divorced. Her health has been continuously fragile, and her appearances on the stage, therefore, quite irregular.



(From a photograph by Falk, New York.)



VICTOR MAUREL.

STARS of the lyric stage have generally but a short-lived glory in comparison with those of the dramatic. Beautiful singing voices often lose their freshness with cruel rapidity, no matter what amount of care their possessors may take to preserve them. The voice of Victor Maurel is one of those exquisite, exquisitely trained and saved organs which has bade sweet defiance to the commands of Time, and though it is worn at the edges, so to speak, this fine singer has, nevertheless, a long period of usefulness before him in the especially intellectual rôles of opera, such as Falstaff, for example. Who, indeed, could ever forget his presentation of this greatly exacting part last season? The acting that supplemented the singing was of such surpassing quality that one would hardly feel guilty of exaggeration if one should declare it by all odds the best acting seen in New York last year, not only on the lyric, but the entire dramatic stage. It raised one's appreciation of French art to such a pitch one was tempted to exclaim: "This is not Art. This is the very spirit and image of Nature. Only Genius could arrive so easily at perfection." Maurel's Iago in Verdi's "Otello" was almost as impressive, and in the powerful, sad, bizarre rôle of Rigoletto what singer ever surpassed him? His chief success in Europe was as Don Carlos in "Hernani," which I have lacked the good fortune to hear. The finish that goes with force in all his performances is by itself a revelation of histrionic possibilities. There was his Duc de Nevers in "Les Huguenots"—a small part, but how massive his gorgeous dressing and gallant carriage made it seem, how instinct with rich and radiant life, how exotic and inspiring! When he was escorting Valentina to the marriage barge, the audience beheld him and what he illustrated—all the grace, graciousness, chivalry and delicate devotion of the days that are no more except on the stage and in the novels of Hope. Yet all this was pantomime. Only the movements of the singer sang that glowing song of courtesy to beauty. When Maurel sang the Toreador song this season the very unusual thing happened that he was not encored. The reason was that he lost his voice so badly, and the audience felt deeply sorry for him. America has missed much in not hearing Maurel at the zenith of his powers, for he has been a marvel of a singer and the only man on the stage of whom it could be said that he sang Spanish like a Spaniard, Italian like a Tuscan, and French like a Parisian. In German, I believe, he has never shown himself at home. His Don Giovanni is another masterly exhibit which I must not forget to praise. No one who has ever beheld him in this rôle, standing bare-headed over the body of the dead Commendatore, or defying the stony Avenger, can ever lose his figure from the retina of memory. He has also delighted American audiences as Lescart in "Manon." His devotion to his art is evidenced by the fact that he brought out the opera of "Pagliacci" in Milan after managers had declined it. The world owes him thanks.



Samuel Dupont

571 Fifth Avenue,
New York

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ANNA ROBINSON.

IF beauty were Anna Robinson's only letter of introduction, she would not appear in THE GALLERY OF PLAYERS. Beauty and youth are unquestionably great advantages for an actress, but unless hard work adds art, they are vain *donna decorum*. The stage of our age has been over-embellished with merely pretty and sometimes merely notorious women, and the true interests of the stage as well as of society demand that a halt should be called to the theatrical exploitation of divorcees, adventuresses and will-o'-the-wisps from the half world—the sad, bad world whose women scintillate at night like fireflies dancing over a foul morass. It was not the possession of a divorce certificate that brought Anna Robinson to the notice of a manager, neither was it her personal charm, but simply the crystal-clear indication that she had a vein of talent which, if properly worked, would pan out richly. She has been on the stage for six seasons, and to-day she justifies the opinion of Charles Frohman, who gave her the first engagement, and in whose always admirable companies she remained two seasons. It is rather a significance of her mental adaptability that in his production of "Shenandoah"—a play which made a fortune for its brilliant author, Bronson Howard—Miss Robinson from time to time played nearly all the feminine rôles, Jennie Buckthorne being her favorite and the one in which the public most enjoyed her. She also played in "The Other Man," "Surrender," and other new productions of this remarkable manager. Then she had an opportunity as understudy for all leads with Richard Mansfield for a season, which, of course, broadened her grasp on dramatic effect. Mr. Hoyt then engaged her to succeed Miss Caroline Miskel as Ruth, the minister's daughter, in "A Temperance Town," a rôle of grace and sympathetic sweetness which Miss Robinson carried along for two seasons to the satisfaction of everyone. She opened the present season as the Widow in Hoyt's "Trip to Chinatown," but she did not like the part and resigned it, returning to New York and engaging with Mr. Joseph Brooks, manager of that capital comedian W. H. Crane, for the rest of this season and the next.

I did not have a chance to see Miss Robinson as the gay widow; but the *Times-Tribune* of New Orleans, a paper whose dramatic criticisms have always been expertly written, says that her acting of this exacting rôle was truly artistic, her singing sweet, and her voice in dialogue, while low and mellow, had a carrying quality which made it distinctly audible in all corners of the house. In "The Governor of Kentucky"—Franklin Files's latest success—she and her sister Margaret are playing twins and are both quite charming. I fancy we shall hear more of these girls in the future, possibly as stars, when some of the present upshooters begin to tumble down the skies. Having paid this just and moderate tribute to her talent and assiduity in seeking to develop to her fullest mentally, I see no harm in dwelling on her beauty. Since that, when suppressed by alacrity, becomes a double *via femininitas*. She is a brunette, with a creamy complexion faintly flushing here and there with peachy rosy tints. Quite handsomely appears to her Byron's depiction of "Neuha, that daughter of the southern seas—herself a blazon in her energies, to bear the barque of others' happiness; no know sorrow till their joy grew less, dusky like night, but night with all her stars, or cavern sparkling with its native spars—with eyes that were a language and a spell."

Dusky like night, but night with all her stars, or cavern sparkling with its native spars—with eyes that were a language and a spell."



(From a photograph by Falk, New York.)



FRANK MORDAUNT.

ONE of my earliest recollections of the stage is Asa Trenchard in "The American Cousin," and Frank Mordaunt playing it. Then, if I remember rightly, it was the leading rôle, and shortly after that time the late Edward Sothorn made Lord Dunderbary the star part by one of those felicitous accidents that attend on talent. Frank Mordaunt was born in 1841, and made his first entry on the boards in 1859 at Troy, N. Y., as Lord Merton in "The Marble Heart." Since that night he has valiantly "tackled" every part assigned to him, heavies, walking gentlemen, low comedy rôles, negroes and dialect bits, and generally he has come off the victor. From Troy he rose to the Old Bowery Theatre, New York, and there played everything for the magnificent stipend of seven dollars a week for several months, till the management got in debt to him and he left. His next field was Chicago, where for two seasons he adorned McVicker's stage with his audacious juvenility. The fall of 1862 found this versatile, industrious young fellow at Pittsburg, and, as the "stars" came there thick and fast, Mordaunt had a chance to shine out secondarily in more parts to the week than most actors care to play in a month nowadays. The following spring he played at Nihil's with Mauida Heron, and then in Philadelphia with that remarkable actress Lucille Western in "East Lynne." A season with Forrest followed this, and then Leonard Grover engaged him for the National Theatre at Washington. For the five ensuing years Philadelphia had Mordaunt in leading business at the Chestnut Street, the Arch Street, and the Walnut Street consecutively. In 1866 he joined Laura Keane. It was at that period I first saw him in "The American Cousin," and, I think, as Charles Surface in "The School for Scandal." He also played Young Marlowe in Goldsmith's charming comedy "She Stoops to Conquer." Mordaunt says that he learned nearly all he knows of his craft from Laura Keane and Mrs. John Drew at the Arch Street Theatre; not the first good actor, by the bye, who has made that remark to me. Through the seventies he distinguished himself as Brutus in "Julius Cæsar," as Lord Beaufoy in "School," as Miles McKenna in "Rosedale," and especially as Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet." In 1879 he initiated the part of Major Henry Clay Britt in "My Partner" at the Union Square, playing it for two seasons to the extreme satisfaction of everybody. The next two seasons kept him in "Old Shipmates," and then he went with John Stetson's company, taking a variety of new parts. In 1888 Fanny Davenport engaged him to initiate the part of Baron Scarpia in "La Tosca," which he did with fine effect at the Broadway Theatre. I might go on almost *ad infinitum* enumerating the rôles this round actor has successively and successfully filled. Any part he undertakes is quite safe in Mordaunt's hands.



(From a photograph by Scholl, Chicago.)



ELITA PROCTOR OTIS.

A PRETTY woman who—like the most famous sentimental poet of the storm and stress epoch, the opening quarter of this century—is troubled with a very marked tendency to over-plumpness has no easy, halcyon time of it when endeavoring to make herself felt as a power on the stage. It is difficult for the average mind to associate tragic or melting emotions with rosy roundities of figure which no millinery cunning can obscure or more than slightly modify. That this attitude of the mind toward any player is an absurd one there is little need to argue. It persists, although Shakspeare expressly antagonized it when he indicated that Hamlet was fat and stocky, rather than gaunt and sticky, like some recent modern portrayers—or betrayers—of the unfortunate Prince. But, while there have been tragedians who triumphed over stoutness or shyness by dint of intensity of passion—Byron remarked of little Kean that to see him act

was like reading Shakspeare by flashes of lightning—it cannot be denied that an adipose actress is even more handicapped than an actor, except for comic parts. Hence, when a woman like Elita Proctor Otis produces the effect she undubitably does in rôles of emotional strain, to her must be accorded a larger tribute of admiration proportionally than to one whose ways have been smooth and easy as an old glove from the first. She has not been on the stage many years, but she is distinctly an actress with a present and with a future. She has a quality which has brought her to the front at a rate that has amazed her fellow-players and surprised the public. This quality, which approximates what might be termed real scientific intelligence, based on and ever freshly buttressed by conscientious, almost impassioned study, is a very rare thing in her profession. Nay, it is rare in most professions. Most people in this world are in such a desperate hurry to get ahead, that they don't. Miss Otis cannot now help being a more than satisfactory actress, because she is a full-blown rose of general culture. She knows how to be artistic, because she can be natural. She is able to go off on a day's outing and make herself intellectually companionable to a man without once falling back on the stage and stage-life as a conversational stimulant or as her mental base of supplies. It is rather odd that this resourceful creature should prefer among the various parts taken so well by her in recent years the red rôle of Nancy, that miserable mistress of the murderer Sykes; and while I frankly admit her power in that gory melodrama, I think that this rôle is below the intrinsic dignity of her powers. The Greeks had a nicer sense of Art's humanities than we, and the most horrible events of their dramas, I believe, were generally enacted behind a screen and not splashed full into the face of an audience. Only preëminently fighting nations like the Roman, the Spaniard, the Frenchman and the Englishman seemingly love to feast their eyes on horrors, and I rejoice to believe that the American public year by year is outgrowing this inherited appetite for blood and thunder. I expect Miss Otis to ripen from her fondness for Nancy into a higher artistic affection. The last character which I have seen Miss Otis portraying is that of Antoinette de Mauban in Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda," now on its second run at Daniel Frohman's charming little theatre, The Lyceum. Miss Otis, in this trying rôle of the conspiring and jealous woman who at hardly any point of the action has the sympathy of the audience with her, was quite satisfying, quite convincing. I had seen this admirable romantic melodrama several times before, and I went just on purpose to see what Miss Otis and Mr. Hackett would do with their rôles. I am glad to add my tribute of admiration to those of other critics concerning both these Lyceum actors. People who talk about the decline of stagercraft in this country and the grievous decay of the drama should go to the Lyceum and see these players, if for no other purpose than to correct hastily formed or cheaply parroted opinions. For my part, while I liked Mr. Sothorn in the rôle last fall, I like Mr. Hackett better, and I took a keen intellectual pleasure, apart from the stirring of generous emotions which this "Prisoner of Zenda" causes, in seeing a performance by a New York stock company animated in all its parts by so thorough an understanding that it reminded me of Shakspeare's line "An entire and perfect chrysolite." "The Prisoner of Zenda" was so excellently criticised in the *Illustrated American* on its first presentation by my brilliant editorial predecessor, C. F. Nirdlinger, that any additional remarks made in these pages may savor of superfluity to those who read the *Illustrated American* as well as *THE GALLERY OF PLAYS*. But I cannot refrain from embracing this opportunity to declare my personal preference, from an art point and from an educational point, for such examples of romantic drama as opposed to the allegedly realistic problem-plays of the period, with which I am fain to believe the theatre-going public has been for some time surfeited. I do not affirm that such a thing as a perfectly artistic and simultaneously wholesome problem-play is an impossibility; but I have yet to see such an one on our boards, and I rejoice at the reaction in popular taste—which, after all, is sometimes only curiosity, stimulated by deft advertising—that has now set in quite evidently against certain English playwrights who are prostituting high natural abilities to the production of glittering ephemeralities.



(From a photograph by Falk, New York.)



MILNES LEVICK.

"A MAGAZINE—a mine of memories!" That is what Milnes Levick is to-day. He has relinquished the footlights and is passing the twilight of life on a little farm at Port Morris, near New York. His last appearance was at Boston with Minna Gale in "Romeo and Juliet." It has been said of Levick that his Mercutio was the best on the stage. I do not know that I could quite subscribe to this dictum, but it was certainly very, very fine. But then Levick was always fine in legitimate rôles. He belonged to a school of acting of which there are few disciples remaining. He was born January 30, 1825, in Boston, England, and consequently has seen his seventy-first birthday. But he does not look his age, for his cheek is bright, his eye clear, and his voice full of rich and lusty resonance. I doubt not he could present as noble a Cæsar as he did ten years ago. I don't know when Levick came to America, but his first appearance on the stage here was at Barnum's Museum, New York, as George Harris in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Since that event he has supported many stars. He assisted at the theatrical birth of Mary Anderson. The play was "Romeo and Juliet," and Levick played his usual part, Mercutio, and then left for New York before the curtain rang down. He had only been engaged for that one performance, and did not stay to see it through. One of my chief memories of Levick is in the rôle of King Claudius, which he played to Charles Fechter's Hamlet. Fechter, when sober, was my beau idéal of an actor, and I never missed one of his performances if I could possibly attend. Levick's King impressed me strongly, because the King is a very difficult part and is generally played in a terribly heavy manner. Levick managed to invest that crowned villain with a saving touch of humanity and something of pathetic dignity, and his delivery of the long speech of remorse was a superb piece of effective elocution. It used to be said of Levick that he was careless in his dress and make-up. Perhaps he was, but his fine acting measurably atoned for this defect. Levick, although in youth not blest with educational opportunities, has been an omnivorous reader and a close, keen student of human nature. He resembles Henry Irving in this respect, that one cannot resist the conviction he would have been a success in more than one branch of intelligent industry if the force of his talent had happened to divert into other channels. Jim Fisk is reported to have once remarked admiringly to his famous partner: "Say, old man, I believe if you had been born a horse-thief, instead of a railroad expert, you would still have been a great success and escaped the gallows." Had Levick or Irving turned their attention to preaching, instead of acting, Beecher and Talmage might have found them formidable rivals. Most players, it seems to me, impress one with the idea that in any other vocation they would have been failures.



(From a photograph by Colly, Boston.)

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GALLERY
OF
PLAYERS

FROM
THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN

(With 22 full-page pictures and over 100 portraits in character)

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HENRY AUSTIN

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MINNIE MADDERN-FISKE.

I HAVE for some time entertained the opinion that Minnie Maddern-Fiske is the most finished actress now speaking the American language, and that opinion was confirmed this year so strongly that I have desired to give it utterance. I saw her last in "Césarine," an adaptation of Dumas's "La Femme de Claude"—a play so repulsive to me that I left at the end of the second act, regretting that the amazing talent of this woman should have chosen such a medium for its most intense expression. I am willing to go on record beyond what I have just said. Not only does this woman impress me as being by far the strongest and subtlest emotional actress in our tongue, but I find her better than Bernhardt, though the French queen's voice is a shade more bewitching and spellbinding; and, in her suggestions of reserve force, her infinite ease, I find Mrs. Fiske quite the equal of Duse. Hence I say she is one of the greatest actresses in the world. She comes naturally by her aptitude for this art. She was born in New Orleans of Thomas Davey, a well-known theatrical manager, and Lizzie Maddern, the daughter of an English musician, who came to this country with a travelling concert company composed of his own children. Minnie Maddern made her debut at Little Rock, Ark., when three years of age, as the Duke of York in "Richard III." She played in a variety of parts till the age of fourteen, travelling constantly. When only twelve she took the rôles of François in "Richelieu," and Louise in "The Two Orphans." A year later she played the Widow Melnotte in "The Lady of Lyons" with astonishing effectiveness. At sixteen she was a star. During these years brief periods were spent in French or convent schools of various cities, and her education, though desultory, became broad in grasp. She is, probably, in literary acquisition and power, one of the most brilliant women on the stage, as the plays from her pen and her conversational power demonstrate. Six years ago she retired and married Harrison Grey Fiske, editor and owner of the *Dramatic Mirror*. Her retirement was not, however, intended as a finality, but simply as a retreat for the purpose of rest, and also to find or write a play that should give full scope to her powers. She returned to the stage last season under the management of Henry Greenwall & Co., and even to us who had admired her before her avatar she was a new revelation of grace and greatness. Her power of vitalizing even a poor and tawdry scene is astonishing. Her art is nature magnetized to a higher potentiality of impressiveness. Whether in headlong directness of passion or sinuous indirectness of coquetry, whether in agony or voluptuous allurements, whether in failure or triumph of goodness or badness, her ability to express her feelings and to impress the feelings of an audience is a gift hardly measurable by words—an elusive splendor not to be couped up in precise terms. Looking back now on what I have just written, I am quite well aware that to some who believe the critical function best expressed in a cold guardedness of tone and a plentiful indication of lacks and flaws, dexterously imagined, if no real ones protrude, such unreserved laudation as I have lavished on this player may seem fulsome. But, as Rupert Hughes, the musical expert, aptly asks: "Is a critic only a bigoted priest at the altar of old gods? Lies it not in the best of his prerogatives to mingle with the crowd, and, finding some zealous young artist with an individuality, to praise freely and blame stingily?" Surely this last phrase is an excellent motto. The old definition of critic is a man who has failed and who, consequently, is bent on finding flaw and failure in others, unless they happen to have risen so high in the world's estimation that it pays better to blow a trumpet pro than con. A true critic, on the contrary, should be a man who has made such a mark that his words carry weight, and who is not afraid to help others succeed by judicious and liberal praise.



(From a photograph by Annie Dupont, New York.)



THEODORE HAMILTON.

THEODORE HAMILTON has for many years been brilliantly conspicuous on our stage. His earliest attempts were at the Bowery Theatre in the 'fifties. He was born in Baltimore, Md., that birthplace of so many excellent actors, and was working in the New York *Herald* composing-room when the opportunity to "strut his hour" presented. His first effort was as Buckingham in "Richard III." for a friend's benefit. His performance was satisfactory enough to the public not to warrant a summary dismissal, and it secured him an offer to become a humble member of a great company then at the old Bowery. James W. Wallack, Jr., observing his youthful promise, which was very great, induced him to go South with him. After this he became a member of John T. Ford's company, playing for several years with Edwin Forrest. In 1867 Hamilton became leading man at the Broadway Theatre, New York, under the late Barney Williams. Then he transferred to Booth's Theatre in the same position, where he made himself a general favorite in such rôles as King Claudius in "Hamlet," Enoch Arden, Macduff to Booth's Thane of Cawdor, and Prince Hal to Hackett's Falstaff. The following year he was one of the memorable cast of "Julius Caesar," which introduced the brilliant but unfortunate Walter Montgomery to a New York audience. It was cast as follows: Marc Antony, Walter Montgomery; Brutus, E. L. Davenport; Cassius, Lawrence Barrett; Julius Caesar, Theodore Hamilton; Casca, Mark Smith. This was at Niblo's, and preceded the production of the tragedy at Booth's Theatre. The next year Hamilton undertook the management of that truly great comedian, John E. Owens, and for four years remained in this relation to Mr. Owens, who was always a very warm friend. In 1877 Hamilton appeared at the Boston Theatre in Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," and the press of Boston accorded him the highest praise. The production was patronized by all the most eminent men of letters in that intellectual city. The cast and the principals were as follows: Hester Prynne, Mrs. J. M. Lander; Roger Chillingworth, L. R. Shewell; Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale, Theodore Hamilton; "Little Pearl," Baby. The cast also included such actors as Dan Maginnis, Leslie Allen, Gus Levick and Mark Price. Shortly afterward Hamilton made a journey to Australia, and for four successive years managed the People's Theatre at Melbourne. From there he went to England, and appeared *en tour* as Jack Salt in "Unknown." He made a second tour of England, but for the past ten years has been acting in his native land. He has played with all the more prominent stars of the past forty years, and is well known throughout the country. Magnificent stage-presence, rich, flexible voice, perfectly natural, unaffected elocution, wide theatrical experience, supplemented by unusually wide reading, abundant magnetism—in truth, the gifts of the gods to this man have been many, and the mystery is that his talents have not made him a star of the first magnitude, as he ought to be. During the Civil War he served with gallantry on the Southern side.



From a photograph by Baldwin & Stevens, Columbus, Ohio.)

MARY SHAW.

BOSTONIAN by birth and education, with an ancestral strain of the Celt to mellow Puritan elements, Mary Shaw, to my mind—and I fancy few critics but would heartily coincide—is one of the most finished, most reliable and solidly satisfactory actresses on the American stage. Regular, yet widely expressive features, well-developed, yet not too emphatic figure, and a voice of singular beauty—which, to her honor be it said, she never attempts to exploit—are hers by grace of Nature. I always think of her voice first. It is one of these exquisite voices that seem to oscillate between a happy laugh and a soft sob, a voice of mellifluous tears—the kind of tallismán that can lend to almost any feminine possessor the illusion of beauty. Mary Shaw—this is her maiden name, her married title being Brissac or De Brissac, I forget which—was never stagestruck like so many, many girls of Boston and other villages. But she always loved the theatre, and she went on the stage to earn her living with

the consent of her parents. She began with the usual lowest parts in the old Boston Museum, which has moulded so many excellent actors. Then she spent a season in Daly's Stock Company and played leading rôles with Modjeska and Marlowe. Then she made a starring venture in a translation of a strong German play, "A Drop of Poison." I remember it quite well—a good play, properly presented, and the star a shining one; but the public did not care for it, and I fancy it was a costly disappointment to this clever and justly ambitious actress. So fine is Mary Shaw in everything she undertakes that I am quite at a loss to criticise her in regulation fashion. I shall simply have to confess that I always like her best in the last part I see her fill. Her Portia, in "Julius Cæsar," with which Miln favored New York this past winter, was my latest delight. I have always had an irritation against Shakspeare for not giving us more of Portia: glorious revelation of womanhood and wifehood, altogether too exquisite for that superb blockhead, Brutus; but this time my irritation grew to a grievance, for Mary Shaw realized my ideal Portia so thoroughly. As Rosalind, in "As You Like It," New York remembers her charmedly, just as it does the Orlando of Maude Banks, another capable actress of whom the future should take heed. As Ophelia, as Desdemona, the same excellency marks this woman's impersonations, and, as indicative of the range of her art, it is only needful to say that she takes a part like Roxy in "Pudd'nhead Wilson," an octoroon with negro dialect, or a part like Margaret Doane, in Thomas's "Capitol" (an Episcopalian Sister of Charity), with the same submergence of self into the character that she exhibits in what may be termed the more idealistic drama of Shakspeare and the Romanticists.

Despite her long service in Shakspearian rôles, Mary Shaw, her friends aver, prefers comedy, or the complex, century-end rôles of the modern drama, which appeals most strongly to her sympathies as a modern human being in key with the music, still sad and yet hopeful, of the humanity of our time.

Whether or not she has put aside ambition, I do not know, but I am hoping for the hour when a great success shall come to this artist of beautiful talent, this woman of beautiful character.



(From a photograph by Aimé Dupont, New York.)



GEORGE ALEXANDER.

FROM Johann Wolfgang Goethe, the most majestic figure in German literature, to Anthony Hope Hawkins, the leading romancer of modern England, which Max Nordau believes to be in a condition of well-nigh hopeless mental and artistic decadence, is a rather far, far-away cry; and yet, the more one sees of the picturesque, poetic and noble prisoner of *Zenda*, the less one is inclined to take issue with the taste of a very prominent actor, who once played Faust with rare ability, for now playing with equal enthusiasm the part of *Rudolph*. In the interests of modernity, it must at least be admitted that the metamorphosis of *Rudolph Rassendyl* into *Prince Rudolph of Kuritania* accomplishes itself with considerably less of usual theatric artifice than the change from old Doctor Faustus, literary ancestor of *George Eliot's* Casaubon and other weary, dreary bookworms, into the ardent, youthful lover of beautiful, wretched *Gretchen*; for this latter transformation, by flashes of Gehenna lightning, as it were, transports the spectator into the bizarre realm of *Kiralfy* spectacularity. I am moved to this reflection by the fact that *George Alexander*, London's actor-manager, who has just captivated London in the rôle of the *Three Rudolphs*, in Messrs. Hope and Rose's play, is chiefly known to Americans as *Faust*, in Sir Henry Irving's memorable production of that tragedy in 1887. Alexander, however, has played *Macduff* and many other parts in London just as brilliantly and impressively as his impersonation of Goethe's or poor *Kit Marlowe's* marvellous creation. Alexander's *Faust* was especially noteworthy for its emphasis of the spiritual, the universal side of that character. It was man, the soul, in the power of a fiend, and its dominant note was the reflective realization of Goethe's lines:

There reigns a spirit in my breast
That longs for death and knows no rest.

Thus is furnished a peculiarly rich contrast to the dashing, devil-may-care *Lothario* in the superb burlesque of Goethe's masterpiece, which has become popular the world over through Gounod's often exquisite and haunting music. As Alexander depicts *Faust*, it is far less his beauty, princely generosity of life, and amorous ardency, than the weird sadness of his nature that fascinates and wins *Gretchen* by appealing to her pity, as *Vanderdecken* won *Senta*. Alexander exhibits to us a man full of poetry and tenderness, with a natural desire for good, as helpless in the labyrinthine meshes of evil as a shining fly in the web of a master spider or as a member of the modern proletariat in the clutches of our capitalistic system, so socialistic in its method of production, so horribly Anarchistic in its method of distribution. To not a few critics in this country who watched carefully and without prejudice Alexander and Sir Henry Irving playing together, the younger man appeared far the better actor, and it was easy for such critics to predict that the world would not see him supporting for very many years the man whose fame has eclipsed that of all English actors of our day, but whose talents and indefatigable industry will not secure in the histrionic Pantheon of posterity so altitudinous a pedestal as he now misfits in solitudinous majesty. I do not mean to deny that Henry Irving is highly picturesque and excellent in some rôles, but in others he is simply as exasperating as a cockney, and his mannerisms, instead of being mellowed by time, seem to have suffered acute accentuation and to have thus paradoxically become very grave faults. Besides, there are very few parts that Irving essays in which his own strongly-featured personality does not crop out to the observation rather than the illumination of the character. It is just the other way with *George Alexander*. One forgets, when seeing him act, that he is an actor. If he possesses a strong personality he manages to merge it in his assumptions. From his *Bassanio* in "The Merchant of Venice" to his *DeNemours* in "Louis XI.," or to his *Squire Thornhill* in "Olivia; or, the Vicar of Wakefield," there is nothing carried over, no patch-work of part and part. Everything he attempts bears the mark of freshness, even to the minutiae of business and by-play. And every part glows with the enthusiasm of an original intelligence—an intelligence from which at the maturity of its development we may fairly expect that kind of acting to which the greatly abused word *great* may be justly applied. What Alexander's theatric preferences may be I have not seen enough of his performance to assert with certainty, but I should incline to regard him as the only true successor of *Charles Fechter* on the English stage. That he lacks some of the gifts of that extraordinary man, and that no amount of artistic industry will quite suffice to supply them, I am willing to admit; but what English actor to-day possesses at once the lightness, the brightness, the facile felicity of expression, the ability to suggest subtle moods or fleeting cloud-shadows of temperament such as *George Alexander* at his best effects with ease?



(From a photograph by W. & D. Downey, London.)



MRS. WHIFFEN.

FOR fifteen years the first-rate actress who bears this name has been a favorite with the discerning play-goers of New York. Her husband, Thomas Whiffen, a capital actor, was the original Pittacus Greene in "Hazel Kirke," and she played Mercy Kirke. They stayed six years at the Madison Square Theatre, and she has now finished her ninth season in Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Stock Company. This happy couple have been married nearly thirty years, and, according to Mrs. Whiffen, have had but one tiff. This was when Mrs. Whiffen played Little Buttercup in the first New York production of "Pinafore" at the Standard Theatre. Called at the eleventh hour to take the place of another actress, Mrs. Whiffen was suffering also with a cold, and, just before going on, asked her husband to beat up a couple of raw eggs for her in a glass. He added "unbeknownst" a thimble of whiskey, and Mrs. Whiffen, who fancied that she was affected by it—neither she nor her husband ever touched spirits—was highly indignant after the act, though, as her husband had meant for the best, she contrived to forgive him soon. There really had not been enough alcohol in the glass to discompose the airy evolutions of a mosquito, but the actress fancied she was not herself during that first performance. The audience thought her excellent as ever, and it was quite a revelation to them that she and Mr. Whiffen could sing almost as well as they could act. She was born in England, but has lived so long in this country that she is thoroughly American. Her debut was made at the Royalty Theatre, Dean street, London, in 1862. Those were the good old days when actors had to work hard. At the Royalty they had three plays every night—a farce, a comedy, and a burlesque. Miss Blanche Galton—that was her maiden name, and she kept it for stage use long after her marriage—found a cordial friend in George Honey, the comedian, who was a member of the Royalty Company, and who had been with Miss Galton's aunt, the famous Louisa Pyne, playfully nicknamed Victoria's double from her extraordinary resemblance to the Queen, a likeness that has increased with years. She is now close on seventy, and still hale as Her Majesty. Mrs. Whiffen and her husband came to this country first as comic opera singers. They opened in New York with Offenbach, doing three of his operettas every night. At first, people did not seem to catch their spirit, and after awhile the Whiffens drifted into legitimate. Mrs. Whiffen's acting can be best summed up in a phrase: it is insinuatingly soft as a June morning, and it lingers on the memory like that triumph of warm color and good taste, a glass of rich and ancient Amontillado. She possesses a sweet voice, and her enunciation is so clear that her lightest tones are distinctly audible in any corner of the house. Her art is of the quiet kind that conceals itself.



(From a photograph by Anderson, New York.)



FRITZ WILLIAMS.

THIS young man, who has recently gained on the New

York boards such unquestionable rank as a light comedian, was born in Boston, Mass., of theatrical parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Williams, the latter of whom has retired, while the former is stage-director at the Lyceum Theatre, where his clever son has been one of the stock attractions for some time. Brought up in a theatrical atmosphere, carried on the stage as a baby in the arms of William Warren at the Boston Museum, Fritz Williams may be said to have caught the technique of his art rather than learned it. He is also a musician of no small value. He began the study of the violin at seven, and has continued it ever since. Possibly, did he lose his voice completely, he could fiddle his way to fame. At the age of

ten he played the Admiral in "Pinafore" at the Museum, and for a season he played first violin at the Germania Theatre, New York, now Tony Pastor's. Five years he spent at St. John's College, Fordham, but during the last two he used to come down to New York frequently to take some little part at Wallack's Theatre. In the first production of "A Scrap of Paper" he played Anatole; I don't remember how well, though I remember my whole satisfaction with that performance. He started his regular artistic career at the Lyceum Theatre with Helen Dauvray in "One of Our Girls" as André, a small servant part. Three months later Boucicault engaged him, and he spent two years under that past master in dramatic and histrionic art. He then had a three months' run with Louis James, playing all the first comedy parts in the old Shakespearean repertory of that actor, such as Roderigo, Launcelot Gobbo, etc. After this, for a season he toured with Arthur Rehan, playing John Drew's parts in the Daly comedies. He joined the Lyceum Theatre Stock Company in 1889, and has remained there till now. Next season he becomes a member of Charles Frohman's Empire Stock Company. I have seen Fritz Williams play so many different rôles so differently, never indifferently, but always well, that I am at a loss to say in which I liked him best. Perhaps as the Frenchman, André de Griva, in Pinero's amusing "Amazons," perhaps as Ferguson Pybus in "The Case of the Rebellious Susan." Personally, I know nothing of Williams, but I imagine him from his acting to be a widely intelligent, sensible, modest fellow of that best class of players who, whether they be comedians or tragedians, or a cross, take themselves and their art seriously, and thus add to the increasing respect now entertained for this once Gypsy profession.





(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



JULIET CORDEN.

THIS ample, easy, breezy young woman with the roguish eyes, who has been singing uncommonly well in Smith and De Koven's "Rob Roy" for the last two seasons, made her début, I believe, about ten years ago. At any rate, in 1887, while playing with the admirable Bostonians, who at that time were practically unknown in New York, though they have since become immensely popular here through "Robin Hood," Miss Corden delighted and astonished the Yale students at a New Haven matinee with her singing of Arline in "The Bohemian Girl." A slender figure, modest bearing, a sweet and very flexible voice and rather uncommon sincerity of acting were the characteristics that lifted her into favor with the students. About a year later she appeared in New Haven as Zerlina in Auber's "Fra Diavolo." She played this with exquisite daintiness, and sang it probably much better than it used to be given in the old Maplesonian days, when it was in the repertoire of the Grand (?) Italian Opera. She also did creditable work, I am told, as Giannetta, the innkeeper's daughter, in Offenbach's "The Poachers;" and before she appeared as the Scotch lassie, singing the "Margery" song in "Rob Roy" at the Broadway Theatre, New York, she was on the road playing well in "The Mascot" and many other operas. This, in the opinion of many of her sincerest and discreetest admirers, was a better Juliet Corden than the one who to-day is endlessly repeating an indifferent rôle after having played many excellent parts excellently. I should not suppose that it would hurt a singer pure and simple quite as much as it hurts a player, to be confined a long time in one rôle. But it surely must quite evaporate that sense and appearance of freshness which is one of the chief charms of life on and off the stage. Mary Anderson, in her recent memoirs, gives voice to her own intensity of feeling on this point, and probably Joe Jefferson is at times immensely weary of his inimitable Rip Van Winkle. With a character so vast and varied as Hamlet, it is easy to conceive that an actor might identify himself night after night for years without growing stereotyped to himself and to his audience, but in the great majority of cases I fancy that this is impossible; and also can it be doubted that constant impersonation of one character tends to stamp on the impersonator certain mannerisms of that character so forcibly that they reappear again and again in other attempts at character-portrayal? I have suggested above that Juliet Corden is doing injustice to her talents by confining them in so small a circle. This applies equally to many singers in comic opera, and it has also the bad effect of delaying the development of the art of writing comic operas in this country. There are scores of themes in our social and political life that would easily lend themselves to delightfully humorous and sarcastic representation in this branch, and I, for one, am desperately weary of such rebashes of foreign things as are palmed off on the public, librettos that even the taste of England, let alone France, would not tolerate.

I cannot help thinking, too, that it must be detrimental to our American composers to make music for such rubbishy words and such cheap antiquities—now become veritable iniquities of boredom—in the way of situation and plot. I believe it would pay Miss Corden and others of her ilk to offer prizes for comic opera books of entirely American ingredients in composition. I have no objection to foreign art. I enjoy it as heartily as any one; but I entertain a deep aversion—amounting almost to a holy horror—of patchwork. The crazy-quilts of rural domesticity may be interesting, from a psychological point of view, as indicating how the feminine mind, incapable of profanity, can find a kind of kaleidoscopic safety-valve. But crazy-quilts of drama and comic opera are the abomination of artistic desolation. American art is an infant industry, if ever there was one, that needs protection of some kind. We cannot call upon Congress, as men of commerce do, for protection against foreign competition. Our only device is to inculcate, if possible, a belief in the superior attractiveness of American artistic products, and to stimulate a demand intellectually for their supply.



(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



FRANK MAYO.

FRANK MAYO, saving for some performances of "Nordeck" some four years or more ago at the Third Avenue (now Sanford's) and in the off season at the Lyceum, was practically unknown to the younger theatregoers of New York till he made his big hit last April in Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson," at the Herald Square. Pudd'nhead Wilson as played by him is almost without a superior in the line of old-man parts still being played upon the local stage. Only Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle and Emil Fischer's Hans Sachs are worthy to stand beside it. And, though the play is an intensely humorous one, more full of good things than such erotic and erratic comedies as "An Ideal Husband" and "Rebellious Susan," yet, as the part was played by Mayo, perhaps the dignity and pathos of it linger longer in the memory, though it was wonderfully laughable, too, in a quiet, unobtrusive way. There is something remarkably authoritative about Mayo. One feels compelled to watch him, and almost from his first entrance one is captured by Pudd'nhead's humanity and sincerity. The patience with which he endures poverty and the taunts, almost the persecution, of his neighbors through the best part of his life, his ever-smiling philosophy, his quaint humor with nothing bitter in it, and none of the suggestiveness of Henry Arthur Jones, his love for Rowley, his consoling and watching over her, his alert eye, that face that one can almost see think—all these things combine to make his Pudd'nhead one of the most, if not the most, interesting characters in the whole range of the American drama. Then there is another Frank Mayo whom I have seen in the past, as Waldemar in "Nordeck" and as Davy Crockett, the Polish noble and American frontiersman, the two most opposite characters conceivable, yet both true to life and convincing, dominated by the same sincerity and authority so conspicuous in Pudd'nhead. I do not quite remember how long ago it was that I saw him in these parts first, and when in recent years I again saw him his face and figure had lost the contour of youth, but all the old dash and spirit were there. Waldemar was a fine romantic part, afflicted a little with stilted lines. His conflict with and subjugation of his mother, his scene over his brother's body, and many a picturesque episode are still vivid memories. And what a lover he was! Mayo has also achieved fame as a dramatic teacher, and if, indeed, he can succeed in grafting on others his free, broad method, what a gain to the stage!



(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



FAY TEMPLETON.

NOT long ago it was believed that Fay Templeton, who had been once the easy queen of American burlesque, had set never to rise again. This last winter, however, has proved quite the contrary. Oscar Hammerstein's prophetic eyes had been upon her, and he cleverly decided to make his Olympia the scene of her histrionic avatar. The result justified his judgment. New York, where her success used to be of a butterfly kind, gave her a solid welcome. I noted, indeed, among her warmest applauders many mothers of families with their young children in the pretty boxes, showing a satisfaction almost personal when frolic Fay, in the attire of a London dude, sang "I Want Yer, Ma Honey," with an imitatively roguish manner and a voice like a masculine-feminine cross, a kind of glorified mezzo-soprano-bari-tone. My first recollection of her is of a shapely, quick-eyed creature holding the even tenor of her way as Ralph Rackstraw in "Pinalore," touring the South under the management of her father, a manager in St. Joseph, Mo., where Fay, the light-hearted, first saw the light. After that she blossomed forth still more tropically under the management of E. F. Rice as Gabriel, Conrad, Johanna, and Excelsior. He had watched her play Serpentine in "Chimes of Normandy," and saw the surety of success in this little Western girl. But the private moonlight of matrimony proved more attractive than the sunlight of publicity or the electricity of the stage, and la belle Templeton eloped to Paris with Mr. Howell Osborn, to the heart-break and despair of a host of admiring jeunesse dorée. For two seasons

the boulevards of Paris were dazzled by her equipages and toilets, and then—nobody knows exactly why—she returned to the stage and appeared as Hendrik Hudson in a burlesque written especially for her by two clever men. This was a failure. The public had found a new idol. Calmly accepting the verdict, Fay sailed back to Paris and resumed her life of dreamy domesticity. Now she has again embraced the stage, and in what may be called the full summer of her charm as woman and player—such is the freakishness of fortune!—she bids fair to outshine all her former fame as a popular favorite.



(From a photograph by Falk, New York.)

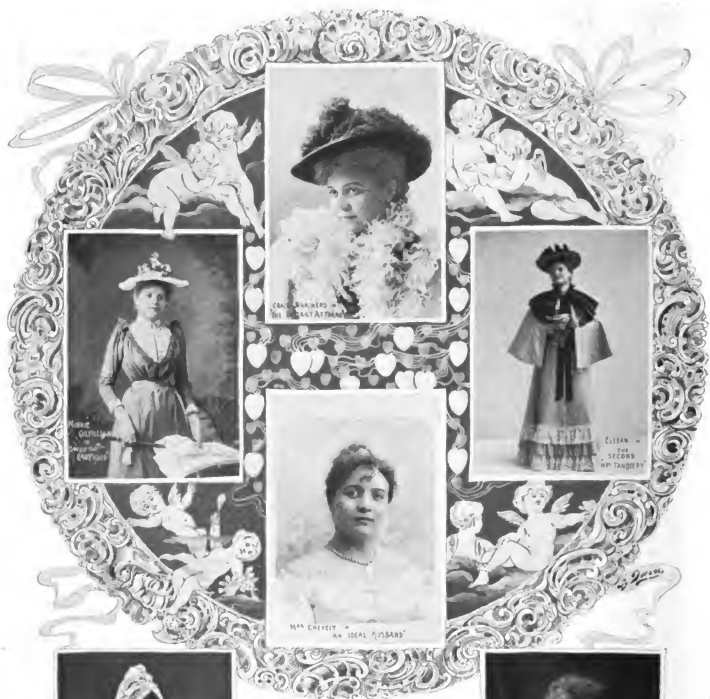


ROWLAND BUCKSTONE.

THE young man who bears this name is the scion of a theatrical family which has lent steady lustre to the stage, and Rowland Buckstone has kept up the Buckstone tradition in a manner that justifies cordial praise. He has played so many parts with such easy grace and intellectual vigor that it results in rather a difficulty to pronounce which rôle is his best. For example, who has forgotten Rowland Buckstone's performance of the wretched old Col. Jack Dexter in "The Maister of Woodbarrow," a character which, in its doddering depravity and repulsive avidity for money, impresses one as a frightful revelation of the Hyde side of human nature and flashes an X ray into the very marrow of evil? Rowland Buckstone, son of John Baldwin Buckstone, made his début at the Royal Opera House, Leicester, during his father's farewell tour, playing Tottle in "The Overland Route." His first regular engagement was with Mr. and Mrs. Chippendale, in 1878, when he took the parts of Tony Lumpkin, Bob Acres, Benjamin Bunter, Henry Dove, Dolly Spanker and Cousin Joe. He made his London début as John Lamb in "The New Babylon," at the Duke's Theatre, in Holborn. Subsequently he was engaged at Sadler's Wells Theatre by the late Mrs. Bateman, and undertook various prominent character parts. In the beginning of 1881 he joined the Prince of Wales company, and appeared in the original cast of "The Colonel" as Basil Georgeone, a character which he played for 550 consecutive performances. On the withdrawal of this company he joined Fanny Davenport's company. He was afterward with the late Dion Boucicault in "The Colleen Bawn;" then with Mary Anderson, playing in "Pygmalion and Galatea" and in "Comedy and Tragedy," and subsequently with Mr. Alexander Henderson, at the Comedy Theatre, London, playing Knickerbocker in the comic opera, "Rip Van Winkle." In 1884 he, with his late sister, Lucy Buckstone, produced "She Stoops to Conquer" at the Strand Theatre, London, with a strong cast, including William Farren, Kyrle Bellew and Fanny Coleman, he playing Tony Lumpkin. Mr. Buckstone made his first appearance in America at the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia, as Sir Henry Auckland in "Impulse," September 29, 1884. He afterward played under the management of Lester Wallack, McKee Rankin, Clara Morris, Charles Frohman, and Helen Dauvray. He appeared in the original cast of "The Highest Bidder" at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, in May, 1887, with Mr. Sothern in the leading character, and subsequently was in the original productions of "The Great Pink Pearl," "Lord Chumley," "The Maister of Woodbarrow," in which he appeared as Col. Jack Dexter; "The Dancing Girl," "Captain Letterblair," and in an eccentric drama by E. H. Sothern and J. W. Piggott, called "Felix Porter, Gentleman." He was the original Michael Kelly in "Sheridan; or, the Maid of Bath;" also Dan Graham, in "A Way to Win a Woman." He is at present engaged under Daniel Frohman's management, playing his original character, Colonel Sapt, in Edward Rose and Anthony Hope's dramatization of "The Prisoner of Zenda." He is remarkably good as the fine, bluff, loyal old soldier—just the antithesis of the dreadful Colonel Dexter, in which he may be said to have won his first especial laurels.



(From a photograph by Sarony, New York.)



ANNIE IRISH.

THIS fine actress made her debut in 1887 at the Adelphi, London, as Lena Nelson in "Harbor Lights." After a season at the Vaudeville, and at Terry's, where she played Minnie Gillilian in "Sweet Lavender" for nine months, Henry Irving brought her to the Lyceum for seconds and as understudy to Miss Terry. She then transferred to the Comedy Theatre, and came with the Kendals to America in 1893. A year ago, Manager T. H. French engaged her for the lead in "The District Attorney," and last June Manager Daniel

Frohman secured her for his touring company to play Mrs. Cheveley in "An Ideal Husband" and Mrs. Quesnel in "Rebellious Susan." She is now with Charles Frohman, playing in "A Squire of Dames." Miss Irish is very comely, has a lovely voice and a fine method. Whoever sees her once wants to see more of her. The artist of this GALLERY OF PLAYERS, Mr. Sydney Davies, has evidently become so captivated with her various counterfeit presentments that he has not left me sufficient space in which to dilate on her delightful acting, about which, indeed, an overbrimming page could have been written.





From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago, Ill.



STEPHEN GRATTAN.

STEADY patrons of the Lyceum Theatre during the last two seasons have learned to look with keen interest on this promising actor, because his improvement from rôle to rôle has been so marked. Grattan served his apprenticeship to the joyous art of acting in that Daly school which has given our stage so many excellent players. He began at the beginning, with one line, and, I am almost tempted to add, that was a clothesline, since one of his important early parts was the carrying out of the basket of soiled linen in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." From responsibilities of this kind, however, he rose at last to parts of considerable value, such as Marshall, the butler, in "Captain Swift." Then, under the management of J. M. Hill, he played Miley O'Connor, and, later on, Carey Haskins, in "Money Mad." The public next saw Grattan as the Chevalier de Vaudrey, and Pierre, in "The Two Orphans," and several other parts, of which Captain Northeite in "The Crust of Society" was, perhaps, the most striking. His next appearance was as the Ensign in the play of the same name, and this was followed by his impersonation of the young Irish priest in "The English Rose." He was then engaged by Daniel Frohman, ever an Argus for talent, but, just before joining the Lyceum Company, Grattan played the title-rôle of William Young's "Young America." His initial bow at the Lyceum was in the character of Sir Arthur Greyson in "A Woman's Silence," by Sardou. After this, as James Harabin in "The Case of Rebellious Susan," Grattan took another step forward in favor, and he played the title-rôle in "An Ideal Husband" with rare discretion and with a neatness of finish quite captivating. This year, Frazer of Lochcen, in "The Benefit of the Doubt"—a thankless rôle—he carried with good grace, and he is, at this writing, playing the Earl of Rossendyl, and Fritz Von Tarlenheim, in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Grattan is emphatically an actor who takes pains even with an unsatisfactory part, and that is why the public regards him with confidence. His constant aim is thoroughness, and when a new part is assigned to him he invariably reads the whole play and carefully studies each character besides his own, so as not to miss any possible radiation of suggestion from the interplay of the characters or their impingement on each other. After he has grasped the totality of the play and has saturated his mind with its atmosphere, he begins to commit his lines and prepare for rehearsal. Personally, Grattan is an unusually cultured young man, a close student of many things that illuminate only incidentally his profession, the possessor of a classical education, and thus endowed with a wide mental horizon and an artistic standpoint. This, perhaps, accounts for the clearness and evenness of his playing, besides making him an agreeable companion. Many actors—good actors, too, sometimes—can talk of nothing under the sun but their art or some other person's art on the stage; which, in an age where human interests are so various, palls a little on the listener after awhile.



(From a photograph by Falk, New York.)



FANNIE BATCHELDER.

BOSTON was the birthplace of this clever little actress, this bundle of attractive eccentricities under a cloud of hair. Boston, too, had the honor of witnessing her début in the rôle of Nora Marks in Hoyt's play, "A Tin Soldier." She left the company that same year, while playing at the Standard Theatre in New York. The reason for her departure—or dismissal, according to her own account—was the flagrant offence of her wearing the Harvard colors over the Columbia. She then returned to rest for a while under the vine and fig-tree, as it were, of her favorite university, and studied elocution and Shakspeare for two years under a Boston professor. Wearying, however, rather ungratefully, of the gay, eastwindy city of her birth and consequent culture, she went back to the stage under Hoyt's management as A Tailor-made Girl in "A Hole in the Ground." She played this for one season, and the next she joined Mrs. Leslie Carter's company, then producing "The Ugly Duckling," and played the small rôle of Agnes in the New York production. The same season Harrigan opened his New York Theatre and she became a member of his stock company, joining at three days' notice and going on as A Wife in the first act of "Reilly and the 400." She then played Miss Van Tassel and Eneline Gale, the *ingénue*, in the same play, and remained in the company four seasons, playing all the time in New York. Whether as Susie Somers in "Last of the Hogauss," or Maria Parker in "Squatter Sovereignty," or Rosy McFudd in "Cordelia's Aspirations," or Cleopatra McWeeney in "Mulligan Guards' Ball," or Lena Hoffmeyer in "Wooden Stocking," or Libby Dooley in "The Leather Patch," or Julia in "Dan's Tribulations," Miss Batchelder was always the same piquante, vivid, impressive little bunch of Boston brain. She left Harrigan's company in April, 1894. Eight months later she joined "The Milk White Flag" company, at Hoyt's Theatre, in December, 1894, where she remained till the last of February, 1895. How such a bouquet of Parisian coquetties ever bloomed in Boston is a mystery as fascinating as her smile, in its deep, dreamy innocence and utterly childish confidence, suddenly changing into a roguish glint of infinite though elvin mischievousness. In private life she is Mrs. Montague Ward.





H. COOPER CLIFFE

COMES of old theatrical stock, being a direct descendant from the celebrated Kembles. His mother, Agnes Kemble, a popular Shakspearean actress in England, was a granddaughter of Stephen Kemble. He was born in 1862, and started with D'Oyly Carte, in Gilbert & Sullivan's operas, at the age of seventeen, playing the Sergeant of Police in "The Pirates of Penzance." He also appeared in many operas by the late Edward Solomon, and then joined Wilson Barrett at the Princess Theatre, London, understudying Willard in "Hoodman Blind." This was followed by an engagement to support Alice Lingard in "Sister Mary," and then by a return to Barrett for revivals prior to Barrett's first American tour, accompanying him on that and three successive tours in this country, and playing a remarkable variety of parts, including Iago, Laertes, Agazil in "Claudian," and Evan in "Ben-Ma-Chree," with many others "too numerous to mention." He succeeded from Barrett's company in the spring of 1894, being engaged for his original part by Manager T. H. French in "Sister Mary," at the American Theatre, with Julia Arthur and Leonard Boyne. This was followed by an engagement with the Kendals during their last tour, playing Spencer in "Clancarty," Duc de Bligny in "The Ironmaster," Captain Hawksley in "Still Waters," etc., etc. During this tour he was engaged by Manager Eugene Tompkins for the heavy part in "Burmah," a melodrama that had a long run in Boston and is now on tour. Cooper Cliffe is an excellent actor and a specially excellent villain. As Iago, a part he sustained for eighteen months, playing it often twice a week, he has few superiors on our stage. In point of fact, his admirers—and the circle widens constantly—are not slow in asserting that he is far superior to most of the stars who essay that exacting rôle. Personally, Cooper Cliffe does not consider himself by any means perfect in this, but enthusiastically affirms that in his opinion a lifetime would not be too much for the study of so vastly complex and fascinatingly subtle a character. But, although this actor with a future is a worshipper of Shakspeare, he is no bigot, and by no means blind to the merits of other playwrights and the greatness of other rôles. For example, he takes an evidently keen delight in personating the Spider in "The Silver King," quite the cleverest and most natural villain of modern times, in the judgment of others besides Cooper Cliffe and Henry Arthur Jones, the author. This actor's methods of study are of interest as

evidencing his subsequent method in acting. He rarely, I am told on good authority, is up in his lines till after he has attended several rehearsals, grasped the plot in all its situations, and especially the bearing of his lines on those of others, and vice versa. That so slow a method might be irritating to many stage managers (I remember one, Harry Flohr, who nearly threw fits at the rate of six per minute if one was not letter-perfect at the first rehearsal) can be easily predicated, and I am not advising others to imitate Cliffe's methods, since an imitation of initiatives does not always produce a similarity of results. But the truth, like most truths in art, as in life, *medio tutissimus ibis* (with acknowledgments to Horace), probably lurks between the extremes; for it is evident that too many actors play for their parts alone, thus often defeating the possibility of a *totum, teres, atque rotundum*, an entire, smooth, well-rounded whole. This profound mistake is often committed by stars, who try to fill the eye and the ear of an audience in every scene, forgetting that the author's plan of light and shade contemplates at times the momentary elevation of a generally insignificant part, perhaps on the sudden billowy buoyance of one solitary line, into singular and impressive prominence for the sake of a certain totality of effect, always fundamentally desired and cumulatively sought by every true artist in words, forms, colors or sounds—whatever mediums, in fine, the feeler and thinker may be prompted by nature to choose for the expression of his feelings and his thoughts.



(From a photograph by Falk, New York.)



PAULINE HALL.

THE evolution of plain Miss Schmiggall of Cincinnati into beautiful Pauline Hall of New York was really more of an Oriental metamorphosis than aught else. Nobody who saw her serving her chorus apprenticeship in Western towns ever dared prophesy that she would charm the "chappies" who infest the New York Casino by the dark splendor of her eyes and the generous curves that Nature lavished on her form. She was luminous, to be sure, but she was languid; and, as she did not appear to take much interest in anything, even in her part when she got a good one, it was hardly to be supposed that any one would take much interest in her. Yet, when her smooth, round voice brought her to the top, with what sudden rapture she was acclaimed a queen of comic opera! Up to that period comic opera divas had always been exclamation-points of dash and vivacity. There was Hortense Schneider, for example, who overran the stage like an ever-changing image of human quicksilver. If she winked, if she whisked her skirt, if she snapped her whip in the rôle of the Grand Duchess; in fine, whatever she did was the quintessence of animation, the intensification of nervous life. Voice or skill in phrasing she had none that was worth considering, but she had that tinkling and tingling suggestiveness in every look and motion for which Paris had to invent the word "chic." Judic, Théo, Aimée were superior to her in various ways. Judic, like Yvette Guilbert, could give apparently innocent trifles of speech a suggestive twist of naughtiness, and Théo, on the other hand, could sing an improper song with the apparent innocence of an infant. Aimée was as restless as a wave, and her swift turns hurried the spectators from one feeling into another till a sensation of delightfully amusing mixedness was the result. But Pauline Hall rose slowly over the horizon like a mellow tropic moon, and revolutionized, doubtless unwittingly, all this fashion of the past with a kind of sleepy charm. Stately as a swan, she sailed over the stage, disturbed by nothing; never smiling, except as if by accident. The funniest joke slipped off from her smoothness without making a ripple on her face, and when anything happened to the scenery she remained sweetly serene, as if that, too, were a part of the play. In "Erminie," at rehearsal one day, she sang the ballad, "Dear Mother, in Dreams I See Thee," without moving a muscle of her face above the lips. "Why not add a little life to it, Miss Hall?" asked the stage-manager. Turning on him reproachfully her limpid black eyes, she replied: "Am I not supposed to be in a dream? Should a dreamer gesticulate?" The manager wilted, and Pauline went on blooming. This was her method, her original plan, and people began going to see her for the sake of resting their eyes on her placid plumpness and listening to her singing as if they were in church.



(From a photograph by Falk, New York)



MARSHALL P. WILDER.

PRINCE of entertainers and entertainer of princes, who better deserves a place in this GALLERY OF PLAYERS than this "bright bubble of embodied laughter," as Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the poet, has happily styled him? Marshall P. Wilder is a whole play and set of players combined, and not a mere story-teller, as some have fancied. One may hear him tell the same story on a dozen occasions, but it is never quite the same. His natural histrionic talent adds here and there a new touch that seems to give fresh point and pith to his humor. One of the remarkable things in his impersonations is that he uses no costumes. He banks entirely on the unique and subtle gift which enables him at will to change his voice and the expression, aye, almost the features, of his face, and call up, as by the wand of a wizard, the very character he is impersonating or the very man he is imitating. He can run his hand through his hair and so disarrange it that one might imagine he wore a trick-wig. He can produce quaintly eloquent effects, by the mere droop or lift of his hands, that even Fechter himself might have envied. The late General Butler, who enjoyed caricatures of himself, was amazed by Wilder's counterfeit presentment, for Butler, who was a discerning critic, saw that the mimicry rose above caricature and became a representation of character. An actor is probably far more difficult to imitate than a politician, yet Jefferson bears witness that Wilder's imitation of himself as Rip Van Winkle is capital; and Sara Bernhardt, in a burst of enthusiasm, once cried out to him, "You are an artist!"—the very highest praise that queen of art could bestow. A well-known critic says of this marvellous little man: "He originated and created his own methods, taking his models from life. He conforms to none of the rules of art that prescribe just such an appearance for just such a character. He can simply button or unbutton his coat, turn up his collar, fumble his hair, and, lo! he stands before you transformed into the very likeness and personality of the man to be represented. In this he shows genius—art unsupported by artifice." The purity of his humor is another characteristic. There is no tale, no joke, in his treasury of wit and facetiousness, his Golconda of drollery, that could not be told in a lady's presence or receive the smiling sanction of a priest. For Marshall P. Wilder is a gentleman of pure life and high ideals. Moreover, this little man, to whom Nature seems to have played the stepdame, is not merely a mirthmaker, but a richly radiating focus of moral force, in that he is a persistent, though not blatant, optimist. He makes the best of everything, and thinks the best of every one. He maintains that there is a spring of goodness in even the rockiest hearts if one can only find the Mosaic rod to strike the rock into a gush of sweet water and gentle melody. Intensely patriotic as he is, and thoroughly American in his fun, no humorist ever climbed higher into the favor of London society. He has appeared before the Princess and Prince of Wales time and time again, and all the English nobility who have sufficient education to appreciate wit and humor are among his warmest admirers. Wilder was born in Rochester, N. Y., about thirty-seven years ago, and his American headquarters are in the Alpine flats, New York City, where he lives with his venerable father, Dr. Wilder. The affection between this pair of comrades, as they call themselves, is a beautiful thing—not an obtruded sight, but rather an ardent atmosphere that pervades like a soft perfume the charming chambers which are office and home to this "happy couple." Wilder is his own man of business, and any one who takes the trouble to study his business ways sees quickly that there is method in his mirth. Any one who has not seen or heard him professionally has missed some of the best human sunshine. Besides being a player, Wilder has adventured in authorship, and his book, "People I Have Smiled With," published by Cassell & Co., is a contribution to the gaiety of nations.



(From a photograph by Falk, New York.)



NORA O'BRIEN.



ABOUT two years ago, unheralded, almost unknown, Nora O'Brien began her career as an actress. Like Mary Anderson, with that sublime audacity which is born either of great talent or overweening conceit, she entered at once the domain of classic drama, taking the most exacting rôles given to the world by Shakspeare and other immortals. Her friends claimed that she had reason for the faith that was in her, and it was through the urgency of these friends and of her spiritual advisers that this beautiful young woman went on the stage; for she is only in her twentieth year, and her father, Thomas J. O'Brien, a well-known citizen of Baltimore, is in more than comfortable circumstances. Miss O'Brien received her education, an unusually complete one, in the famous and beautiful Canadian Convent of Loretto, overlooking Niagara Falls. Thus for years was the girl fate to face with Nature's

grandest blend of majesty and music—a thing, perhaps, that played no small part in tuning her spirit into loving harmony with the masterpieces of Shakspeare and all the emotional grandeur of the stage. She graduated with the highest honors, and was then persuaded by the accomplished Sisters, whose esteem and affection she had gained, to take a post-graduate course in classic literature and modern languages. Thus, her conventual life was extended for another year and a half. During this period the Duke of Veragua visited this continent, and, being

a very devout Catholic, stopped at this famous convent to pay his respects. Miss O'Brien was then asked by the nuns to compose and deliver an address of welcome. On a still more important occasion—namely, a visit from Cardinal Satolli, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Walsh, Bishop Ryan, and other dignitaries—Miss O'Brien was again requested to welcome the visitors with a special address, and such was the impression made by it that Cardinal Satolli requested a copy, which now hangs framed on the walls of his Washington residence. Just before the close of her conventual studies, His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., sent to the Sisters a gold medal for the pupil most proficient in church history. This was won by Miss O'Brien, who had won another given by Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, and also the gold medal for literature presented by the Governor-General of Canada. I mention these facts to show that Miss O'Brien comes to the stage with unusual intellectual equipment. The naturalness, beauty and fervor of her elocution had impressed her spiritual advisers with the feeling that the stage was the true field for the sowing and the harvest of her energies. This conclusion having been reached and having received the concurrence of her family, she made her début at Ford's Opera House in Baltimore on August 27, 1894, as Juliet. The cast was a very strong one, so strong that, unless the débutante showed remarkable talent, she would be buried in total darkness. The cast included Frederick Paulding as Romeo, John Malone as Mercutio, and delightful Mrs. Gernon as the Nurse. Miss O'Brien's success in impressing that audience with the belief that the realm of histrionic art was her proper place was instantaneous, far more instantaneous than the impression made by Mary Anderson. Some of the beholders declared that no Juliet so lovely had appeared since Adelaide Neilson. Miss O'Brien's Portia, Desdemona, Virginia and other classic rôles are well worth seeing. They show strong intellectuality and chaste fervor. Personally, Miss O'Brien is a modest, sensible girl, who has taken to the stage seriously.



(From a photograph by Getty, Baltimore, Md.)



HENRY JEWETT.



THE little town with the extraordinary name of Yakkandandah, which is located in the province of Victoria, Australia, will in the future be probably best known to history from the fact that it is the birthplace of Henry Jewett, the actor, who there first saw the light on June 4, 1863. At an early age young Jewett was taken by his parents to the adjoining colony of New Zealand, where they settled in Dunedin, which was at that time and still is the capital of the Province of Otago, and is what Americans would call a "boom" town. When quite young Jewett joined an amateur dramatic society, making his debut as Laertes, and, being fired by the encomiums of his friends and still further enthused by an introduction to Bandmann, the tragedian, who was then about to tour New Zealand, he accepted an engagement with the latter star and played a short season with him, appearing in small parts with fair success. The veteran English actor, William Hoskins, the same who first taught Henry Irving the first principles of acting, was then running a stock company in Christ Church, a city some 400 miles north of Dunedin. He heard of Jewett and made him an offer to join his company, which he did. In this organization were the American actors, Theodore Hamilton, J. J. Wallace and Gratton Riggs. After remaining a season under Mr. Hoskins's able tuition, the young actor joined a company headed by Louise Pomeroy, and travelled with her for a year, playing a round of legitimate parts. Anxious to extend the field of his operations, Jewett accepted an offer from the well-known actor-manager, W. J. Holloway, to go to Australia, and for three years played leading juvenile business in the strongest travelling combinations in the colony, which were presenting all the English successes. Afterward Jewett played leading business with Wybert Reeve's stock company in Adelaide, South Australia, appearing in such comedies as "The Squire," "Diplomacy," "The Woman in White," etc. Then he joined Williamson, Garner and Musgrove's stock company in Melbourne for a season, and subsequently travelled for two years through all the principal cities of Australia with Signor and Signora Majeroni as their leading man, and wound up his Australian experience with a five years' engagement with George Rigbold, during which period he played nearly every leading part in the range of modern and classic drama. At this period a great many American actors had found their way out to Australia, and Jewett had heard a great deal from them of the chances and opportunities which awaited young actors of the romantic school in the United States; so he took passage to the dramatic Eldorado and arrived in "Frisco" armed with strong letters of introduction to the local managers in that city. He was at once "snapped up" by L. R. Stockwell, who gave him the position of leading man in his stock company, where he played a season of thirty-four weeks. The late Fred Stinson saw Jewett act and signed a contract with him to support Julia Marlowe the

following season, which he did, playing Romeo, Benedick, Ingomar, Malvolio, Wildrake, etc., and dividing the honors with Miss Marlowe wherever they appeared. Next season Mr. Jewett made his first New York appearance, opening at the Herald Square Theatre, with Richard Mansfield, in the part of Sergius, in "Arms and the Man." He afterward played leads with Rose Coghlan, and then rejoined Mansfield for the opening of the Garrick Theatre. During the present season Mr. Jewett played with success the title rôle in "Benedick Arnold," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and attracted great attention by his performance of Cassius when George C. Miln presented "Julius Caesar" at the Broadway. Mr. Jewett possesses, in addition to very wide experience, a superb physique, a manly bearing, with strongly-defined classical features, and is gifted with a rich voice of wonderful resonance, which he is tempted sometimes to exploit a little too much. His methods of study are unique. Not alone does he become thoroughly conversant with the character which he is to assume, but he gives particular attention to the characters with which he is to come in contact in the action of the play, and he is one of the few actors who commits his lines to memory from the manuscript, and not, as is usually the custom, from his own written part. He thereby becomes familiar with the context, and is enabled to evolve a better idea of his own impersonation. He is at present at the head of a strong stock company, which is playing a season at the Auditorium, Kansas City, and report says that he is already a firmly-established favorite there. He will shortly be seen at the head of his own company, and possessed as he is with unusual physical and mental attributes, combined with experience, he is likely in the near future to take high rank among our stars. I am not one of those critics who is always a *laudator temporis acti*, a patronizer of the present and a doubter of the future. My assurance is that we shall see as good acting before long by some of the younger men like Jewett as we ever had from Forrest or the Booths in what some fondly term the palmy days of Art.



(From a photograph by Falk, New York.)



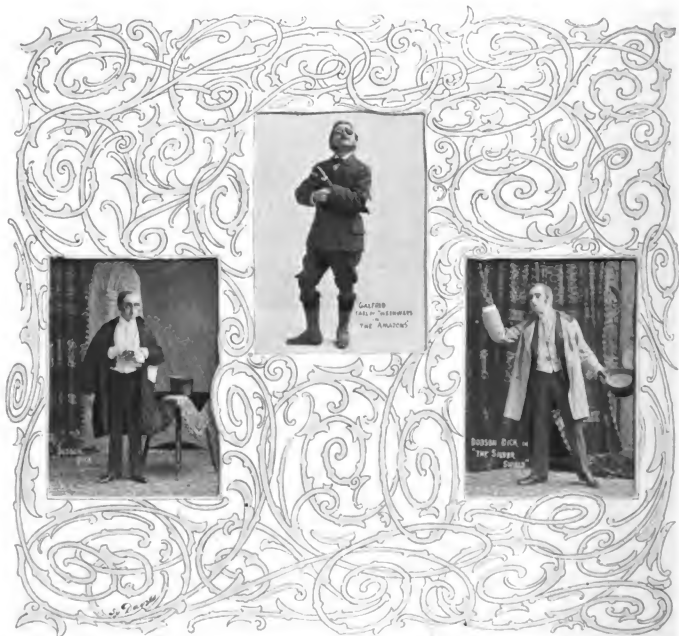
AGNES BOOTH.

MRS. JOHN B. SCHOEFFEL, wife of the famous impresario and manager of grand opera, was born in Sydney, Australia, about fifty years ago, though she is one of those

who by some sunny art of nature manage to stay at thirty-five always. When once asked her age at a merry party she replied with humorous gravity: "My memory is not good for dates—dates, anyway, seem to me the forbidden fruit—and it is a fact that my memory never was weaker than at the time I was born. So how can you expect me to remember? That's about the only time, however, it seems to me, apropos of the advanced woman, when a woman's mind and a man's are on an even footing, or exactly equal." From this exhibit one might frame a guess, as Cuvier reconstructed an animal out of one stray bone, that Mrs. Schoeffel might have been a brilliant talker or writer, perhaps the queen of a literary salon, had she not chosen instead the stage as promising the truest setting for the jewels of her talents and her charms. Her maiden name was Marion Agnes Laud Rookes, and her father was an English officer. He died before her birth, and her mother married a clergyman. To the horror of her stepfather and her mother, maid Marion made her début as a dancer, when only fourteen. Even now, after all her varied triumphs as an actress, Mrs. Schoeffel admits a penchant for the ballet, but she had to abandon dancing long ago on account of her heart. She was a success from the start, though she became unpopular for awhile in Sydney, because of refusing an encore one night of a very difficult dance called "the spider." When Anna Bishop toured Australia, Marion Agnes danced in all the operas of that prima donna. Then she joined a minstrel troupe and played under the mask of burnt cork. Coming to this country, she became a member of Mrs. John Wood's company in Sacramento City, and three months later joined Tom Maguire's company in San Francisco, where at sixteen she married Harry Perry, an excellent actor, who died the ensuing year. When Adah Isaacs Menken went West, Mrs. Perry joined the Mazeppa Company. In 1865 she made her début in New York, where she has been a favorite ever since. As Julie, Desdemona, Virginia, Ophelia, Cordelia, Marianne, in "Jack Cade," Colenthe, in "Danion and Pythias," and other rôles, while supporting Edwin Forrest, Mrs. Perry scored hit after hit, like a champion glass-ball shooter. Perfect in stage technique, never missing a point, though often making it quietly and without apparent purpose, possessor of a contagious laugh and a voice of deep sweetness and peculiar clearness, Mrs. Perry became a favorite in Washington, Chicago, Boston, and everywhere else. In 1867 she married Junius Brutus Booth, who left her widow a second time in 1883. Two years later she married John B. Schoeffel, Esq., but she retains her third stage-name, Agnes Booth. She is such an all-round actress that I am utterly unable to say what kind of part she is best in. As Myrrha, in "Sardanapalus," Byron's sweetest and most poetic feminine creation, or as Cleopatra, "Serpent of Old Nile," or as Mrs. Dick, in Bronson Howard's "Young Mrs. Winthrop," or as Belinda, in Gilbert's farcical "Engaged," consuming tarts while her suitors' hearts are sizzling, Agnes Booth is equally fascinating, impressive, authoritative. I believe she intends soon to retire, but the public would regard such an act with profound regret, for it would leave a big blank on the American stage. Somebody has told me that Agnes Booth does not care, and never did care, for the stage. This appears hardly believable. When one reviews the long vista of triumphs that have been hers from girlhood, one would imagine that the applause of an audience must be almost the breath of life to her. It is harder still to credit the assertion that her choice of occupation would be to manage a theatre. Yet there have been some notable feminine managers, and nearly all actors who achieve greatness, or who have it thrust upon them by adept agents and genial critics, exhibit, after a while, an itching palm for management. There is a popular fancy—perhaps fallacious—that between high art and business capacity is a gulf abyssal and unbridgeable. Shakespeare, to be sure, was an example to the contrary. So was Goethe. Balzac, a case in point. I have no theatrical statistics on this theme, but my rough impression is that a majority of actor-managers have been excellent business men. Perhaps Agnes Booth would be a business star, likewise



(From a photograph by Falk, New York.)



F. GOTTSCHALK.

THIS comedian, whom the patrons of that charming theatre, the Lyceum, know by heart, so to speak, was born in London, England, on February 28, 1858. As his parents had been in business for centuries, his instinct for the stage appears one of those numerous incidents that tend to support the Theosophic dogma of reincarnation. At seven the only toy that really interested him was a model theatre—the sole play in its repertoire, "The Corsican Brothers." During his holidays the boy's greatest pleasure was to act selections from "The Arabian Nights," from a stage consisting of his grandmother's antique four-poster, with folded curtains, to his brother as the sole audience, like a young King Ludwig of Bavaria. Later, when Gottschalk entered London College, at Isleworth, his dramatic instincts were intensified and educated by frequent visits to the theatres. Equipped for a commercial career, though instructed also in music and painting, for which the lad showed taste, on leaving college he entered his father's business, in London, and shortly afterward took a position at Lyons, France, in order to learn French. Four years he spent there and in Paris before returning to his father's business-house in London. All this time his desire to act had been growing, and one of his first London performances was the starting of an amateur club. He had played only seven times when Miss Rosina Vokes made him an offer to join her company in America, which, urged by his father, he accepted, and he has never regretted the step. But where were the blood-curdling rôles which as a boy he longed to fill? Turned into eccentric comedy. His consolation is perhaps to be found in the following words of an eminent English critic: "The line between your tragedian and comedian is very slight, and the best comedian is very often a tragic actor gone wrong." Gottschalk's début was in eccentric comedy at Toronto, Canada, the part being Paddles, in "Which Is Which?" and in such parts he seems destined to remain. Doubtless it is well. At any rate, on becoming an actor he vowed—so I am told—that he never would play Hamlet. He stayed with Miss Vokes till her farewell in Washington. The light of her grace then vanished and left darkness in many hearts. Then, in February, 1894, he joined Daniel Frohman's New York Lyceum Stock Company, to play Galfred, Earl of Tweenways, in "The Amazons," by Pinero. It was a high hit in eccentric comedy—something once seen never to be forgotten. I am a very busy man, but I went to see it more than once. In the ten years Gottschalk has been on the stage he has played about forty parts, mostly of eccentric comedy, but some few with just a touch of pathos in them. He has been good in all I have seen, but best as Pierre, in Clyde Fitch's "Frederick Lemaître;" Baptiste, in Minnie Maddern-Fiske's "The Rose;" Dodson Dick, in Sydney Grundy's "Silver Shield," and Tweenways, in Pinero's "The Amazons." The last was his finest opportunity, and he grasped it finely.



(From a photograph by Copley, Boston)



EMMA CALVÉ.

DOUTBTLSS next season the feminine singer who will command the largest salary in the world will be Emma Calvé. Money is no proof of merit in art any more than in society; but very few prima donnas have more richly deserved to achieve fortune as well as fame than this remarkable Frenchwoman. The secret of her sudden success in this country is not a deep one. I have never watched a singer who could act as well as Calvé, or who possessed such an inexhaustible fund of magnetism. When she and Melba first appeared in New York I was, I believe, the only critical writer who took the ground that Melba had the more beautiful voice—the most beautiful voice, I think, that I ever heard singing, though I have heard two or three speaking voices just a shade lovelier. But the public were Calvé-mad. They are still. And, though in the second season Melba's marvellous voice and perfect method began to be fully appreciated, Calvé has continuously added links to the magic letters with which our hearts were riveted to her in that first season. The immensity of her charm springs from the intensity of her feeling. Every note she utters is a spell. Art with some is a magnificent accomplishment. With others it is a grand, serious passion. With her, however, art is the blood and the breath of life, the buoyance as well as the joyance of her very being. The physical and the psychical are so subtly hient in this unique woman that it hardly savors of poetic exaggeration to say that her whole body sings. Listening to Melba, one can shut the eyes and feel nothing but the delicious music. Shut your eyes to Calvé, and you will see and feel her in every note of the melody. Her slightest look, her lightest motion on the stage can suffice to stir what one might style the rhythmic sense, and when she sings, the correspondence between certain colors and certain sounds ceases to be a fable of the poet and becomes a proven certainty of the physicist, always containing simultaneously more than a hint of the psychical mystery likewise. One does not wonder, then, when told that Emma Calvé in private life is a devotee of occultism, a dreamer of dreams, a seer of visions. To sing and act thus and with such effect demand the possession of the mystic temperament. Practical people pool-pool such a possibility as a sixth sense. Five are good enough for them, and ought to be for all, they infer; though, if the evolution theory be true, why human development should necessarily stop with five senses no scientist has yet explained; possibly because no adequate explanation is possible. Yet practical people fall under the dominion of Calvé's personality, and fail to understand when they try to analyze their sensations afterward what it was that so completely carried them away. There have been others in whom histrionic ability and lyric gift have been exquisitely mated, but Calvé is a veritable witch of art. When she plays Carmen, this gypsy witchery is most vividly in force, but in every rôle it is always operant; so that, even if she gets off the key occasionally, she still locks up the critical sense so airtight that the lapse is forgiven at once and forgotten forever. This charm is entirely distinct from her beauty: for, though she is a tropically beautiful woman, when seen close, the setting of the stage and its lights do not accentuate her bodily graces, as in most cases, but always, to my vision, have somewhat lessened or concealed them.



(From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.)



AUBREY BOUCICAULT.

THIS son of the famous author and actor—perhaps the most extraordinary blend of playwright and player ever known—has made such a mark at twenty-six that one feels quite safe in predicting for him a very famous future. He was born in London June 23, 1870, and educated first at Eton and then at the College of London; but I doubt if he matriculated there, since he made his debut on the stage March 11, 1886, with Kate Claxton in "The Two Orphans," at the Grand Opera House, St. Louis, and in the following year, when I first saw him, he was playing through this country with his mother in poor Bartley Campbell's "My Geraldine." The following year he made his first appearance in London in J. L. Toole's company, and then went to the Criterion, where he stayed three years and gained a great deal of polish and finesse. As Henry Greenlane in "Pink Dominoes," he made a most favorable impression on critical London, and in other parts he was never mucilaginous, but always smooth and easy. Returning to this country, he opened with Stuart Robson as Young Marlowe in "She Stoops to Conquer," and, if memory plays me no trick, he played it with great grace. In 1892 he was starring at the Twenty-third Street Theatre, New York, in "The English Rose." I did not see this, but have heard it praised by those whose praise is worth having. In September of the same year he started a starring tour at San Francisco with Henley. I suppose this was premature, for the year following he sank from the starry firmament to become leading man to Richard Mansfield. With this King Richard of many a well-fought field—this irritable man of unappreciated talent—Boucicault staid only three months, and then he joined the ever-charming Rose Coghlan to play in "Diplomacy" and "A Woman of No Importance." In August, '94, Aubrey Boucicault opened the Tremont Theatre, at Boston, as Baron de Grimme in "Madeline," and the following year again opened the same theatre a month earlier in "Kismet." Then followed in quick succession "Other People's Money," "Globe Trotter," and "Leonardo." In January of this year he was engaged for a three weeks' revival in Boston of his father's plays, "Arrah-na-Pogue," "The Shaughraun," and "The Colleen Bawn," with "Harbor Lights" and some other melodramas, and since then has been jointly starring with Sadie Martinot at Mr. French's popular New York theatre, the American, called now "the home of melodrama." Young Boucicault's method of study is to fill his head at night just before sleeping with a new part, and on waking to attack it again. He must have a very quick study, for it is on record that he received his part in "Leonardo" on Saturday night and played it well the ensuing Monday, having learned some very difficult music in it, although he is not a thorough musician, simply knowing the art by ear. His acting is marked with decision rather than precision, a confident dash that aims at broad, general effects. Frequently he recalls his famous father, but the impress is generally felt to be one of rightful inheritance, not of attempted imitation.



(From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago, Ill.)

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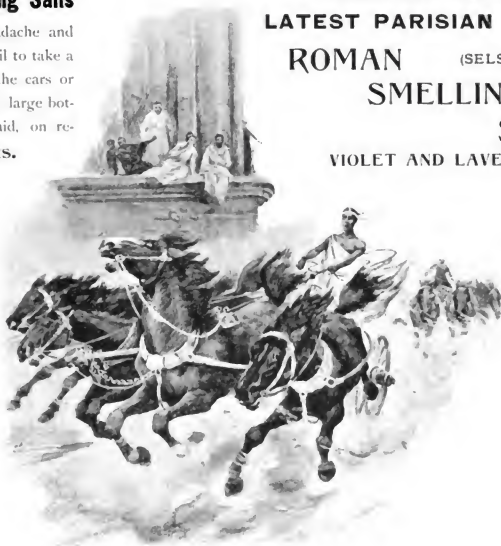


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